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INTENSIVE LIVING

REFLECTIONS ON THE WELL-TO-DO WOMAN'S PROBLEM

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SAID Honoria casually, —

'When I was in town yesterday, I went to see Adelaide in her new house.'

The others looked up alertly, Martha from her darning, Grace from her Irish crochet.

'Oh, really? And how did you like the house?'

Honoria hesitated, looking to the wide view for clarification. The three sat on a cottage-verandah in the foothills of Southern California, one February day. In front of them the landscape ran, laughing, down-hill to the sea. Spread beneath them like a map were thirty miles of town and country: orange orchards brave with fruit; eucalyptus groves appealing to the sky; friendly roofs inclosed in deep-sheltering trees; great open spaces where the wind moved free; round-topped hills, green near at hand (for the rains had come and gone thus early), changing to a dusky blue out yonder where the bright Pacific flashed at the end of the long, delightful view. For love of this prospect Martha had lately left steep, sturdy hills, brown brooks, elm-shaded streets and old friends, girding at herself as she did so. Honoria had lived here many years, while Grace was but a winter's guest in Honoria's home, whose hospitable brown gables, low and wide-spreading, were visible beyond the cypress hedge encircling Martha's cottage.

'It is a good-looking mansion. She had a capable architect. The building is Tudor, — consistent, graceful, well proportioned. For two people it is a very large house indeed, but it is a good house, and I see perfectly how Adelaide means it to express the idea of dignified comfortable living. The decorator was not bad of his kind, either.'

'All this sounds like praise,' said Grace, 'yet I feel that you are keeping something back. What is the matter with Adelaide's house?'

Again Honoria hesitated.

'It seems ungracious to find fault with such a perfectly worthy performance, yet I came away chilled and uncomfortable, almost unhappy, indeed. Thinking about the matter on the way home, it became clear to me at last that the house is too large for Adelaide's personality. You know how perfectly she pervaded that old house of hers. Old-fashioned, in some respects inconvenient, with far less perfect fittings, it still was thoroughly delightful, for

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where the rugs failed or the draperies faltered, Adelaide's personality somehow stepped in and eked out all insufficiencies, corrected all errors. It was hers entirely. In this blameless achievement of architect and decorator, there are no insufficiencies to be eked out, and so Adelaide's personality seems to slip and slide helplessly upon a kind of glacial surface which it cannot penetrate and make its own. I may be expressing myself very poorly, but I know I have hold of something real. Adelaide's new house, good-looking as it is, is not interesting, — that is what I mean, — and even the dear woman herself seems less interesting, and less herself now that she is enfolded in it.'

'Did you know,' interposed Martha, 'that the first winter in a new house the heating actually requires more coal than is ever needed again?'

'No, I did n't know that — but I can well believe it. Why should n't it take more coal to warm it when it evidently takes more vitality to cheer it? It's a serious business, this breaking in of a large house to one's self late in life, as so many Americans do. The draughts upon their vital forces are more taxing than the coal bills.'

'We all ought to live in inherited homesteads,' suggested Grace, 'where the humanizing of the bricks and mortar has been done for us by our own people.'

'Honoria,' Martha demanded, ignoring this unpractical suggestion, 'tell me the truth! If you were in Adelaide's place and had *carte blanche* to incarnate your idea of a house for yourself and your family, would n't you over-build and over-decorate too? I should enjoy doing it! The furniture in my bungalow is altogether too sketchy at present, and I am tired of eking it out with personality. You would feel differently if you had n't brought your old mahogany when you came West!'

Honoria set a few stitches, and looked at her friends with eyes in which conviction flamed.

'I don't over-dress, and I don't overeat, though I have abundant opportunity,' she said, 'but it may be that I would over-build and over-decorate, or at least that I would have done so until yesterday. I don't think I would do it to-day — now that I know what ails Adelaide's house. As for your bungalow, Martha, it is comfortable and it is alive. There is n't a picture on the wall nor an ornament on the mantel that has n't a reason for being exactly where it is. That is triumph, and you know it. I don't believe you would really exchange your house for Adelaide's.'

'Try me and see! I would like just for once to ignore beauty and suitability, and go in for size and sheer, luxurious comfort.'

'You would go distracted in two weeks in a place that was "sheer luxurious comfort" and nothing else,' returned Honoria decidedly. 'You would hate it as you hate everything smug and fat and complacent. I have known you too long, Martha, not to know the ways of you with a house. To satisfy you, a domicile has to be livable. If you consider all the houses, little and big, of your friends, you will see that there are fixed limits to the amount of space in them that is truly and pleasantly habitable. You can't get the lovable "lived-in look" in rooms where you do not actually live, and you can't live all over a house that is bigger than your needs. Why! life is n't long enough, especially if you seldom stay at home! Think how dreary are most of the great houses we know. Consider Mrs. King's new marble palace with its commanding site and its ninety rooms. There is n't a single spot in it

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except her own bed-room and sitting-room that would n't give your spirit a congestive chill if you sat there for an hour. I know a woman in Colorado who so loathed her big new house as it left the hands of a New York decorator, that she would have moved back into the old one if she had n't been afraid of her friends' laughter. And, Grace, even inherited homesteads are sometimes as difficult as uncongenial kin. Old houses have ways and wills of their own.'

'Houses *are* curious things,' said Grace. 'We take a morsel of illimitable space and wall it in and roof it over. Suddenly it ceases to be part of God's out-of-doors and becomes an entity with an atmosphere of its own. We warm it with our fires, we animate it with our affections, we furnish it with such things as seem good in our eyes. We do this to get shelter for our bodies, but we acquire as well an instrument for our spirits that reacts on us in its turn.'

'In other words,' returned Honoria, warming to her subject, 'as we live our way into a house, adapting it to our need, the bricks and mortar, the paint and plaster, cease to be inert matter and become alive. Superficial sociologists have taunted woman with being "more anabolic or plant-like" than man, but I count it her second glory. The plant is an organism that "slowly turns lifeless into living matter," and this is the thing that woman has done from the beginning with her shelter! In our houses we achieve almost an organic extension of our very selves. That is part of what I was trying to say. But, obviously, there should exist some reasonable ratio between the self and its extensions. I take it, the modern multitude of over-grown mansions, like the Kings' or the Clays' or even Adelaide's smaller dwelling, — all these places whose owners never find out why they are not at home in them, — are symptoms of our modern disease of materialism. The essence of that disease is the desire to grasp more matter than the spirit can fully animate. That the infection can lay hold on Adelaide shows how all pervading it is, gripping the just as well as the unjust. When I saw her tired and dissatisfied; when I felt the lack of charm and quality in the house, and remembered how full of both her old house and garden had been, I tried to think it out. It all works around to just this: you can't have quality, you can't have charm in your material environment unless you put them into it yourself. It is a plain question of your ability to choose, arrange and vitalize things. And the latter requisite is by far the most important of the three. For I have really seen, with these eyes, poor, mean rooms where absolutely nothing was beautiful or noteworthy, so charged with a gracious and comforting personality that you forgot their shabbiness and said, "What a home-like place!" Please note that that is the adjective we always use of places that draw us by their personality — as if personality and nothing else were the essence of home.

'Now Adelaide's old house had personality; it was completely vitalized. It was all under her hand, and as high as her heart. But Adelaide's big new house is as yet barren and chilly, for it is not vitalized at all. Of course I know that after she has lived in it longer, it is bound to improve, because it is her nature to humanize and modify all her surroundings. But the crucial question is — *how big a house can she humanize?* Something bigger than a cottage probably — but certainly something much smaller than a hotel. The longer I looked at this question, the more it seemed to me that unconsciously I had put my finger on the vital query that, in the ideal state, should underlie all property, all education, all privilege.

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'I have been talking about houses, — they are the most intimate, the most organic of a woman's possessions, — but the argument applies to all we own. It is the mark of our era to want more of everything than we can use, yet when we get the Too-Much we demand, we are crushed by it, as Tarpeia was crushed by the shields.'

'I have often thought,' said Grace, 'that the sheer, brute mass of life — of people to know, of books to read, of plays to hear, of pictures to see, of things to do, buy, learn, enjoy — within reach of the well-to-do person in the modern world, far outruns the capacity of any human being to take it in and make of it the sane whole that a life should be.'

'Yes — yet we go crazily on, trying to expand to illimitable possibilities, thinking we shall be happier so soon as we have discarded all our present belongings and opportunities for bigger, newer, richer ones. How many people do you know who have not met a substantial increase of income with a corresponding enlargement of their whole scale of living, a senseless expansion sometimes out-running their increased ability to provide for it? There is no future but chaos for a society with such ambitions. They are centrifugal and can only lead to disintegration.

'The truth is, we have no notion of the value and necessity of a doctrine of limitations. Just as an illustration — not once in all the mass of matter printed in the last twenty years about the gyro-car, the aeroplane or other inventions capable of enormous swiftness, have I seen the faintest intimation that human beings could not intelligently direct a speed of two hundred miles an hour — yet the railroads are now tardily discovering that the capacity of engineers is seriously taxed by sixty miles!

'Don't mistake my meaning. I am not preaching the moral value of poverty. I am no convert to asceticism. That method of ridding one's self of the over-weight of the material life is too extreme to be the correct solution. I am simply calling attention with all my might to the æsthetic and vital value of Not-Too-Much. I am not afraid of Enough. I am greatly afraid of Too-Much. And the reason I am afraid is this: —

'Just as the capacity of the human stomach is limited to a certain quantity of food, so also is limited the capacity of the human spirit for appropriating and assimilating property in its different forms. Beyond a certain somewhat variable point, material possessions *do the holder no more good*. The common saying, "All you get in this world is your board and clothes," is the popular acknowledgment of this restricted capacity. The affirmation of bounds to our capacity holds good as regards the property of the mind — education, cultivation, æsthetic satisfactions — just as it does of material goods. There is a definite limit to what we can effectively make our own. Beyond that limit, possession is a detriment.

'The direct result of helping ourselves to too much of anything is to coarsen and degrade. We can see this clearly as regards the primal necessity of food. Nature promptly writes it, in large letters, all over the man or woman of gross appetites.

'It is as plainly printed, if in smaller type, on the faces of those who want too much of other things, — houses, notoriety, money, power, — what you will. The porcine brand is there, however disguised. Personally, I fear the Mark of the Pig as I fear nothing else on earth. Shaler says that certain lines of evolution terminate in such grotesque effects that one almost believes the guiding thought behind the process

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was humorous. I never see a stye with its squealing, shouldering inhabitants, without thinking how tremendously satiric it is — a master-caricature of human greed, not over-drawn! And I say, "Brother Pig, Heaven grant that I keep my voracities better concealed than thou."'

Her companions regarded Honoria, in type thin, nervous, ardent, with a keen and vivid face. The comparison was certainly not apparent — but the heart knoweth its own gluttonies.

'You are doing fairly well at it thus far,' said Martha dryly. 'What's the next step in your argument, Honoria?'

'Since our capacity is limited, and since to glut ourselves beyond it burdens and degrades, clearly the thing for each individual with intelligence to do is to find out where, for him, lies the golden point beyond which riches turns to the poverty of burden. When even the wise and earnest Adelaides get their houses too big and don't know what is the matter, it is time to formulate the principles of First Aid to the Prosperous. I believe the point from which the women of the comfortable classes should attack the problem of a saner living is this doctrine of limitation and selection, and that we should attack it first of all in our homes.

'Now, we human beings really do something to our immediate material surroundings which I can best describe as charging them with our personality. With the revolution of the days, personality accumulates in the things we handle and love and live with, much as electricity gathers upon the accumulator of a static machine with the revolution of the plates. This idea has always been popular with the poets and artists, but people who advance it in everyday life always do so apologetically, with the air of saying, "I know this is slightly fantastic, but does n't it seem true?" Yet most housekeepers know its utter truth. I never doubted from the time I consciously began to care for old furniture, old rugs, old china — all the beautiful cast-offs of vanished lives — that a vast part of their charm was atmosphere, something imparted to them by the affection of those forgotten ones and now inhering, for the perceptive vision, in their very substance. The craftsman of those elder days is not the only creator of the beauty that has come down to us. Whoever has loved another's work has thereby added something to it. Is it not so? And I, in my turn, ought to be beautifying my belongings for those who come after me.'

Grace and Martha nodded readily enough, for this doctrine needs no long expounding to any woman who has lived her way into her material possessions, and distilled atmosphere from them for the comfort of her household. She knows what she has done, and knows, though she says little about it, that this business of turning lifeless into living things is one of her important natural functions.

'When I studied physics,' Honoria went on, 'I learned that science had been compelled to posit ether, an all-pervading, absolutely elastic, wave-bearing substance, to explain the commonest facts of our physical experience. Later yet, I learned that the passage of thought-waves through ether had found defenders among men of the exact sciences. Naturally I said to myself, "Ah, the scientists are growing 'warm.' Next, they will be demonstrating some of the things women have always known. They will show how we send out vibrations that get caught and entangled in our intimate belongings, never to be wholly freed again. The thing will be worked out and demonstrated like a problem in geometry. Doubtless they will be measuring everybody's wave-lengths and

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teaching children in the Eighth Grade easy ways of charging their belongings with their personality so unmistakably that stealing will have to become a lost art." Well! They have n't done it yet. In fact, they don't seem so near doing it as they once did. The mechanism of the process by which I take a chair fresh from Grand Rapids and in the course of years make it *my* chair and no other woman's, is a secret still, but I don't have to argue with anybody who ever had a favorite chair that the thing is as I have stated it. Neither do I have to argue that I could not so appropriate and make my own the out-put of an entire factory. It must be equally obvious that the dignified, proper environment for me and my family contains what we can thus make our own, and not much more.'

'Of course there are people,' said Martha reflectively, 'the routine of whose living demands large and formal apartments, impossible to do anything with from your point of view.'

'Assuredly there are such people,' Honoria admitted, 'just as there are people whose entertaining must be in the line of banquets rather than little dinners. I am not predicating a world full of model cottages, even though I think it might prove the happiest world. Still, outside of official circles, the need of state drawing-rooms is certainly not general, and it is of the very gist of my argument — my argument is n't all developed yet, Martha, don't think it! — that for the sake of developing a finer and more individual quality in our possessions, we should cut off some superfluous ones. Please listen patiently while I carry the idea to its logical limit, even though that limit lies beyond the bounds of practicability.

'Economists profess that, in an ideal distribution of goods, each man would have as much as he could consume without waste. But this takes no account of the differing needs of men, developed through ages of the upward struggle, nor of their different capabilities of turning goods to account. If you are going to dabble at all in theories of ideal distribution, why not have one that is genuinely ideal — that is, non-material? *The true distribution would require that each man should possess what goods he could animate and vitalize.* Even so, how vastly would possessions differ in amount and quality!

'If life could be adjusted on this basis, it would automatically become simplified, charged with beauty and with character. We should slough off ugly and useless possessions, or, if we retained through affection things ugly in themselves, that very affection would impart to them a certain importance and distinction. We should then, at least, live in a world in which everything had significance. Think of the infinite satisfaction of that!'

'What do you mean when you say, "if life could be adjusted on this basis," Honoria?' Grace inquired. 'Are you implying some kind of a final socialistic state which calls for an omniscient Distributor of Goods who shall know how much each man can vitalize?'

'Really, Grace, I am not a fool, even when I am evolving a reformed society!' returned Honoria promptly. 'Most conceptions of an improved state demand God for their Chief Executive and an enormous force of government officials with the fine honor which, thus far, has only been developed in human nature by conditions entirely different from those the visionaries are forecasting. Unquestionably we have fallen into the habit of thinking that if we only pass a law, any wrong at which we aim is regulated. In fact, however, so long as that law only expresses the practice of a minority, its enforcement

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will be evaded. Legislation without character is as helpless as a motor without fuel, — and my little reform, like every other effective change, must proceed from within outward.

'So I believe that if I wish to live in a world where nobody has more food, clothes, houses, wealth, power, than he can make significant and vital use of, it is up to me to remake my own life on that basis first. I am, if not the only woman whom I can reform, at least the most suitable subject for my experimentation. And I admit that I have too many possessions. Sometimes I am ridden to exhaustion by the care of my "things," modest as they are when compared to the goods of my neighbors. I know that if thousands of people did not feel as I do, the "simple life" slogan would never have acquired the popularity it had some years ago. We no longer hear much of the simple life, but we need it increasingly. Personally, I am persuaded that the method I am trying to set forth is workable.

'Why should n't a human being, seeking to get the most out of life, take lessons from the husbandman seeking to get the richest returns from the soil? It used to be thought that to cultivate many acres superficially was the way to feed the world and enrich the farmer. But the study of the soil as a science has taught us that we must resort, instead, to the intensive farming which gives greater returns from reduced acreage. What is true of the returns earth makes to our granaries, is true of the returns life makes to our spirits. We need a science of intensive living that we may get the larger crop from the smaller field. It will be worked out by women, and it must begin in their domain, which still is, in spite of the sociologists, the home.'

'The Norwegian maid who cared for my rooms at the hotel last winter had figured out something of the sort for herself,' said Grace. 'After I had put a few bits of things about, she said to me, "I like dis room. It look like Norway. Dere iss more moneys in America, but in Norway t'ings iss more pretty. Even de kitchen iss good to see. Dere iss shelves an' copper cooking-dishes all shiny, all so happy-looking. I like dem way best. It iss better not so much moneys to haf, but to be more happy wit' one's t'ings!"'

'That is the doctrine in a nutshell! In its poorer, more restricted days, the world learned that secret of the art of living, and it still lingers in corners that our blatant, crashing "civilization" passes by — so that a Norwegian peasant's daughter may know far more than an American girl "who has always had everything" about the priceless secret of being "happy wit' one's t'ings." It is the richest knowledge a woman can possess.'

'What is the real, rock-bottom reason why people go on piling up money after they have enough?' Martha demanded.

'I imagine,' said Honoria, 'that excessive accumulation is a form of egotism. Now, if public opinion, the race-ideal, or what you please, once demanded that we vitalize all our possessions; if it were once admitted to be unspeakably gross to demand more property than we can animate, as gross as it now is to over-eat, then the stress upon possession would be transferred at once from "How much" to "How," and large possessions would really become what some of the undistinguished rich now fondly imagine them to be — a direct and sensitive register of the finer qualities.'

Martha suddenly and irresistibly chuckled.

'I have a story for you, Honoria,' she said. 'A lot of ranchers over there,' she vaguely gestured toward the southwest across the hills, 'have grown sud-

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denly rich, raising sugar beets, and have bought motor-cars and other paraphernalia proper to their improved condition. One of them was heard to say, "I b'lieve these college graduates that teach school 'round here really think they're as good as us rich folks." That is the real attitude of your "undistinguished rich" toward the gifts of culture and the finer qualities!'

'Honoria,' said Grace, 'have n't the sages always said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"? Why should your propaganda succeed where Job and Socrates have failed? Job lived a long while ago! If the race were going to be converted to his view, the process ought to be more advanced. You will need very strong arguments for your doctrine of limitations.'

'Arguments are to be had for the picking up,' returned Honoria. 'What kind will you have? Reasonable limitation on the material side always brings some amazing flowering of mind or spirit like the blossoming of a root-bound plant. If you want a racial argument, consider the Irish — the poorest people in Europe and *therefore* the richest in spirit. Poverty forced them to concentrate their attention upon their neighbors; there resulted an astonishing increase in sympathy, wit, and general humanness. — If you want an argument from Art, consider the Middle Ages. Peering out of a narrow world, hemmed in by ignorance and squalor, the mediæval artist caught sight of beauty and immediately loved it with such fervent, personal passion that everything he made in its image was vital and wonderful. As his world broadened in the Renaissance, much of his art grew florid and meaningless, lacking that marvelous, intimate quality of the earlier, restricted day. — If you want an argument from literary material, there's the *Picciola* of Saintine. You can make an imperishable literary masterpiece out of a convict's love for a tiny plant struggling up between two stones in a prison-yard, but you cannot make men listen to tales of great possessions. The interest in Monte Cristo centres upon the process of *acquirement*, and it is the same in any successful money-romance. Midas is only fit to point a moral, never to adorn a tale. — If you want an argument from philology, consider that the diminutives in every language show the lesser thing to be the dearer thing, always. Remember Marie Antoinette and the Little Trianon! Consider the increasing specialization in science — science which always falls on its feet! I know a thousand arguments! The thing I am in need of is converts!'

'If you could get them,' said Martha, 'there might really be a Woman's Reformation, only it would begin at home instead of at the polls.'

'What other permanent thing is there in life but the hearthstone? Nations rise and fall, laws and institutions come and go — but that remains, the one fixed point in human society. I take it, therefore, it is the one point from which the lever can successfully be brought to bear on human society. If anything is to be moved or altered, the force must be applied there.'

'But human society *has* changed, Honoria,' urged Grace. 'Look at all our new powers and possessions! Steam and electricity have remade the world, and we are not yet adjusted to the alteration. No generation ever lived under our conditions; thus we have no traditions for handling our new environment. No heritage of ancestral wisdom tells us what of the hundreds of new opportunities to accept, what to reject. Save in so far as we are thinking beings — and that is not very far — we are as much at the mercy of our desires as babies in a toy-shop, grabbing now this and now that, heaping

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up a lapful of futilities and calling it a life.'

'Yes. But why should we make steam and electricity serve our greed only? Why use them chiefly to darken the world and make life a horror? Dare you affirm that we women and our demands are not at the very centre of the tragic tangle of modern living? Is n't all this horrible speeding-up of business largely an outgrowth of our exactions? What do men do business for, anyhow, except to get us what we want! Homes are to other material possessions what souls are to the bodies — the centre from which the life moves outward. If there is no greed in the home, is there not bound to be less greed in the offices?'

'I'm not so sure, Honoria,' Grace returned. 'No amount of intensiveness in the home would eliminate man's love of power for its own sake.'

'Perhaps. Yet is n't the lust for power a secondary development? We begin by being greedy because we want things; we keep on after we have more things than we know what to do with, because greed has created the power-lust. It is the aftermath from that ugly root. If the pressure the home puts on the man for money were suddenly slackened all along the line, above the point of poverty, might not the matter of unseemly accumulations correct itself? If we women of the more favored classes avowedly undertook to give quality to our belongings, instead of demanding belongings which we hope will confer quality upon us, there would surely be both a lessening in the stress of life and an improvement in its texture. I can think of nothing else but the Golden Rule that would help to solve so many menacing problems, such as the high cost of living, the commercialization of life, and the divorce problem. Oh, it would be very far-reaching, that attitude, if we could only achieve it!'

'Why would n't plain Christianity do all your reforming, and do it better?' demanded Martha abruptly.

'Assuredly it would — if Christianity were more generally a condition instead of a theory among us. I would n't undertake to say off-hand why the sanctions of common sense seem more precious to the present generation than the sanctions of religion, when in so many points they are identical, but I must conform my theorizings to the fact. Yet with all our neglect of religion the traditions of the spirit have not changed! They are the same from everlasting to everlasting. And one of the things the nineteenth century most wonderfully made clear was that the evolution of the spirit is the thing Nature has been seeking for hundreds of millions of years. I don't suppose that age-long process with the tremendous impetus of all creation behind it is really going to be upset by the turmoil of one materialistic generation. But I do believe that if we go with the current of materialism, we and all our works shall be tossed aside as refuse, thrown into Nature's garbage-can. I tell you, I can't bear the disgrace of it.'

'Honoria, you almost persuade me to be intensive,' said Grace, 'but I am not reconciled to the doctrine at one point — the question of beauty. I admit that one cannot vitalize a lot of senseless luxury. I admit, too, that comfort and a certain amount of beauty can always be successfully domesticated and charged with personality, as you phrase it, and that the result is completely satisfying. But is one never to indulge one's self in *all the beauty money will buy*, never to have everything of an absolute perfection? You are against great houses, but there is Mountly House, at home. It is big, but so beautiful that you are at home in it all over. What of it, and others like it?'

'Big and beautiful it is, but it is on

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my side of the argument, none the less. If you remember, the architect was also the decorator. It is the triumph of his imagination. He designed it as a background for a woman of opulent beauty and domestic tastes. He ransacked Europe for the furnishings, tapestries, all sorts of exquisite ancient things. He was a great artist and he created a work of art. The family fit into the picture more or less awkwardly. It is his house, not theirs at all. And I truly believe that the ultimate purpose of our houses excludes our going up and down another's stairs.

'Yet I believe in all the beauty one can vitalize. It is essentially wholesome. It does not lend itself to morbid demands. The collector's passion looks like greed, and doubtless for a time it is greed. But, sooner or later, Too-Much sickens them. Their adorable possessions teach them there is profanation in having more wonderful things than they can enter into personal relation with. Therefore the inevitable end of all overgrown collections is the museum or the auction-room. I have seen it too often not to know it is true! — If you want a perfect illustration of this in literature read Mrs. Wharton's *The Daunt Diana*. It cuts down like a knife to the essential fact that our relations with beauty must be limited enough to have the personal quality. And — don't you see? — this automatic destruction of greed that beauty finally teaches to the collector, is the same automatic destruction of it that I dare think intensive living in our homes might bring to all greed. It is a proof of the theory on another plane.'

'I think one might own a Mountly House without greed,' persisted Grace wistfully. 'Having no house at all, I naturally refuse to think of myself as ending my days in any less perfect domicile. What do you mean by the "ultimate purpose" of our houses?'

'Ah! that,' said Honoria, with a quick indrawing of her breath, 'is the very core of all my thought, and I don't know how to make you see it!'

She rose abruptly and walked to the end of the verandah. She stood there a while, looking across at the spreading gables of her own brown bungalow, with the yearning on her face that only house-mothers know. Yonder was her home. Set on a mighty shoulder of the earth, facing the sunset and the sea, it clung to the soil as the brown rocks cling. Behind it were the mighty Sierras with their crests of snow; before it, the sweetest land God ever smiled upon; within it, all the treasures of her eyes, her mind, her heart. Just as it stood there in the February sun, it was an abode compact of love, of aspiration, of desire. The ancient love of man for his shelter had gone into it, and the love of woman for the place of her appointed suffering. Desire for beauty and hope of peace were in its making. Its walls had heard the birth-cries; her children had played about its doors; out from it had been borne her dead. Inconsiderable speck on the vast hill-shoulder that it was, it could defy time and the elements, even as she defied them, for she had given it of her own immortality.

'I have not yet said it all,' she said a little thickly. 'It is hard to say, even to you. I have found an attitude of mind, a path, a way of life I call intensive, for lack of a better name, and I believe in it, not only because it increases my sane satisfaction in living, but also because it finally leads *out* — out of all this tangle of our material lives, into the eternal spaces.

'I see the world of men's business activities chiefly as a place of wrath and greed, and yet even the most grasping must be blindly seeking through their greed an ultimate satisfaction — not more houses or more automobiles,

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or railroads, or mines, or even power, but something dimly apprehended as beyond all these and more than they — something that is good and that *endures*. For we all want the Enduring Thing. One man sees it here, another there. As for me, I see it in my house. I tell you, the Greeks and Romans did not make a religion of the hearthstone; they merely recognized the religion that the hearthstone *is*. Under that quiet roof I have learned that it is a woman's business to take stones and make them bread. Only she can make our surroundings live and nourish us.

'Beyond the need for bread, a woman's needs are two; deeper than all cravings save the mother's passion, firm-rooted in our endless past, is the hearth-hunger. The trees that sweep my chimney have their roots at the world's core! The flowers in my dooryard have grown there for a thousand years! What milleniums have done, shall decades undo? We are not so shallow, so plastic as that! We will go into the mills, the shops, the offices, if we must, but we know we are off the track of life. Neither our desire nor our power is there.

'I have talked glibly enough about restricting superfluous possessions for the sake of developing a finer quality in those we have; I have said only personality gives that quality to our surroundings — but I have not said the final thing. It is this: I believe that in the humble business of loving the material things that are given to us to own and love, in shaping our homes around them, in making them vital and therefore beautiful, so that they serve our spirits in their turn, we are not only making the most of our resources in this life, but are doing more than that. Somehow, I cannot tell you how, I know that we are *getting them across* — into the timeless places! In making them vital we are making them enduring.

'Christ tells us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. What did that mean to you when you were young? I thought it meant a procession of self-denials and charities, more or less lifeless because the offering was made slightly against the grain! I had no idea that when I loved somebody very much or pitied somebody very much, when I shared my heart or shared my roof eagerly, that I was doing the commanded thing. Still less did I realize, when I worked hard to make my home more comfortable or more beautiful, that I was sending vibrations from my everyday world right into the eternal one — every deed an actual hammer-stroke on my house not made with hands. But so sure as that our mortal shall put on immortality, I now hold it that what we first find in the eternal world will be the things into which we have unstintingly flung our vitality, our *feeling*, while we are briefly here.

'*Here we have no continuing city.* But when I am making my house live, I and no other, putting into it as I best may something of the serenity of Athens and the sacredness of Jerusalem and the beauty of Siena, then it is taking its place beside my greater loves. Then I am creating a home, not only in this world, but in the next. I have put something over into the eternal world that fire cannot burn, nor floods destroy, nor moth and rust corrupt. It is safe, even from myself, forever! No Heaven can be holy to me if I have not made this spot holy. I shall not ask, even from the mercy of the Merciful, a heavenly mansion if I have failed to make this earthly dwelling live. Eternity begins beside my hearth, shaped by my will. A woman knows!'

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WANTED: A COMMISSION ON RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE hardest and most important railway problem in the United States is that of accidents. There were 10,585 persons killed and 169,538 injured on our railways in the year ending June 30, 1912. The problem of railway discrimination is important. But unfair discrimination has been very greatly reduced in recent years. The problem of reasonable rates is important. On the whole, however, railway rates in the United States are the lowest in the world. But our railway-accident record is worse than those of most other leading countries; and while relatively to the traffic handled it is getting better, it is not improving fast enough. Compared with the problem of accidents, the problems of rates and discrimination have become unimportant.

The main force for good or ill in this country is public opinion. Public opinion regarding any matter is a composite of the sentiment of the relatively few who are most directly concerned with it and of the relatively many who are more indirectly concerned with it. To get many great public evils abolished it is necessary to unify, enlighten, and vitalize this composite opinion. Public opinion can helpfully and effectively attack the railway-accident problem. It can demand of those directly connected with railways that they adopt needed measures, and it can cause the passage of legislation to remedy conditions which those measures cannot or do not remedy. But every day adds to the evidence that the public and the press, from which the public gets its information, know very little about the causes of accidents. The public's increasing indignation about them is disposing it to adopt many measures; but its lack of knowledge leads to the adoption of measures which are unwise and futile.

Wisdom and humanity dictate that the first things done, or required to be done, shall be those which are adapted to stop the most fatalities and injuries. Those which will prevent relatively few should come later. This is especially true if the latter will cost a great deal of money, and thereby interfere with the subsequent raising of the funds necessary to stop larger numbers of accidents. This principle is being disregarded. For example, numerous legislatures have passed laws to increase the number of men employed in train crews; and a bill for this purpose is before Congress. The passage of the bill before Congress would increase the operating expenses of the railways of the United States $12,000,000 a year. This amount at five per cent is the annual interest on $240,000,000. For an investment of $240,000,000 block systems could be installed on practically our entire railway mileage. It is doubtful if the full-crew legislation will ever save a single life. Its promoters are the representatives of the railway employees' brotherhoods, and it seems a fair inference that their main object is to increase the number of railway employees. While there are few or no records of accidents caused by too small train crews, every expert knows that, in the interest of safety, block signals should

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be installed on all our railways. They furnish the best means of preventing collisions; and collision accidents cause many deaths and injuries each year. This is but one of many illustrations of the fact that public indignation and misinformation are being played on to secure regulation that will cause a maximum of increase in expense and a minimum of increase in safety.

Statistics are seldom interesting and are not always instructive. But when statistics covering a long period all point to the same conclusions, it is usually safe to draw those conclusions and act on them. The statistics of railway accidents compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission since its creation clearly indicate the existence of certain conditions, and that those conditions are the main causes of railway accidents. The official reports of the investigations of specific accidents corroborate the statistics. It would seem either that railway officers and employees and the public should make the inferences that the statistics and reports suggest and act accordingly, or that the whole subject of railway accidents should be investigated *de novo* by some competent and impartial body representing the public, as a basis of comprehensive action. Neither of these things is being done.

Let us briefly examine the statistics and find out what they, as a whole, suggest as to causes and remedies. They are seldom studied and discussed as a whole. The classes selected for discussion often depend on what the person using them wishes to prove. When they are considered as a whole and in their proper proportions, the conditions disclosed, or indicated, are apt to cause surprise to most people.

The popular notion is that most of the fatalities and injuries are caused by plant failures. The kinds of plant failures they are attributed to are accidents to trains, such as collisions, derailments and boiler explosions. But if there had not been a single accident to a train in the United States in the year ended June 30, 1912,[1] 92 per cent of the persons who were killed, and 90 per cent of those who were injured, on railways would have been killed and injured none the less. Most people think that most of the fatalities and injuries occur in collisions. If there had not been a single collision in 1912, 96.5 per cent of all who were killed and 95.3 per cent of all who were injured would have suffered none the less.[2]

Furthermore, all of the accidents occurring to trains are not due to plant failures. The Interstate Commerce Commission says in its annual report for 1912: 'The most disquieting and perplexing feature in the problem of accident prevention is the large proportion of train accidents caused by dereliction of duty by the employees involved. By far the greatest number of our serious train accidents are due to the failure of some responsible employee to perform an essential duty at a critical moment. The gravity of this problem is indicated by the fact that, of the 81 accidents investigated (by the Commission) up to September 1, 52, or more than 63 per cent of the whole number, were caused by mistakes on the part of employees. These 52 accidents comprise 48 of the 49 collisions investigated, and 4 of the 31 derailments.'

Even the block system does not stop these man-failure accidents. 'Of the 48 collisions caused by errors of employees,' the Commission adds, '33 occurred on trains operated under the train-order system, and 15 occurred

[1] For convenience I have used only the statistics for the year ended on June 30, 1912, because they are typical of those for all recent years.

[2] See *Interstate Commerce Commission Bulletin*, No. 44, p. 14.

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under the block system. The most numerous failures were by trainmen and enginemen. These were disobedience of orders, disobedience of signals, failure to keep clear of superior trains, improper flagging, and failure to control speed at dangerous points.'

When a train is derailed or is struck by an engine or another train, it is technically a 'train accident.' When a train, or a car, or an engine, runs over a man on the track, it is an accident to the man, but not a 'train accident.' Let us turn from the statistics regarding 'train accidents' to those regarding other accidents.

Some of these are partly or mainly due to plant failures. The killing of almost 900 non-trespassers at highway grade-crossings doubtless was partly due to the fault of those killed; but it was mainly due to a defect in the railway plant. An entirely satisfactory plant would not have grade-crossings. The killing of 86 passengers and employees who came in contact with overhead and lateral structures was partly due to carelessness by those killed, partly to failure of the railways to provide wide enough clearances between engines and cars, and objects over and beside the track. The killing of 192 employees while coupling and uncoupling was partly due to defective couplers, but mainly to carelessness by employees; for over 99 per cent of all locomotives and cars, in compliance with federal law, are fitted with automatic couplers. The killing of 470 passengers, employees, and other non-trespassers, by falling from cars and engines was due partly to carelessness, partly to defects of safety appliances. In accordance with laws passed by Congress the Interstate Commerce Commission has prescribed, and the railways are now adopting, appliances for engines and cars, to remedy these defects.

The fatalities and injuries due to causes other than those mentioned are but slightly or not at all attributable to plant failures. Such are 'industrial' accidents at freight houses, on boats and wharves, in and around shops, and the like, occurring on railroad premises but no more connected with railway operation than similar casualties in private plants that make or repair railway equipment by contract; accidents caused by people stepping in front of moving engines and cars; accidents to trespassers, and so forth. These other accidents in 1912 included 8,075 fatalities and 120,652 injuries, or 76 per cent of the total fatalities and 71 per cent of the total injuries. Of the fatalities coming under these heads, 1,596 resulted from employees and passengers being struck or run over as a result of getting in the way of moving cars and engines. There is no improvement in plant that can stop such accidents. These fatalities included also 5,343 accidents to trespassers; and the total number of trespassers killed was 5,434. The average total number of persons killed daily was 29; and out of that number, 15 were trespassers.

This brief analysis indicates that accidents are due (1) to plant failures; (2) to combined plant failures and man failures; (3) to man failures; (4) to trespassing. Deeper analysis indicates that while these are the immediate causes, there is an underlying one out of which they all grow. This *cause of the causes* of accidents appears to be a spirit of carelessness or recklessness on the part of many who are directly or indirectly concerned with railway operation. It is a spirit that is not manifested in railway operation alone in this country. A striking illustration of it is that the number of people killed by automobiles in the streets of New York City in 1912 was 146; while the number of railway passengers killed in train accidents in the entire coun-

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try was only 139. Doubtless the only real specific for railway accidents is to remove the underlying cause — this cause of all the immediate causes. To do that it would be necessary to revolutionize human nature in this country. That cannot be done in a day. How, then, can we most effectually deal with the immediate causes?

The public and the railway employees say that the owners and managers should put the railways in a condition which will reduce plant failures to the practicable minimum. The owners and managers reply that they gladly would do this, but that the earnings of most roads are too small. They estimate that it would cost $444,000,000 to widen the clearances between locomotives and cars and overhead and lateral objects, enough to keep careless people from being struck by these objects. They admit the desirability of abolishing grade-crossings, but say that the fact that track-elevation in Chicago alone has cost $70,000,000, and will cost a total of $150,000,000, indicates what grade-separation everywhere would cost. The managers estimate that it would require over $36,300,000 to replace all the rail, now in track, weighing less than 70 pounds, with 75-pound rail; and many times more to put all track in safe condition; and they call attention to the fact that they already, under requirements of law, are spending $55,000,000 to improve the safety appliances on their engines and cars.

It is sometimes said that, while many accidents are caused by misconduct of employees, most of the man-failure accidents are due to real mistakes. 'It cannot be assumed,' says the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its annual report for 1912, 'that employees deliberately ignore disciplinary measures which they know from experience are necessary for their own safety as well as for the safety of many others who for the time being are placed in their charge. . . . To prevent railroad collisions, adequate measures must be taken, first, to reduce the chances of human error to a minimum, and second, to neutralize the effects of such error when it occurs.' The railway managers deny that employees are as careful as the Commission's statements imply, and assert that one of the main things needed to reduce accidents is to make the men careful, and that the main thing needed to make them careful is better discipline. The powerful railway brotherhoods, they add, render proper discipline difficult. The grievance committees defend employees who ought to be discharged; they appeal from the superintendent to the general manager and from the general manager to the president; they threaten to strike when the managements stand firm, and sometimes execute the threat.

The main physical improvement recommended by the Commission, to prevent accidents, is more block signals; the main means recommended to neutralize the effects of accidents are steel passenger-train cars. It also insists that the railways develop means for automatically stopping trains when collision is imminent. The managers reply that no automatic train-control system has proved its value under the varying and hard conditions of steam railroad service. They admit the desirability of the installation of block signals, but say that the cost in the entire country would be $260,000,000. They admit that all steel and steel-underframe passenger-train cars further safety; but they say that they are substituting them for wooden cars as fast as is reasonable, and that legislation requiring an early and complete change would cost $632,746,000. They add that, however anxious they may be to make needed physical improvements,

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these are being retarded by regulation that increases expenses and reduces earnings.[1]

Finally, they say that the statistics show that a large majority of the fatalities and injuries can be prevented only by employees and other persons taking better care of themselves. This applies to the many accidents to employees from stepping in the way of moving trains and cars, and to the many to trespassers.

It is sometimes said that trespassing could be reduced by abolishing highway crossings and fencing rights of way. Railway managers reply that accidents to trespassers should properly be charged not to the railways, but to inefficient government; because trespassers have no right to be about railway premises at all, and efficient government would keep them away. Furthermore, they say that even elevation of tracks does not stop trespassing. In Chicago, where the roads have spent so much for track-elevation, trespassing on their elevations is chronic, and the only way to stop it generally, it is contended, is for the public to pass and enforce laws prohibiting it.

Personally, after much study of railway accidents I am convinced of the need of three remedies.

I. The remedy that will reduce fatalities most is the passage and enforcement of strict laws against trespassing. This has been done in Canada, England, and on the continent of Europe, and is responsible for the most marked difference between their railway-accident statistics and ours. In only six states in this country, — New York, New Hampshire, Maine, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, — are there laws specifically prohibiting all trespassing on railway property.

II. I am convinced that the thing needed to cause the second largest reduction in fatalities, and the largest reduction in injuries, is better discipline among employees, the word discipline being used to include proper selection, training, and, in cases of culpable misconduct, punishment. The duty of administering discipline is primarily that of the management. But it would seem that the managements must be backed by public sentiment, if not by law. In some cases the railway brotherhoods do go to extremes in defending members of their organizations from needed discipline; and the managers are apt to quail before the prospect of a strike when they fear that public sentiment will be against them. When an employee culpably commits a violation of an order or rule which might or does cause an accident, he offends against the public. In England the rules of the companies, on approval by the Board of Trade, become the law, any violation of which is a criminal offense. In effect, the same thing is true in Canada and on the continent of Europe. The Interstate Commerce Commission recommends the standardizing of operating rules by legislation, adding that 'once agreed upon and adopted, they should be rigidly enforced.' If the government adopts rules, should it not punish the employee who violates them, as well as the management that disregards them?

III. I believe that as a remedy for fatalities and injuries the statistics show that improvement of the physical plants ranks third in importance. That it is needed, however, is beyond question. But installing block signals, substituting steel or steel-underframe passenger cars for wooden cars, widening clearances, strengthening track, eliminating grade crossings, and introducing

[1] The various estimates given of the cost of improvements needed for safety are based on compilations made by the Special Committee on the Relations of Railway Operation to Legislation, which is maintained by the railways.

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other improvements needed for safety alone, would literally cost billions. If automatic train-control on steam railways should be successfully developed, its installation would cost other hundreds of millions. Comparisons of the accident statistics of this country and Europe often are made that are very unfavorable to our railways. Account is not always taken in them of the fact that most of our roads necessarily have been built cheaply and that their average capitalization is only about $65,000 a mile, while that of the railways of Prussia-Hesse is $111,000, that of the railways of France over $140,000, and that of the railways of the United Kingdom about $275,000. To make all the improvements in our railways needed for safety would cost an average of from $20,000 to $30,000 a mile, and I am convinced that the roads could not raise the necessary capital, or pay a return on it for an indefinite period, unless the public should permit advances in their rates and net earnings.[1]

But individual opinions count for little. It is public opinion that counts. Therefore, the great need is to enlighten and crystallize public opinion. How can this best be done? Two recent developments seem to afford valuable precedents.

For some years there had been much discussion of regulation of railway securities. Many whose opinions carried weight advocated drastic action. Others whose opinions seemed entitled to equal respect opposed any action. Congress therefore created, and President Taft appointed, a commission to study and report on the subject. It was composed of able and public-spirited citizens who commanded public confidence. It was presided over by President Hadley of Yale, and included B. H. Meyer, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Walter L. Fisher, lately Secretary of the Interior; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; and Frederick Strauss, of New York. After months of hearings it made a thorough, enlightening, and constructive report. It advocated legislation, but opposed radical legislation. Public opinion was crystallized in favor of an advanced but moderate policy. All the commission's recommendations may not be adopted, but the public confidence they inspired is sure to prevent either action or non-action greatly at variance with them.

One of our most difficult and important railway problems is that of establishing proper relations between the railways, their organized employees, and the public. The employees claim that their conditions of work are too severe and their wages too low. The managers claim that the wages paid are high enough or too high, that the power of the labor brotherhoods has become excessive, and that this power is being abused.

The public is vitally concerned. It wants the employees fairly dealt with. But the freight and passenger rates it must pay depend largely on what wages the railways must pay. The public is also deeply concerned that railway service shall not be interrupted by lockouts and strikes. There was need for a thorough investigation of the entire railway labor situation. In the spring

[1] The Block Signal and Train Control Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission said in its report for 1912: 'It may be assumed at the outset that railroad officers and employees are as anxious to do everything in their power to promote safety as the public is to have safeguards provided. . . . If all think alike and have the same desire, why are not better safeguards provided? The general answer, for most railroads, is the expense involved. . . . There is the immensely greater volume of business to be handled; the palatial passenger service, with greatly increased speeds and consequent demands on equipment and roadbed; and the general advance in wages, with resultant higher cost of construction, maintenance, and operation. All these things have added to the expenses on the one hand, with no corresponding increase of earnings on the other.'

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of 1912 the relations between the roads in the territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac, and their locomotive engineers, came to a crisis. A great strike was imminent. It was prevented by an agreement to submit the issues to a board of arbitration composed of one representative of the railways, one of labor, and five disinterested citizens. The railways chose Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore & Ohio; the enginemen chose P. H. Morrissey, formerly president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; the Chief Justice of the United States, the presiding judge of the Commerce Court, and the United States Commissioner of Labor chose as the other five arbitrators Oscar S. Straus, of New York City; Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews;* and Otto M. Eidlitz, former president of the Building Trades Association of New York.

This board did not confine itself to the controversy pending. It studied the railway labor situation as a whole. It concluded that conditions rendered grave the danger of railway strikes which would cause heavy loss and much suffering to the entire nation. It therefore made a comprehensive report, describing the situation and recommending legislation to prohibit railway strikes and lockouts until after arbitration, and to create arbitration commissions to which railway employees and managers must submit their disputes; legislation which, while dealing equitably between them, should also safeguard the rights of the general public. This remarkable document has enlightened the public regarding a most important problem. It is crystallizing public opinion on how to deal with that problem. Later developments probably will show that it marked an epoch in the history of the relations between capital, labor, and the public.

The wisest and most important step that could now be taken regarding railway accidents would be to create a similar commission to investigate and report on the whole accident problem. It may be thought that this duty should be performed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the Commission is burdened with many and varied duties, and a report by it would not command enough confidence in some quarters where entire confidence would be desirable. Railway managers blame railway employees for many accidents, and charge that the employees' brotherhoods interfere with discipline. Now, the Commission, ever since its creation, has employed members of the brotherhoods — some of them discharged railway employees — as its inspectors of safety appliances and its investigators of railway accidents. Many railway officers resent this. They think that it shows bias, and that even if it does not, the reports made to the Commission are sure to be more or less unfair as between managements and employees and to tend to bias the Commission's mind. Again, the only member of the Commission who was ever in railway service is Chairman E. E. Clark; and he was an active brotherhood man and the head of the Order of Railway Conductors. Mr. Clark is an industrious, fair, and able public official; but there seems reason to doubt if he could consider some phases of the accident problem without bias. Furthermore, the Commission is required by Congress to enforce the rebating, safety-appliance, hours of service, and other laws for the regulation of railways. In the performance of this function it is a detective and a prosecutor; and detectives and prosecutors are not notable for their impartiality. For these reasons the Commission could hardly make an

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investigation and report that would command the needed confidence in all quarters.

Therefore, the work should be done by some other body. Probably that body should contain some men having special knowledge acquired in railway service. It might be that Mr. J. W. Kendrick, formerly vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, and a distinguished railway expert, and Mr. P. H. Morrissey, formerly head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and one of the most prominent railway labor leaders in the country, could be induced to serve. I make this suggestion without having consulted either of them, and merely as a part of the outline of what the personnel should be. A clear majority of the members should be strictly representatives of the public, and men of such eminence and well-known disinterestedness and public spirit that they would command the unreserved confidence of railway managers, employees, and the public. They might be civilians such as those who served on the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission and the enginemen's arbitration board. Better still, perhaps, they might be engineer officers of high rank in the United States army. The technical knowledge of army engineer officers would be valuable, and their position of complete detachment from politics and industry would give them a minimum of bias while inspiring a maximum of public confidence.

The investigation, report, and recommendations, to be of real value, should deal with all phases of the problem, including methods of abating the trespassing evil; what reforms should be adopted by the railway managements in the selection, training, and disciplining of employees; what legislation, if any, there should be regarding operating rules and the punishment of violations of them; what improvements should be made in the physical plants; and what should be done by the railway managements and the regulating authorities to further these improvements. A less comprehensive handling would be little better than valueless. We have had many investigations of specific accidents, and of special classes of accidents, particularly train accidents. They have advanced the solution of the problem but little, for to solve a problem it is necessary to deal with all its factors. The plan outlined would not, of course, solve the accident problem. But it would lay a broad and deep foundation for solving it.

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A CONFESSION IN PROSE

UNLIKE M. Jourdain, who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, I have been writing it nearly all of mine, quite consciously, and earning my living thereby since I was twenty-one years old. I am now thirty-four. I have been a professional writer of prose, then, for thirteen years — or shall I say a writer of professional prose? Much of this writing has been done for various American magazines; still more has been done to fill the ravenous columns of American newspapers; some, even, has been immured between covers. I have tried never to write sloppily, though I have of necessity often written hastily. I can honestly say, too, that I have tried at times to write beautifully, by which I mean rhythmically, with a conscious adjustment of sound and melody to the sense, with the charm of word-chiming further to heighten heightened thought. But I can also as honestly say that in this latter effort I have never been encouraged by a newspaper editor, and I have been not infrequently discouraged by magazine editors. Not all magazines compel you to chop up your prose into a maximum paragraph length of ten lines, as does a certain one of large circulation. Not all newspapers compel you to be 'smart,' as did one for which I worked compel us all. But the impression among editors is prevalent, none the less, that a conversational downrightness and sentence and paragraph brevity are the be-all and end-all of prose style, or at least of so much of prose style as can be grasped by the populace who read their publications; and that beautiful writing must be 'fine writing,' and therefore never too much to be avoided. So I started out from the classroom of Professor Lewis E. Gates, one of the keenest and most inspiring analysts of prose beauties this country has produced, to be a professional writer of prose, and dreamed, as youth will, of wrapping my singing robes about me and ravishing the world. I was soon enough told to doff my singing robes for the overalls of journalism, and I have become a writer of professional prose instead.

These remarks have been inspired by a long and wistful evening just spent in perusing Professor Saintsbury's new book, called *The History of English Prose Rhythm*. I shall hold no brief for the good professor's method of scansion. It matters little to me, indeed, how he chooses to scan prose. What does matter to me is that he has chosen to scan it at all, that he has brought forward the finest examples in the stately procession of English literature, and demonstrated with all the weight of his learning, his authority, his fine enthusiasm, that this prose is no less consciously wrought to pleasing numbers than is verse. We who studied under Professor Gates knew much of this before, if not in so detailed and would-be methodical a fashion. Charles Lamb knew it when he wrote, 'Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors"; or the wild sweep of winds at midnight.' Sir Thomas Browne was not exactly unaware of it as he prepared his *Urn Burial* for the printer; nor the authors

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of the King James Version of the Bible when they translated — or if you prefer, paraphrased — the rhapsodic chapters of Isaiah. But it is pleasant, and not unimportant, to be once more reminded, in a generation when written speech has sunk to the conversational level of the man in the street, that 'prose has her cadences'; and to me, at least, it is melancholy, also. For I would strive to write such prose, in my stumbling fashion, were I permitted.

Writing about a fine art, as I am so often called upon to do, I would endeavor with what might lay in me to write about it finely. Suppose that art chances to be the drama. Why, when some compact, weighty, and worthily performed example comes to our stage, should I be expected to toss off a description of it in a style less compact and weighty and worthily conducted? On the rare occasions when a new play chances to be poetic, am I not justified in writing of it in poetic prose? How else, indeed, can I truly render back to my readers the subtler aspects of its charm? But for such writing there is little room in our hurrying and 'conversational' press, though now and then a despised dramatic editor is found who understands. Even the drama itself strives to be 'conversational' at all costs, under the banner of 'realism,' and profanity flourishes on our stage in what we must infer to be a most lifelike manner, while we have almost forgotten that the spoken word can be melodious or imaginative. Criticism cries at its heels, and helps with flippant jest and broken syntax and cacophonous combinations of our poorest vernacular, in the general debasement. Do not tell me that men do not exist who could write differently of the stage, as men exist who can, and do, write differently for it. Every worthy dramatist can be paralleled by at least one worthy critic, and more probably by three or four, since the true creative instinct in drama is perhaps the rarest of human attributes, save only charity. But the editors appear to have determined that the public does not want such critics — and perhaps the editors are right. At least, the public does not often get them.

We are speaking now of prose, not of opinions, and we may safely introduce the name of a living critic, William Winter. For nearly half a century Mr. Winter has written prose about the theatre, and although that prose was produced for a morning newspaper it was carefully and consistently balanced and welded, and, when the subject demanded it, rose, according to its creator's ideas of beauty, into the heightened eloquence of sentence rhythm and syllabic harmony. Leisure may improve, but haste cannot prevent the rhythm of prose, provided the instinct for it resides in the writer, and the opportunity exists for practice and expression. Two examples of Mr. Winter's use of rhythm come to my memory, and I quote only phrases, not whole sentences, merely because I am sure of no more. Writing one morning of a new and very 'modern' play, presented the previous evening by a well-known actress, he said: 'Sarah Bernhardt at least made her sexual monsters interesting, wielding the lethal hatpin or the deadly hatchet with Gallic grace and sweet celerity.' Again, in reviewing Pinero's *Iris*, he took up two of Henry Arthur Jones's phrases, recently made current in a lecture, and played with them, ending with mellifluous scorn, 'Such are "the great realities of modern life," flowers of disease and blight that fringe the charnel house of the "serious drama."'

These are certainly examples of rhythmic, or cadenced prose, and they are examples taken from journalistic

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reviews. They admirably express the writer's point of view toward his subject matter, but they also reveal his care for the manner of expression, they satisfy the ear; and therefore to one at all sensitive to literature they are doubly satisfying. The arrow of irony is ever more delightful when it sings on its flight. The trick, then, can be done. Mr. Winter, too often perhaps for modern ears, performed it by recourse to the Johnsonian balance of period and almost uniform, swelling roll. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that he performed it — and that it is no longer performed by the new generation, either in newspaper columns, or, we will add at once, anywhere else. Rhythmic prose, prose cadenced to charm the ear and by its melodies and harmonies properly adjusted to heighten, as with an undersong, the emotional appeal of the ideas expressed, is no longer written. It appears to be no longer wanted. We are fallen upon harsh and colloquial times.

No one with any ear at all would deny Emerson a style, even if his rhythms are often broken into the cross-chop of Carlyle. No one would deny Irving a style, or Poe, — certainly Poe at his best, — or, indeed, to hark far back, Cotton Mather in many passages of the *Magnalia*, where to a quaint iambic simplicity he added a Biblical fervor which redeems and melodizes the monotony. Mather suggests Milton, Irving suggests Addison, Emerson suggests Carlyle, Poe, shall we say, is often the too conscious workman typified by De Quincey. But thereafter, in this country, we descend rapidly into second-hand imitations, into rhythm become, in truth, mere 'fine writing,' until its death within recent memory. Yet we do not find even to-day the true cadenced prose either uninteresting or out of date. Emerson is as modern as the morning paper. Newman's description of the ideal site for a university, in the clear air of Attica beside the blue Ægean, charms us still with its perfect blend of sound and sense, its clear intellectual idea borne on a cadenced undersong, as of distant surf upon the shore; and the exquisite epilogue to the *Apologia*, with its chime of proper names, still brings a moisture to our eyes. The triumphant tramp of Gibbon, the headlong imagery and Biblical fervor of Ruskin, the languid music of Walter Pater, each holds its separate charm, and the charm is not archaic.

Is such prose impossible any more? Certainly it is not. The heritage of the language is still ours, the birthright of our noble English tongue. Simply, we do not dare to let ourselves go. We seem tortured with the modern blight of self-consciousness; and while the cheaper magazines are almost blatant in their unblushing self-puffery, they are none the less cravenly submissive to what they deem popular demand, and turn their backs on literature, on style, as something abhorrent to a race which has been fed on the English Bible for three hundred years. Their ideal of a prose style now seems to consist of a series of staccato yips. It really cannot be described in any other way. The 'triumphantly intricate' sentence celebrated by Walter Pater would give many a modern editor a shiver of terror. He would visualize it as mowing down the circulation of the magazine like a machine gun. Rhythm and beauty of style can hardly be achieved by staccato yips. The modern magazine writer, trying to be rhetorically effective, trying to rise to the demands of heightened thought or emotional appeal, reminds one of that enthusiastic German tympanist who wrote an entire symphonic poem for kettle-drums.

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I read one of the autumn crop of new novels the other day. Curiously enough, it was written by a music critic who, in his reviews of music, is constantly insisting on the primal importance of melody and harmony, who is an arch foe of the modern programme school and the whole-tone scale of Debussy. But the prose of his novel was utterly devoid of these prized elements, melody and harmony. A heavy, or sometimes turgid, journalistic commonplaceness sat upon it. I will not be unfair and tear an illustration from some passage of rightly simple narration. I will take the closing sentences from one of the climactic chapters, when the mood had supposedly risen to intensity, and, if ever, the prose would have been justified in rising to reinforce the emotion.

'The house was aroused to extravagant demonstrations. Across the footlights it looked like a brilliantly realistic piece of acting, and the audience was astonished at the vigor of the hitherto cold Americano.

'But Nagy was not deceived. Crushed, dishevelled, breathless, she knew that her dominion over him was gone forever. She had tried to show him his soul and he had begun to see the light.'

Now, an ear attuned to the melodies of English prose must surely find this commonplace, and the closing sentence of all actually as harsh as the tonalities of Strauss or Debussy seem to the writer. Let us, even if a little unfairly, set it beside a passage from *Henry Esmond*, again a climactic passage, but one where the style is climactic, also, rising to the mood.

'"You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it; I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?"'

This justly famous passage, be it noted, is dialogue. To-day we especially do not dare to rise above a conversational level in dialogue. We should be accused of being 'unnatural.' Does no one speak beautifully any more, then, even in real life? Are the nerve-centres so shattered in the modern anatomy that no connection is established between emotions and the musical sense? Does an exquisite mood no longer reflect itself in our voice, in our vocabulary? Does no lover rise to eloquence in the presence of his Adored? If that is the case, surely we now speak unnaturally, and it should be the duty of literature to restore our health! Nor need such speech in fiction float clear away from solid ground. Notice how Thackeray in his closing sentence — 'Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?' — anchors his rhetoric to the earth.

We are, let it be said again, in the grasp of realism, and realism but imperfectly understood. Just as our drama aims to reproduce exactly a 'solid' room upon the stage, and to set actors to talking therein the exact speech of every day, so our oratory, so-called, is the reproduction of a one-sided conversation, and our novels (when they are worthy of consideration) are repro-

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ductions of patiently accumulated details, set forth in impatiently assembled sentences. But all this does not of necessity constitute realism, because its effect is not of necessity the creation of illusion, however truthful the artist's purpose. Of what avail, in the drama, for example, are solid rooms and conversational vernacular if the characters do not come to life in our imaginations, so that we share their joys and sorrows? Of what effect are the realistic details of a novel, whether of incident or language, if we do not re-live its story as we read? Surely, the answer is plain, and therefore any literary devices which heighten the mood for us are perfectly justifiable weapons of the realist, even as they are of the romanticist. One of these devices is consciously wrought prose. For the present we plead for its employment on no higher ground than this of practical expediency.

But how, you may ask, — no, not you, dear reader, who understand, but some other chap, a poor dog of an author, perhaps, — can consciously wrought prose aid in the creation of illusion? How can it be more than pretty?

Let us turn for answer to Sir Thomas Browne, to 'The Garden of Cyrus,' to the closing numbers: —

'Besides, Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the oneirocritical masters have left such frigid interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep, wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.'

That is archaic, perhaps, and not without a certain taint of quaintness to modern ears. But how drowsy it is, how minor its harmonies, how subtly soothing its languid melody! It tells, surely, in what manner consciously wrought prose may aid in the creation of illusion. The mood of sleep was here to be evoked, and lo! it comes from the very music of the sentences, from the drowsy lullaby of selected syllables.

We might choose a quite different example, from a seemingly most unlikely source, from the plays of George Bernard Shaw. One hardly thinks of Mr. Shaw with a style, but rather with a stiletto. His prefaces have been too disputative, his plays too epigrammatic, for the cultivation of prose rhythms. Yet his prose is almost never without a certain crisp accuracy of conversational cadence; his ear almost never betrays him into sloppiness; and when the occasion demands, his style can rise to meet it. The truth is, Mr. Shaw is seldom emotional, so that his crisp accuracy of speech is most often the fitting garment for his thought. But in *John Bull's Other Island* his emotions are stirred, and when Larry Doyle breaks out into an impassioned description of Ireland the effect on the imagination of the heightened prose, when a good actor speaks it, is almost startling.

'No, no; the climate is different. Here, if the life is dull, you can be dull too, and no great harm done. (*Going off into a passionate dream.*) But your wits can't thicken in that soft moist air, on those white springy roads, in those misty rushes and brown bogs, on those hillsides of granite rocks and magenta heather. You've no such colors in the sky, no such lure in the distances, no such sadness in the evenings. Oh, the dreaming! the dreaming! the torturing, heart-scalding, never-satisfying dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming! (*Savagely.*) No debauchery that ever coarsened and brutalized an Englishman can take the worth and usefulness out of him like

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that dreaming. An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him; but it makes him that he can't face reality nor deal with it nor handle it nor conquer it: he can only sneer at them that do, and (*bitterly, at Broadbent*) be "agreeable to strangers," like a good-for-nothing woman on the streets.'

This, to be sure, is prose to be spoken, not prose to be read. Different laws prevail, for different effects are sought. But the principle of cadence calculated to fit the mood, and by its melodic, or, as here, its percussive character to heighten the emotional appeal, remains the same.

But beyond the argument for cadenced prose as an aid to illusion, employed in the proper places,— that is, where intensity of imagery or feeling can benefit by it, — is the higher plea for sheer lingual beauty for its own sake. Shall realism preclude all other effects of artistic creation? Because the men on our streets, the women in our homes, talk sloppily, shall all our books be written in their idiom, all our stage characters reproduce their commonplaceness, nearly all our magazines and newspapers give no attention to the graces of style? I am pleading for no Newman of the news story, nor am I seeking to arm our muck-rakers with the pen of Sir Thomas Browne. I would not send Walter Pater to report a football game (though Stevenson could doubtless improve on most of the 'sporting editors'), nor ask that Emerson write our editorials. But there is a poor way, and there is a fine way, to write everything, and inevitably the man who has an ear for the rhythms of prose, who has been trained and encouraged to write his very best, will fit his style appropriately to his subject. He will not seek to cadence his sentences in bald narration or in exposition, but he will, nevertheless, keep them capable of natural and pleasant phrasing, he will avoid monotony, jarring syllables, false stress, and ugly or tripping terminations which throw the voice as one's feet are thrown by an unseen obstacle in the path. His paragraphs, too, will group naturally, as falls his thought. But when the subject he has in hand rises to invective, to exhortation, to the dignity of any passion or the sweep of any vision, then if his ear be tuned and his courage does not fail him he must inevitably write in cadenced periods, the effectiveness of his work depending on the adjustment of these cadences to the mood of the moment, on his skill as an artist in prose.

And just now the courage of our young men fails. The unrestrained abandonment of all art to realism, of every sort of printed page to bald colloquialism, has dulled the natural ear in all of us for comely prose, and made us deaf to more stately measures. The complete democratizing of literature has put the fear of plebeian ridicule in our hearts, and the wider a magazine's circulation, it would seem, the more harm it does to English prose, because in direct ratio to its sale are its pages given over to the Philistines, and the dignity and refinement of thought which could stimulate dignity and refinement of expression are unknown to its contributors, or kept carefully undisclosed.

I have often fancied, in penitential moments, a day of judgment for us who write, when we shall stand in flushed array before the Ultimate Critic and answer the awful question, 'What have you done with your language?' There shall be searchings of soul that morning, and searchings of forgotten pages of magazines and 'best sellers' and books of every sort, for the cadence that may bring salvation. But many shall seek and few shall find, and the

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goats shall be sorted out in droves, condemned to an eternity of torture, none other than the everlasting task of listening to their own prose read aloud.

'What have you done with your language?' It is a solemn question for all of us, for you who speak as well as for us who write. Our language is a priceless heritage. It has been the ladder of life up which we climbed; with it we have bridged the sundering flood that forever rolls between man and man; through its aid have come to us the treasures of the past, the world's store of experience; by means of it our poets have wrought their measures, our philosophers their dreams. Bit by bit, precious mosaic after precious mosaic, the great body of English literature has been built up, in verse and prose, the crown of that division of language we call our own. Consciously finding itself three centuries ago, our English prose blossomed at once into the solemn splendors of the King James Bible and then into the long-drawn, ornate magnificence of Sir Thomas Browne, never again till our day to lose consciousness of its power, to forget its high and holy task, the task of maintaining our language at full tide and ministering to style and beauty. There were fluxes in the fashions, naturally; little of Browne's music being found in the almost conversational fluency (but not laxness) of Addison, even as the suave Mr. Addison himself has vanished in the tempestuous torrents of Carlyle. But there always was an Addison, a Carlyle, a Newman, a Walter Pater, whose work loomed large in popular regard, whose influence was mighty in shaping a taste for prose style. Who now, we may ask, looking around us in America, looms large in popular regard as a writer of ample vision, amply and beautifully clothed in speech, and whose influence is mighty in shaping a taste for prose style? It is not enough to have the worthies of the past upon our shelves. Each age must have its own inspiration. Again we hear the solemn question, 'What have you done with your language?' Only Ireland may answer, 'We have our George Moore, and we had our Synge not long ago — but we stoned his plays.'

We have stifled our language, we have debased it, we have been afraid of it. But some day it will reassert itself, for it is stronger than we, alike our overlord and avatar. Deep in the soul of man dwells the lyric impulse, and when his song cannot be the song of the poet it will shape itself in rhythmic prose, that it may still be cadenced and modulated to change with the changing thought and sound an obligato to the moods of the author's spirit. How wonderful has been our prose, — grave and chastely rich when Hooker wrote it, striding triumphant over the pages of Gibbon on tireless feet, ringing like a trumpet from Emerson's white house in Concord, modulated like soft organ-music heard afar in Newman's lyric moods, clanging and clamorous in Carlyle, in Walter Pater but as the soft fall of water in a marble fountain while exquisite odors flood the Roman twilight and late bees are murmurous, a little of all, perhaps, in Stevenson! We, too, we little fellows of to-day, could write as they wrote, consciously, rhythmically, if we only cared, if we only dared. We ask for the opportunity, the encouragement. Alas! that also means a more liberal choice of graver subjects, and a more extensive employment of the essay form. Milton could hardly have been Miltonic on a lesser theme than the Fall of the Angels, and Walter Pater wrote of the Mona Lisa, not Lizzie Smith of Davenport, Iowa. It is doubtless of interest to learn about Lizzie, but she hardly inspires us to rhythmic prose.

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THE NOBLE ARMY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

CONVOCATION was being held at Fisher's Forks. The opening service was just over. It was nine o'clock of the June evening. The door of the little church was open and ruddy in the gloom, and the clergy were coming out in little groups, two or three with the white surplice thrown across the arm. There was a tramping of clerical feet on the side porch of the rectory, and a pushing open of the screen door, until at last all were gathered together in the rectory living-room, — all but one, and the story of his absence was such as to make one lift drawn lips of prayer to a God, who, we believe, desires men cheery.

How free they all were, here with each other, the world for which they were working shut out for a little while! Most of them had their fads, their dreams, and it was pure jollity to talk of them freely to each other, for at home, each in his little dull gossipy village had learned to guard his speech well, and to bear the loneliness. Forder, a quiet old man, shrunken and lame, told the rector's wife of his flower-beds. Forder was perhaps the greatest living authority on the book of Job, but nobody knew it, for he never told. What he loved was roses, and sometimes he shyly sent to the *Floral Journal* a treatise on the diseases of the fair things he handled so gently.

And here O'Lane could talk in the wonderful way in which he dared so rarely to indulge. His witty tongue had already cost him three parishes and he knew it, but his friends saw that he fought with all his will against his own sarcasm, fought hardest that the caustic might not turn in upon his own soul and poison his work.

They were nearly all of them frankly poor, the shoulders of more than one clerical coat turning shiny.

'Oh, yes,' — Corning's big voice commanded a pause in the conversation, — 'we can all wipe dishes. Perhaps,' he added, 'Dailey can't.'

Dailey had inherited money. He looked down sheepishly at the cameo ring on one finger, at the gleam of gold at his fob. Without doubt Dailey was a dandy, and ashamed of it. He did not say that he had been up all night doing homely offices for a dying old man because there was no other watcher and the poor old wife was worn out.

They talked proudly of their boys in college, and openly of the ways and means of keeping them there, the sharp struggle. And the lads, too, were fighting their way pluckily; one heard bits quoted from the letters they sent home. He was the proudest father who could speak of a son in the seminary, with young face set toward the same old struggle his father knew so well; only, when the father spoke of his boy, he did not seem to remember the hardship of his calling, but only the blessing of service written on its portals.

At last the rector, who had been waylaid by a crabbed sexton, entered, swinging the church keys in his hand, mine host of the evening. All turned toward him. Perhaps no man was ever

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more unconscious of the love that people bore him than the rector. He walked through life and never knew the healing in his handshake, the inspiration in his merry eyes. To-night he only knew that the brethren, each one dear to his friendly heart, were all there under his roof, and that they would have a jolly evening. He marshaled them forthwith into the study, a smoky room so small that two of the ministers had to sit on the desk and a third on the stove. The rector distributed the pipes and tobacco and cigars. He had a saucebox remark for every one, poking his fun at each in his most charming manner. He pulled a skull cap out of a drawer and set it on his thick silver hair, and leaned back, pipe in mouth, to enjoy them all, himself the heart of the group. He was fifty-five and still a boy. He clasped his hands behind his head, the long slim hands that show the generations of gentlemen. There was a black splash of court-plaster on one finger, a battle-scar from the morning's wood-chopping; he was so prone to hurt himself, the rector with the blue eyes sweet as a child's.

They smoked until the little study was cloudy, and the student lamp burned dim. It was the time for story-telling and their laughter sounded out into the blue June night. They were uproariously funny, joke capping joke. It was the camp-fire fun of soldiers whom bravery makes good laughers. Thus they kept themselves from the subject that was filling the hearts of all the brotherhood, — pity for the sorrow of the brother who was not there. There was a pause, at last broken abruptly by Everley, the young deacon: 'I suppose he will not come.'

Then they fell to talking about the absent one, until from the broken hints of the conversation even the two or three who did not know him perceived the picture of Grant's personality. 'The lad,' the rector called him, thinking of the days of Grant's diaconate, when he had driven over fortnightly to Fisher's Forks to receive instruction from the rector. It had been an illuminating study for the older man, that teaching the 'lad.' The name was fitting, for there must be something child-like in the soul of a man for whom trust in the good is inviolate, and whose hands had never been fettered in their doing. Yet Grant was not a boy, thirty-two at his ordination three years before. He had received the call in the market-place, his brother clergy said softly. Most of them had known him when he was a storekeeper, a man of great, simple righteousness, and of quaint, terse words, fraught with a philosophy of which he seemed unconscious. He had kept his hardware store at Duxbury until the very day of his ordination. He had not had experience of either college or seminary. Three of the neighboring clergymen had given him the instruction necessary for his examination for the priesthood. Corning and the rector were of these three.

They spoke now of the zest of teaching him, of their privilege in watching the growth of the inspiration burning through the man. Sometimes the lesson would be given in the rear of the store, and would be interrupted by the calls of customers, interruptions that Grant seemed not to feel, always coming back to the argument or translation at the very word where he had left off. The testament in Hebrew and the testament in Greek lay on his desk along with his ledgers and his newspaper. His teachers remembered just how he had leaned across the counter, his eyes close to theirs, and they saw again the knitting and unknitting of his right hand, often blackened with service given his assistants about the stoves, while he spoke of his faith. Questions and answers both showed a rugged,

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fearless brain, and the older men, with their larger learning, listened to the words of this shopman as to a new and more profound evangel.

The testimony to the force of Grant's personality was that he had been called to the church of his own town, and for three years had worked among people who had known him from babyhood. They liked to hear the twang of their own provincialism from his lips, for he spoke to them directly as townsman to townsman. He was a great tall fellow for whom his chancel seemed too small as he walked to and fro across it in his preaching. No surplice could conceal his muscular frame, no cassock cramp the swing and stride of him. People listened to him as people do listen to a man who sees the Christ.

How strange the event that must baffle the power of their young prophet! The fellowship in the rector's little study grew silent with the pity of it. They were men used to trusting the inscrutable. Their calling showed them to the world as those chosen to declare that the Unseen is good, and yet now they wondered mutely why God had chosen to break so great a heart. They were men of a delicacy which flushed their cheeks that they should intrude even in thought on a brother's privacy. They spoke only in shy, broken words of Grant's sorrow, of Judith, his wife.

Grant had found her on a vacation visit to the South and had brought her home to his parish, with her mother, two years before. The clergy said to each other that they had always, in visiting Grant's home, found themselves boyishly bashful in his wife's presence, and ashamed of the feeling afterward, for she was a mere girl, most winsome, rounded and ringleted, and wide-eyed as a child. Grant's friends had tried to shake themselves free of a vague distrust. If Mrs. Grant had been a little less beautiful, less graceful and charming; but she was so young that surely some day she might grow up to the steadfastness of their own wives. There was really nothing for tangible reproach. It was the mother who took charge of the housekeeping and of all parish work, but the wife was always at her side, in church, in Sunday school, at the sewing society,—and yet.

It was Everley, the mystic, whose interest in Grant's wife had been greatest, an interest frequently coincident with repulsion. He thought she laughed too often, a low laugh, sweet and silvery. To Everley, Judith Grant, with her great eyes and bare, dimpled elbows, had seemed ice-hearted as a fairy, and he had wondered what fascination Grant's great soul had found in this elfin woman; not seeing that her attraction for her husband was the intensity of the attraction she had for other men, namely, mystery.

Within the last year had come whispers, swelling to a buzz of slander. When these came to the ears of the clergy they had denied them hotly, yet knowing of experience that such rumors are prone to be true. Also, his friends believed that no suspicion had ever crossed Grant's soul. Then last Saturday had come the terrible exposure, when Grant himself had found her.

And now what was left for him to do, they asked each other, asked themselves. In the shadow the tears were running down the rector's face. It was possible for him to bury her in some quiet place with her mother, and go far off to do his work, but this could not be because she was his wife. Could he then continue to preach to others with that shame in his own home? The practical side must be considered; however brilliant the minister, what church could endure a minister's wife who was a drunkard? Grant must see as clearly as they, his fellows, saw, that he would be driven from parish to parish as the

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secret of his house became known. Could Grant then cease to speak the faith, with such fire and wonder of it burning in him? Would his inspiration endure, crushed as he was? Everley looked out through the open door at the stars in the Eastern sky, and prayed that his service might never be put to so terrible a test. Yet, his thought ran, if the Christ does not hold comfort for all tortures a man may feel, how is He true at all?

Five miles to westward, along a hill-road odorous with woods at night, Grant was driving fast through the star-bright darkness, coming to the Convocation, little expected as he was. The brain plays strange tricks when a strong man has not slept for three nights. He seemed to think wholly in visual images, vivid and swift as a drowning man's. He saw the growth of his faith as the withdrawing of veil after veil from across the face of Christ, until the Galilean stood forth in all simplicity of manliness. Grant's conviction had been a matter of feeling more than thought, the logic of his brain supporting the perception of his spirit. Is it possible, Grant had questioned, to draw so near to this Jesus of history that time and the physical senses are annulled, and in actuality one walks as close to his person as did Peter and John? If this is possible, the riddle of life is simple as music. With impatience Grant struck aside all other argument, all dogma of creeds and churches; if this Christ cannot be lived, he said, He is a lie; if in all the world there is one hurt He cannot heal, He is a lie. Slowly the presence had grown for him clearer and clearer and more abiding, so that he came to speak and move and think, looking straight into the eyes of Jesus. When he spoke to Him he called him 'Friend,' and their comradeship was real as that of man and man.

In the darkness a wet branch flung across Grant's face like the arm of a living thing. He struck at it savagely, then relaxed his hand, remembering that he had not slept and must be careful. Of all the things for which he could not forgive Judith, this was the hardest, the loneliness of his three days' fight with God. It came flashing over him that from the first his marriage had been unholy. Yet what more innocent than his first memory of Judith! It was in the South, and it was at the time of the flowering of the red-bud hedges. She stood on the farther side of a hedge breast-high. A spaniel was leaping toward the white rose she held high above his head. She was bare-necked, bare-armed and wore a high-waisted dress of white. Her curls were done high on her head. They were jetty black, while her skin was white and pink as a sweet pea. Her eyes were neither brown nor gray, and you could see the white below the lower rim of the iris. Her lips were so young that she looked like a child dressed as a grown-up just for fun. He had loved her and won her and brought her home, but he had never known her, he told himself now.

His first sense of being distant from her had come on the occasion of the first of the 'headaches,' now so sickeningly well understood. Judith would lock herself away, and would not let him come near her, allowing only her mother to tend her. The husband would pace below in an anguish of sympathy, only hoping that if he were patient, not insistent, he might some day grow so close to his wife that she would let him cherish her in sickness. At last Judith would come out to him, languid, with a mistiness over her eyes, and he would take her into his arms as if she had been a sick child. The disgust, the dupery of it!

Yet he wondered if he had been

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wholly blind since that morning when he had seen Judith's eyes so strange, a look in them that he had never forgotten. It was a morning of sunlight after a week of rain, and he had been saying the breakfast grace. As he opened his closed eyes he met Judith's fixed on him, wide-open, inscrutable.

On and on, as he drove through the night, still those burning pictures whirled through his brain. If he could only sleep just five minutes, and forget it, forget Judith lying there on the pavement. He had turned into the village street from a country walk, and quickened his pace at seeing a crowd ahead of him. Some fight perhaps or some trouble, for a stout arm and a ringing voice to put an end to. How swiftly the men and boys fell away, to leave him to look at Judith fallen there! He sprang to her, lifted her up, turned savagely on the men who had dared to stand looking at her, not helping her. Some one answered his look, —

'We was trying to git her home, David. She just fell.'

'What happened? What's the matter?' cried Grant.

'She's drunk,' a small boy said; but some one kicked him into the gutter, and the rest stood silent.

As he looked about on that ring of faces, in all was pity, in none surprise. Over Judith's fairy form, what subtle, hideous abandonment; her lips were close to his. In Grant's brain something seemed to snap with the swiftness of his realization. In a stupor of shame he carried his wife home. At the door he met her mother, who looked at him, not at Judith, in mute horror. He laid the unconscious girl on her bed, and left her. Then he locked himself in his study. He stumbled over a hassock, and lay there on the floor on his face.

Several times that night he heard the mother come to his door, and finding it locked, shuffle away. On the morning of Sunday, she knocked timidly. He opened on her pinched, old face, long past tears.

'Here's some coffee,' she said, 'and will you — will you — preach to-day?'

'No.'

'What shall I tell people?'

'What you please. Tell them that I have nothing to say to them.' This was because the face of the Friend was turned away from him; for all night long he had cursed Him.

That day and the next and the next the mother hovered about him as often as she dared, looking the pity and alarm she might not speak. At last she said, nervously wetting her lips before she spoke, —

'You think it was all my fault, David?'

'You got it for her,' he said, not raising his head.

'She'd have killed herself if I had n't,' the mother explained in her tired, patient voice.

It was strange even to himself that he could not pity her as she stood there, a meagre old woman plucking her knitted shawl.

'What are you going to do to us?' she whispered.

'Nothing.'

The answer seemed to fill her with alarm.

'What are you going to do yourself?' she asked.

'I don't know.'

'O David, isn't it true any more, what you've preached?'

'I don't know.'

'You poor boy!' she pressed her hand on his head; 'I wish we all were dead!'

He had never asked after Judith or seen her from Saturday until to-day, Tuesday. As he had sat in his study this afternoon, his eyes turned from the light, she had come stealing in. She wore a white wrapper and her hair was

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unbraided. She knelt down beside him with her elbows on his knee. She looked soft and lovely as a little girl. 'When are you going to forgive me, Davy?' she asked. It filled him with disgust that she should be there in his study in a white wrapper, with her hair loose. He looked down into her face, silent. Suddenly she sprang away from him. She stood grasping the black marble of his mantelpiece with one tense hand, a quivering fury.

'You dare not to love me! You dare to look at me like that! Do you think I'll be good now, ever, ever? You — you fool!'

He noticed that she was barefooted; the words broke from him, —

'Go and dress yourself!'

He could hear her laughing all the way upstairs.

'Oh, God, God, God!' he groaned. God had sent a demon to laugh in his ears like that all his life, and did God think that he would forgive Him, would go on praying to Him, and preaching for Him! Now he, too, was laughing.

Once Grant had said, If He cannot help, He is a lie. But through all this, he found that he could not annul God. For the Friend sat just on the other side of the desk, actually seen, the sweep of the robe, the sandaled feet, motionless; only now He sat with face averted, for again and again across the desk Grant had whispered, 'Curse Thee! Curse Thee!'

Out in the street a boy's call fell with the torture of a goad on Grant's nerves. He could have struck the child down; then he shivered at the horror he was becoming. He had never hated before, and he hated those footfalls upstairs. He spoke to the Friend. 'O don't you see that I must have sleep?' he said.

He found himself talking as if in a dream, complaining like a little child.

'The loneliness is hurting my head. There is n't anybody to take care of me. Somebody must help me.' A paper fluttered off the desk-top. He stooped to pick it up, and found it the notice of the Convocation. It was this very day, now. They were all there, those strong, sweet men of whose company he was. There was relief in the mere thought of pressing their hands, looking into their eyes. They were old, some of them, yet unfaltering; perhaps they might teach him how to forgive God.

Thus it was that he found himself driving down the long hills toward the lights of Fisher's Forks, and drawing rein before the rectory.

Just outside the screen-door of the rector's study a tall form loomed, a white face looked in on them. There was an instant's lull of surprise, then they gave him welcome simply and heartily as if he had been expected. Corning leading, they resumed the merry talk of the earlier evening. They let Grant sit unheeded in the shadow; only Everley's eyes watched him, questioning, 'Is Christ true?' And the rector's pity brooded over the 'lad.' Presently the door opened on the little glowing Millicent, in a crimson dress, white-aproned; her black curls fell about her face, and her lips were pursed with anxiety, for she carried a tray of coffee-cups, and it was difficult in the crowded study to move about and serve the guests without any spilling. She came to Grant last, and setting down her empty tray, snuggled into his arms, for they were comrades. In the night outside, the moon was just rising over the rim of hills. There was freer air out there. Unobserved, Grant and the little girl slipped out. They seated themselves on the bench under the apple tree, where they could watch the moon float up on their right, and on the left look into the study. They could hear scraps of the good cheer there. The tension of Grant's brain was less-

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ening. He could feel a lassitude steal all over his body to the ends of his fingers; in all his life he had never felt so tired. He was too tired to hate Judith now, too tired to fight God. The Friend had followed him; He sat on Grant's other side; Grant could not get away from Him.

Grant looked toward the genial fellowship in the study and, listening to quip and laugh, remembered how he had thought cheer the finest praise. On all those faces there was wistfulness and peace and honest fun. Grant was recalling what he knew of the lives of these his friends. Corning, bluff, jovial, bravest of buffoons — Grant remembered the cry of the idiot child amid the play of Corning's little ones. He saw again the whitening of the father's lips as he told him how his son had been made a changeling by a nurse's carelessness. Forder sat in a corner of the bookcase, chuckling quietly to himself over the jokes. Once on a summer evening while they walked among the rose plants, Forder had talked to him very quietly, looking across the line of village gardens toward the peace of the hills, of the baby the dead wife had left to him to rear; of the boy who had run away from him. For a long time the father had hunted for him, always finding him sunk in worse and worse evil, until at last he had come home quietly to his bachelor housekeeping and the binding of roses in summer evenings. O'Lane, brilliant and witty; Grant knew that always there walked at his heel the spectre of insanity. And the rector, growing old, but still sunshine-hearted — there was a daughter of whom the rector never spoke, though she was ten years dead, a wonderful girl dying at seventeen, and only because they could not buy the southern sunshine that would have given her life. Since her death the rector had always walked with a stoop, and he had never spoken her name. Had they all, all those black-coated men in the study, had their fight with God? If so God had prevailed, for their laughter rang true. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee — the words sounded and resounded through Grant's brain.

It was by no means usual for the brotherhood to close such an evening as this with prayer, but their hearts were over-full to-night, and all were glad when the rector asked them to kneel. He offered the Collect for God's care in the darkness, then they said, 'Our Father.' Out in the moonlight, Grant still sat motionless. There was a pause; then the rector with closed, uplifted eyes prayed, —

'O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,'

'Grant us thy peace,' they whispered.

'O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,'

'Have mercy upon us!'

Grant had fallen on his knees in the grass.

'God, I forgive Thee,' he said. 'O Friend, come back!'

Half an hour later the rector sought them. Millicent's head was on Grant's shoulder, but his lips were pressed to the hair of the woman whom God had commanded him to pity. The rector, coming up behind them, laid a hand on each head.

'It is late,' he said, 'time to say your prayers and go to bed, children.'

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THE CLASSICS AGAIN

A DIALOGUE CONCERNING THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY [1]

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

BROWN, *a historian.* JONES, *a clergyman.*
ROBINSON, *a dilettante.*

Scene, Brown's apartment.

BROWN; *enter* JONES.

Brown. — How d' do, Jones, delighted to see you. I hope that you are very well.

Jones. — Very well, my dear boy, and you? How are you getting on with your work? Have you the German microscope under your eye? Are you putting the atomic theory to use in history?

[*Enter* ROBINSON]

Robinson. — How d' do, how d' do? How are you, parson? And how are you, Mommsen Gregorovius Macaulay?

Brown. — I have been loafing lately. I felt the need of contrast, of looking about me a little at the actual world. If one does not turn away from dead records occasionally, one is in danger of forgetting that history professes to be a record of life.

Jones. — Does it? If the histories that I see record life, the world has been horribly dull. All past generations of Germans must have been delighted to die. I dare say that history should be a record of life; it certainly should record enough of human experience to teach us, the living, what to do and what to let alone. History ought to be of service; that is its justification.

Robinson. — Yes, service in a broad sense, that whatever adds an interest to life is serviceable. I don't mean to correct you, *mon vieux*, but I am afraid you are tarred with the notion of a moral interpretation of history.

Jones. — You can't avoid the moral interpretation of history, *mon cher*, unless you are willing to eliminate from our lives metaphysics, ethics, relig —

Robinson. — Gladly, gladly!

Brown. — Have a cigar?

[*They take cigars and light them*]

Jones [*picking up a book*]. — Hullo! You, too, have got the Loeb Classical Library. Have you looked at it?

Brown. — Yes, a little, at the first volumes that have come out.

Robinson. — I subscribed the other day. I have an empty shelf at the top of my bookcase that needs to be filled up. I call it my *Via Appia*, because I bury the classics there.

Jones. — Do you frequent it?

Robinson. — I read them on Sunday mornings as an excuse for not attending your church.

Jones. — I'm more than glad to

[1] The Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. F. PAGE and W. H. D. ROUSE. The Macmillan Co.

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have you listen to louder preachers of piety than I am.

Brown. — Seriously, how do you like them? I mean do you think it worth while to republish the classics? This publication sounds like a challenge.

Robinson. — It is a challenge, a serious challenge. It raises the question of the worth of the classics in its broadest form.

Jones. — You mean the value of the classics in education as opposed to the value of science?

Robinson. — No, although that question is included. This is a challenge, not from a man of science, but from one of ourselves, — I mean from a man who is interested in literature and professes a belief in the classics, — demanding to know what we honestly, not professionally, not conventionally, but what, honor-bright, we think of the classics. The Loeb Classical Library says as distinctly as a dozen or twenty published volumes, with ten-score-odd to follow, can say: 'Come, you are no longer able to take refuge in the inadequacy of your school and college; you can no longer say that if you had but the necessary time to polish up your Greek, to practice your Latin, you would have Euripides in one pocket and Lucretius in the other, and in odd moments be gratifying your natural appetite for the classics. You have no further excuses. Do you or do you not care a rap about us?' Here is, indeed, an embarrassing question for us who have always upheld the classics with our lips, for it does not come from the camp of the men of science, but from our own friends. So long as the classics were safely locked up in their Greek and Latin cupboards, we were always able to defend ourselves with an 'if.' This hypothetical, and, it is to be feared, sometimes hypocritical, defense, is no longer open to us, now that the cupboards are unlocked; we have but to turn the handle and we shall be able to satisfy our hunger. Mr. Loeb has done the cause of honesty a good turn. We can no longer shuffle and evade, we must confront the question, What do the classics mean to us?

Brown. — Well, if this is a challenge, it is a fair challenge. Mr. Loeb has taken a generous view of the classics. His library, according to the announcement, will contain not merely the literatures of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, but also the literature of early Christianity, as well as whatever there is of value and interest in later Greek and Latin literature until the fall of Constantinople. So wide a range, shelf upon shelf, eliminates whatever objections individual taste might have raised to a narrower selection.

Jones. — Suppose that we were to take up the challenge and endeavor to frame an answer to this question. Should we not first have to face the preliminary question, what does literature in general do for us? Must not that question be answered before we say just what the classical literatures mean to us?

Brown. — Well, let's see if we do not agree on the value of literature in general. In the first place we all agree that life is a marvelous happening. We find ourselves here in the midst of a vast flux of forces. Men of science bid us fit ourselves for this wonderful experience by studying matter and energy, the earth and its materials, the air, gases, electricity, chemical activities, germs, all the phenomena that touch our senses. This is sound advice; we human beings are frail creatures, sensitive to the play of this infinite variety of forces. We feel, we suffer, we enjoy. In fact our intelligence is a contrivance of nature to protect and guard our sensitiveness. Yet these forces of nature, these mysterious gods, so potent in sky, air, and earth, noble and terrible in lightning

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and tempest, in comet and earthquake, in the very great and the very little, manifest themselves still more terribly and still more nobly in human form. Our fellow men are the forces that make our life a pleasure or a pain, a happiness or a vain thing. From them come love, affection, sympathy, approbation, distrust, disapproval, hate. They are the forms of energy that we need chiefly to study, and as it is difficult to learn lessons from actual life, it is important to study these human energies in the past, where at our leisure we can go over and over the record; there the results of causes are chronicled as well as the causes themselves.

Robinson. — But you are talking of history, not literature.

Brown. — Literature is the only real history. The main records of the past are not contained in Gibbon, in Guizot, in Egyptian tombs, or in the fossils of the Wind River beds, but in the books of men who have recounted their experience of life. From their experience we learn how best to fulfil the duty of self-preservation.

Robinson. — You give literature a terribly utilitarian twist. You present the obverse of the Delphic motto, *Know Thyself;* you say, *Know Other Men.*

Jones. — Brown is right so far as he goes; but he stops short. Brown is too eager to meet the men of science on their own ground; he forgets what we of the cloth regard as more important than the body. The primary function of literature is to feed the soul.

Robinson. — The soul is a matter of metaphysics; but literature is a part of our earth, it grows in the ground like an oak. Define what you mean.

Jones. — I can't; the soul won't submit to definition. It is illimitable. It is as much a yearning as anything else. On the one hand it comes into relation with God, on the other to matter. It's relation to material things is to take what they have to give, to nourish itself by that taking, to feed on love, on self-purification, to grow strong by detaching itself from hate, from vulgarity, from grossness. The preservation of the soul is quite as important as the preservation of the body, and it needs not only the robust food offered by daily life, but the daintier food, often more nourishing, more invigorating, of literature. For in literature the souls of men express themselves with more freedom and greater clearness than they do in actual life. It is hard to express the soul in deeds; for life offers many hindrances, and the deeds of the soul are often blurred by the trivial or gross happenings of life, so that they no longer exhibit the qualities of the soul, whereas in literature the soul has been able to reveal itself most completely. So I value literature chiefly as the record of human souls. A knowledge of spiritual life in others helps my own spiritual life.

Robinson. — That may apply to Thomas-à-Kempis or the *Vita Nuova*, but how about *Madame Bovary*, or *Il Fuoco?*

Jones. — The records of a sick soul, of a dying soul, teach lessons as well as the records of a healthy soul. The pathology of the soul is a necessary part of spiritual knowledge.

Robinson. — You fellows take professional views. Your wits have been subdued to your callings. Life is not an endeavor to attain or to ward off, it is a matter of entertainment; it is neither a school nor a chapel, it is a theatre. Melancholy Jacques said the last word on that subject. Men and women are players, endlessly playing tragedy, comedy, farce, or more commonly a piece composed of all three. We must look at life objectively. The spectator's business is to interest himself in the plot, to welcome the thrill of tragedy, to smile at the comic, to laugh at the

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farcical, and all the time to take his presence at the play as a privilege, to value the lighted theatre far higher than the unknown without, where there is neither light nor sound. Literature is the record of past life. It is a play within the play and to be taken at the same estimate as life, as an opportunity for a most varied entertainment.

Brown. — If our views are professional, your view is the most professional of all. This universe as we see it, the result of toil, patience, energy, beyond the reach of man's imagination —

Robinson. — Exists for the sake of the dilettante. Precisely; there is no other possible hypothesis.

Jones. — Well, let us not wander too far from the subject. How does all this apply to the three literatures that Mr. Loeb has gathered together for the sake of challenging us?

II

Brown. — Our opinions of literature are, as I understand them, of this general purport. Literature, according to me, shows us the nature of our fellow men; that is, it portrays those manifestations of force which most affect us during our pilgrimage through life, and therefore enables us to use those forces to our advantage or to prevent them from doing us hurt. According to Jones, literature, being in its deepest sense the tale of the spiritual experiences of men, of the success or failure of the human soul, teaches us how to educate our own souls. Or, if we follow Robinson, and regard life primarily as a spectacle, then literature adds immensely to the richness of the show by supplementing the incompleteness of the present with the greater completeness of the past, and so adds to the value of life.

If we commit ourselves to these principles, how do we apply them to the three literatures which the first volumes of the Loeb Classical Library present to our attention; how, to begin with, to the literature of early Christianity? That seems to fall rather more in your province, Jones, than in ours. What do you think of the volumes of the Apostolic Fathers and of St. Augustine?

Jones. — I fear I shall have to begin, as I used to begin my lectures at the theological school, with some general statements. Will you please bear with me, Robinson?

Robinson. — Reverie, if not sleep, is always open to me.

Jones. — Christianity is the fruit of the maternal tenderness in humanity; it was born of the great throbs of compassion for mortal sorrows, and at birth dedicated itself to the ennoblement of mankind, for in ennoblement, as it believed, lies our only hope of happiness. The first disciples were sensitive men, ignorant of, or indifferent to, the pleasures of the world, who rejoiced in the belief that self-sacrifice for an ideal is the solution of life's enigma. The history of the beginning of Christianity is the most famous literature in our western world, and, I suppose, fulfills Robinson's requirements as well as Brown's and mine.

In that first period of Christian history the sacred fire was lighted. In the second period the task was of a different order; that second task was to keep the sacred fire alive, and so, in order to protect it from the winds and rain, the disciples of the first disciples built about it the great edifice of the Church. In the book of the Apostolic Fathers, which contains the Epistles of Clement, of Ignatius, and of Polycarp, this devout process is plainly at work. [*Jones goes to the table and picks up* 'The Apostolic Fathers.'] The scene is in the Roman Empire, the time is at the end of the first and the beginning of the

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second century, and yet we are at once aware that we have left the precincts of the ancient world and have entered the purlieus of the Middle Ages. There, before us, crowned with light or darkness, as you may please to think, rises the mighty fabric of the Holy Roman Church. Certainly, my dear Robinson, by this event the theatre of history was greatly enriched.

Robinson. — The early Christians make a most interesting episode. But you must not exaggerate their piety. The Emperor Hadrian, who was inclined, like me, to look upon life as a theatre, wrote to his friend Servianus a few words about the Christians in Egypt. 'Egypt, which you praised to me so warmly, my dear Servianus, I found altogether frivolous, unstable, and shifting with every breath of rumor. Their one god is money, him Christians, Jews, and Gentiles alike adore.'

Jones. — The emperor was looking for diversion and failed to get anything more than diversion; and so when he wished to satisfy his longing for beauty, for an element of poetry in life, he could rise no higher than the gaze at Antinöus. The Christians of Egypt may have adored Mammon, but there were Christians in Syria and Asia Minor who did not. Here in this book is proof. It contains poetry, exquisite poetry; it asserts that poetry is the order of the universe, that poetry is truth. It is worth while, in our search after nourishment for the soul, to come upon men who believe this. In actual life there may be many such people, but they are hard to find; those who live poetry are, in my experience, very shamefaced about it. Let me read you this. [*Reads from Clement.*] 'The heavens moving at his appointment are subject to Him in peace'; — but no, that is too long, I will merely read you his prayer.

'Grant us to hope on thy name, the source of all creation, open the eyes of our heart to know thee, that thou alone art the highest in the highest, and remainest holy among the holy. Thou dost humble the pride of the haughty, thou dost destroy the imaginings of nations, thou dost raise up the humble and abase the lofty, thou makest rich and makest poor, thou dost slay and make alive, thou alone art the finder of spirits and art God of all flesh, thou dost look on the abysses, thou seest into the works of man, thou art the helper of those in danger, the saviour of those in despair, the creator and watcher over every spirit . . . Save those of us who are in affliction, have mercy on the lowly, raise the fallen, show thyself to those in need, heal the sick, turn again the wanderers of thy people, feed the hungry, ransom our prisoners, raise up the weak, comfort the faint-hearted; let all "nations know thee, that thou art God alone," and that Jesus Christ is thy child, and that we are thy people, and the sheep of thy pasture.'

Is there not something to be learned from people whose life is centred in poetry? Does not their idea of what is worth while teach us something, which we, looking about us, would not be able to find for ourselves? Do we not need, in a world preoccupied with chemistry, physics, biology, to remember that many men have found extraordinary help in prayer? Listen to this: 'Love of joy and of gladness,' says the epistle of Barnabas, 'is the testimony of the works of righteousness.' 'None of these things [sundry duties to be done] are unknown to you if you possess perfect faith towards Jesus Christ, and love, which are the beginning and end of life; for the beginning is faith and the end is love, and when the two are joined together in unity, it is God, and all other noble things follow after them.

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No man who professes faith sins, nor does he hate who has obtained love.' On these wings the early Christians flew high above poverty, sickness, oppression, envy, and meanness; they found the key that unlocked for them the riches of life; they discovered what we are all seeking; they became, as Barnabas says, τέκνα εὐφροσύνης, Children of Mirth. If a knowledge of early Christian literature will help us to learn from them, there is something to be said for it.

Robinson. — I agree that the picture of these men dragging their chains from Antioch to Rome, merely fearful lest some untoward chance should deprive them of the joy of being devoured by wild beasts, is highly melodramatic. The Roman amphitheatre has claims on the gratitude of posterity.

Brown. — The interest really lies in the singular power that these men displayed. Here is a belief-engendered energy that shames the dynamo. Polycarp had a countless line of ancestors, stretching immeasurably back to the beginnings of organic life on this globe, and each parent in that countless line transmitted to his child one great duty, to shun death; and for unnumbered generations every child obeyed, until there in Antioch, Polycarp, under the influence of a fantastic belief, broke that primal law as if it had been a dry twig. In fact, these Christians claimed to control a very potent form of energy, and their method of exercising that control was by prayer. This is a matter of psychological interest; we cannot study this power too closely, nor can we make too many experiments in the hope of becoming able to draw upon it at will. I think that Jones is making out a good case for his view of the value of literature.

Jones. — As I seem to have the floor, I will go ahead with this other book, these two red volumes, '*The Confessions of St. Augustine*, which, in point of history constitutes another stage in the development of Christianity. The pages, it is true, contain a great mist of rhetorical piety (if that phrase is not too unsympathetic); but out of this mist every now and again emerge some human details, with the peculiar charm that bits of landscape have when a fog lifts and the greens of field and wood shine in summer sunlight. St. Augustine certainly has not neglected to gratify Robinson's taste for the theatre. But the real significance of the *Confessions* lies in its contribution to our understanding of the soul. Will you bear with me while I read a little more?

Brown. — Fire away.

Jones. — The twelfth chapter of the eighth book recounts Augustine's retreat to a garden after a struggle between the Spirit and the Flesh. It tells how a rush of emotion overcame him, how he flung himself down under a fig tree and cried out between his sobs [*reads*]: 'And then, O Lord, how long, how long, Lord, wilt thou be angry? for ever? Remember not our former iniquities (for I found myself to be still enthralled by them). Yea, I sent up these miserable exclamations, How long? how long still, "to-morrow and to-morrow"? Why not now? Wherefore even this very hour is there not an end put to my uncleanness?' Then he heard a young voice, like a boy's or girl's, say in a sort of chant, 'Tolle, lege, — Take up, and read.' So he went back to the apostle's book and read, 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.' He needed to read no further, 'for instantly . . . all the darkness of doubting vanished away.' His friend, Alypius, hearing of Augustine's experience, shares in its effect. They go to Monica, — *Inde ad matrem ingredimur, indicamus: gaudet.* There is a simplicity and direct-

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ness in the Latin that is ill-rendered by 'From that place we went to my mother and told her. She was overjoyed.'

And if any one is impatient to learn, in the space of a single page, the cause of the triumph of Christianity, let him turn to the tenth chapter of the ninth book, where Augustine and Monica, while they wait at Ostia for a ship to carry them home to Carthage, commune with one another on their religion, leaning out of the window that looked into the garden. They are considering what the Gospel means by the words, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' I use my own translation in part. Saint Augustine says [*reads*]: —

'Suppose that the tumult of the flesh be still, that the phantasm of the earth, the waters, the air, and the heavens be silent, that the soul itself be silent, and by not thinking of itself transcend itself, that dreams be silent and all the revelations of the imagination, and every tongue and every sign; suppose that every moving thing be silent altogether (for, if any one listen, all things say, we have not made ourselves, but He that is everlasting made us). Suppose, after they have said this, that they keep silent, since they have lifted up our ears to Him that made them, and that He speak alone, not by them but of Himself, so that we hear his voice, not by tongue of flesh, neither by voice of angel, nor by sound of thunder, nor by the riddle of allegory, but that we hear Him, whom in his creatures we love, that we hear Him without them — just as we now reach out and by swift thought touch the eternal wisdom that overspreads all things. Suppose that this exaltation of soul continue, and that all visions that are not in keeping be taken away, but this vision ravish the seer, swallow him up, and immerse him in inward joy, so that his life forever shall be such as was his moment of understanding, for which we have yearned. Is not this: Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?'

Brown. — You are right. Such lives are lessons in the largest sense. What you have read is not merely the meditation of a philosopher, pondering over an hypothesis that the mind might entertain, but a vital, creative energy sprung from a particular, definite belief. Such a life as his gives significance to metaphysics. Here is a force as little understood as radium or the magnetic pole, and it seems to have a greater power than they; Augustine's belief dominated his life, and through him dominated a world, bringing nobleness and joy. I quite agree with you, Jones.

Robinson. — As a spectator, I applaud. Had Augustine not lived, my seat in this singular playhouse would have been of less value.

III

Brown. — After all, the classics of Rome and Greece constitute the bulk of the Loeb Library. It is they that ask, 'What do we mean to you?'

Jones. — I suppose that you have in mind their direct influence upon us; for indirectly, we all admit, they have affected us enormously.

Brown. — Yes, their direct effect upon us.

Robinson. — Unfortunately, they have no *direct* effect upon us.

Jones. — Because we neglect them?

Robinson. — No; but because with our inheritance, we cannot, or at least do not, look upon the classics with our own eyes.

Brown. — Explain yourself.

Robinson. — We are children of the Italian Renaissance. That movement, so far as it concerns the classical world, was an interpretation; and the interpretation that the Renaissance adopted has been handed down to us. This

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tradition has determined how we shall look, how we shall see, what, in short, our conception of the Greek and Latin classics shall be.

Jones. — You are not speaking of scholars, are you?

Robinson. — No; I speak of the conventional conception of the classics entertained by persons who are not scholars. Scholars have their own academic conventions concerning the classics, contrived by Selden, Porson, Jebb, and their coadjutors of Paris, Leipsic, and Berlin; with that I have nothing to do. I refer to the definite, conventional conception of the classics that has become a part of our western culture. This conception was shaped for us by the Italians of the Renaissance. To them the great world of Rome, of law, of culture, of civilization, that lifted its distant head above the coarse, inane happenings of the Middle Ages, was a golden time — *Saturnia regna;* it appeared to them as the Alps first appeared to young Ruskin, rising in snow-capp'd, inaccessible glory. In this matter, we are disciples of the Renaissance. We dress our minds in clothes of its fashioning. Dante's invocation to Virgil, in the wild wood in which he had lost his way,

Or se' tu quel Virgilio?

is, as it were, the first modern cry of greeting to the great figures of the ancient world. Then follows Petrarch's adoration of Cicero, and Boccaccio's eulogy of Rome. All the stirrings of the Italian mind turned toward the mighty past of Rome. From Italy this Italian conception of the classics spread to the north. France took fire. On and on the admiration of the achievements of antiquity proceeded, invading England and Germany; and finally in the eighteenth century it burst out again with renewed power.

But, as you know, Brown, far better than I, of all this multitude of admirers, imitators, and eulogists of the classical world, they who have had most effect in fashioning our popular idea of what that world means, are the great Germans, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe. They, more than the others, justified the tradition and imposed upon us the conception that the antique world was compact of sobriety, poise, measure and proportion, qualities that we find crammed into our word 'classical.' Lessing says, somewhere, 'It was the happy privilege of the ancients never to pass beyond or stop short of the proper limit.' Winckelmann expressed the same idea, and Goethe spent a lifetime seeking to impress this same conception upon conduct. 'A man,' he says, 'may accomplish much through directing individual abilities to one goal; he may accomplish the unusual through the union of several capacities; but the wholly unpredictable, the *Unique,* he achieves only if all his powers unite together in even measure. The last was the happy lot of the Ancients, especially the Greeks of the best time.'

Brown. — Nevertheless, in spite of Goethe's reference to the Greeks, in spite of Winckelmann's and Lessing's belief that they were holding up Greek models to the world, in spite of the French classical tragedy, or the universal admiration of Homer, the meaning of the word 'classical' for them was Latin, not Greek.

Jones. — That is true, of course.

Brown. — Therefore, although sobriety, measure, repose, are contained in our word classical, there is a definiteness, a circumscription, a conventionality, a practicality, in the phrase, that could only have come from Latin influence. Our conception of the classics is Latin or at best Græco-Latin. If the shapers of the classical tradition had been bred upon Greece instead of upon Rome, they never could have

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attempted to cram the meaning of ancient Greece into a conception which could be represented by a single phrase, even when that phrase — sobriety, measure, repose — has so much convenience to recommend it. You agree to this, Robinson, don't you?

Robinson. — Oh, yes; you are perfectly right. My point was that we accept the classics upon a wholly traditional valuation; and I was going to add that one of the great services which Mr. Loeb's classical library renders is that we are morally obliged to look at the classics, so far as it is possible, with our own eyes and make up our own minds about them. We must take the word classical down from its pedestal and see what it really means.

Jones. — You were quite right, Robinson, to call our attention to this tradition, but you have digressed from the point. Let us get back to the subject we started with: What do these Greek and Latin classics mean to us?

Robinson. — Excuse me, parson, but I meant to remove an obstacle from our path.

Jones. — It is for me, sir, to apologize; you were wholly right. Unluckily the clock warns me that we have gone past half our time.

IV

Brown. — We all agree, I suppose, that the study of poise, measure, sobriety, self-control, would be of great advantage to us. And if tradition, no matter how it originated, ascribes to the literature of Greece and Rome those qualities, it is worth while to consider the matter and find out if there be any truth in that tradition.

I think that a hasty glance at Greek literature will contradict tradition very flatly, and show that these traits were no more characteristic of the Greeks as human beings, than of ourselves. [*Goes to bookcase and takes down one or two books.*] Take Homer, and you see that the Greeks acted under the push of passion with the energy of their southern temperament. When Achilles is angry with Agamemnon he says: 'Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer.' And when he has struck down Hector of the glancing plume, he spurns his entreaties: 'Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely there is none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring ten or twentyfold ransom and here weigh it out, and promise even more; not even were Priam, Dardano's son, to bid pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly.' And after Hector is dead, 'Other sons of the Achaians ran up around, who gazed upon the stature and marvelous goodliness of Hector. Nor did any stand by but wounded him, and thus would many a man say looking toward his neighbor: "Go to, of a truth far easier to handle is Hector now than when he burnt the ships with blazing fire." Thus would many a man say, and wound him as he stood hard by.'

Achilles is a passionate child, and the Homeric Greeks an emotional, excitable people. In Sophocles, you remember how the mad Ajax is described as mistaking sheep for his enemies. 'Of part, he cut the throats on the floor within; some, hewing their sides, he rent asunder. Then he caught up two white-footed rams; he sheared off the head of one, and the tongue-tip, and flung them away; the other he bound upright to a pillar, and seized a heavy thong of horse-gear, and flogged with shrill, doubled lash, while he uttered

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revilings which a god, and no mortal, had taught.'

The *Trojan Women* is one long wail, and *Philoctetes* is almost as full of self-pity as *Obermann*. Even the aphorisms of Sophocles are often as intemperate as the utterances of the Hebrew prophets: —

'Searching out all things, thou in most men's acts wilt find but baseness.'

'A woman's oaths I write upon the waves.'

'Man is but breath and shadow, nothing more.'

Jones. — How about the lyric poets?

Brown. — From Archilochus to Bion there is passionate intensity. Passion can never be temperate, it forgets all else and concentrates itself on its own piercing sensation; that was true of the Greeks as of all hot-blooded human beings —

Robinson. — I suppose that those early Italians really based their classical formula on architecture, on the Greek temple and the Roman arch, and on sculpture, much more than on literature.

Jones. — Critics have always confounded the arts; they apply terms of painting to music, of music to architecture, of architecture to literature, and call their confusion criticism.

Brown. — Poor fellows! Perhaps you need not put them all into one category. But Robinson is right, I think, in assuming that the traditional idea of Greek literature has been taken from Greek sculpture and architecture. The makers of the tradition did not know Greek literature. You cannot compress the Greeks' expression of their experience of life into a single formula. Professor Wheeler says that Æschylus is 'mystic and transcendental'; Professor Shorey that 'the antithesis of classical and realistic is as false as the opposition of classic and romantic.' Mr. Gilbert Murray speaks of the 'terrible emotional' power possessed by Thucydides; and in another passage he warns us of the danger of serious misapprehension that lies in inferences based upon the judgment of the scribes who selected but a small portion of the great mass of Greek literature for preservation. [*Takes up magazine and reads*]: 'When one reads accounts in textbooks of the characteristics of the Greek mind: its statuesque quality, its love of proportion and order and common-sense, its correct rhetoric and correct taste, its anthropomorphism and care for form, and all those other virtues which sometimes seem, when added together, to approach so dangerously near the total of dull correctness and spiritual vacuity, it is well to remember that the description applies not to what the ancient Greeks wrote, but to what the late Roman and Byzantine scholars preserved.'

Robinson. — How about Latin literature? You stated that the tradition of classical sobriety, so far as it is based on literature at all, is based much more on the Latin classics than on the Greek? Perhaps Latin will justify, at least to some extent, the traditional view.

Brown. — I can see no better ground for the tradition with regard to Latin than to Greek. Italian tradition having assumed that the ancient Roman character was like the masonry of the Colosseum, went further and assumed that Latin literature must have depicted it as such. But if we go behind the tradition and look directly at the Latin literature which depicts Roman character, we find that the ancient Romans were very much like ourselves, with no more poise, measure, sobriety, or repose than we Americans of to-day possess, if indeed as much. They were men like ourselves. Terence's famous line, —

Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto, —

sums up, as well as is possible in a single line, our two modern charac-

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teristics, human curiosity and human sympathy. Terence's *dramatis personæ* have no suggestion of brick, travertine, or mortar.

Take the familiar lines of Catullus,—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.

Let us live, my Lesbia, and love,
And all the carping of stern old men
Let us rate at a penny's worth.

Read the verses in which Propertius bids his fellow-poet Gallus beware of falling in love with Cynthia, —

Non ego tum potero solacia ferre roganti.

Were you to come, I could not console you.

And again, take his complaint, —

Me mediæ noctes, me sidera prona jacentem,
Frigidaque Eoo me dolet aura gelu.

I lie prostrate, pitied by midnight, by the setting stars
And the air cold with the frost of morning.

Or, since Propertius fills one of the first volumes in the Loeb Classical Library, read the beautiful last farewell of Cornelia, daughter of Cornelius Scipio, to her husband Paullus, —

Fungere maternis vicibus, pater.

You, Father, must fill a mother's place;

Evidently the Romans had the same affections and passions as we moderns. The verses of Tibullus to Delia tell the same tale: —

Te videam suprema mihi cum venerit hora:
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!

Thee shall I look at when my last hour comes;
Thee, as I die, my failing hand shall hold.

Robinson. — But, if you disregard the meaning and listen only to the words, you find a dignity, a massiveness, in the Latin syllables that modern literature seldom or never has.

Brown. — There you come close to the cause of the tradition. Compare Italian with Latin and you perceive why the humanists of the Renaissance found poise, measure, sobriety, and repose in classical literature.

Jones. — I am a little confused. Am I to understand that you wholly reject the tradition of poise, measure, sobriety and self-control, as having no affinity with classical literature?

Brown. — Not at all. The tradition, begun by the Italians of the Renaissance, is based on a false analogy to sculpture and architecture, and on the contrast between our modern Romance languages and Latin; but I believe that those qualities, though they do not lie in the character or disposition of the ancients, are qualities of their method of expression.

V

Robinson. — Translation is the work of a hod-carrier. It carries from one language to another only the grosser parts that can be loaded and ferried across; it leaves behind both form and color. Mathematics are the same in German, Italian, and English; but the simplest word has an individuality as marked as that of a human child. To the ears of familiarity and affection no other sequence of syllables can reproduce the tenderness of the mother tongue. By means of the Loeb Classical Library the reader of little Latin and less Greek has an opportunity to turn from the English and pick up a phrase or two, a word, perhaps, here and there; merely to do so puts him in the spiritual presence of the original. He is then, as it were, reading about a person's experiences, with the privilege at any moment of looking up to see that person's face.

Jones. — That is true; but our question is, how do the classics themselves help us?

Robinson. — The answer lies in one little word, *art*. The classics, more than any modern literature, teach us

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art, and art is the conscious purpose of man to make this world more beautiful. Philip Sidney says that the object of poetry is to make this too-much-loved world more lovely; I should extend his definition a little further and say that the object of art is to make this world more lovely, more lovable, and more loved.

Modern literature, compared with ancient literature, is careless, slipshod, not wholly grown-up; it has little sense of responsibility. The chief duty it sets before itself is to hold the mirror up to nature and reflect the unintelligible happenings of life, in all their confusion, their inconsistency, their inanity. Ancient literature was dominated by a very different purpose, it had a profound sentiment of high duty. The creation, so it seemed to the ancients, had been left incomplete, and man, as the creature most divine, was charged with the labor of carrying on the uncompleted task. With bold hearts the Greeks set to work to piece out the incompleteness with literature, especially with poetry, to make up for the neglect of the gods by human achievement. I look on those ancient Greeks and Romans as I do on workmen who fill in the marshy shallows of our river fronts, put earth upon the spongy ooze, sow grass, set out trees, plant flowers, and create a garden where before was merely mud and slime.

Brown. — Life, as Wordsworth said, and I am glad to see that Robinson supports him, requires an art, and of all the arts the art of living is the most useful, the most admirable. All conscious art is an attempt to transfer emotion or thought from him who feels or thinks it to other human beings. Art is the necessary consequence of human sympathy. Men are not happy in isolation; they undergo the experience of emotion, of thought, and they are impelled to impart this wonderful experience to others. Some men make use of marble or bronze, some of pencil and paint, some of written signs. But more primitive, more fundamental, incomparably more wide reaching, as means to impart emotion and thought, are manners and speech. I hardly know which of the two is more important. By manners I mean the bearing of the body, in every part, from head to foot, the whole outward man. Our human instinct, the inner impulse, the will to live, insists, for one purpose or another, upon our imparting emotion and thought; to do so well requires art, to do so excellently is a fine art. To pass on emotion and thought unimpaired in their first vigor, in their first freshness, adds the life of each to the lives of all; it increases, intensifies, and expands all life. Feelings, thoughts, are seeds, shaken from the parent stalk, that lodge and fructify in new soil. Each feeling, each thought, should pass on as free as light from mind to mind. This art — the human art I may call it — lies in the choice of words, in putting them in sequence, in laying stress, in what Petrarch calls *il bel tacere*, the art of silence, and in holding and moving the body, — eyes, lips, arms, hands — so that mind shall communicate with mind, free from obscurity or blur, as through an open window.

Art is all one. We talk of the fine arts; but that is an arbitrary distinction. Our abilities and our time are limited, and naturally we give ourselves up to that form of art which seems most suited to our purposes; but one thing we are all bound to do, and that is to remain staunchly loyal to all art. The Greeks were the supreme artists, and we must go to them as to the fountain head of the waters which alone can quench the human thirst for human sympathy. They teach us how best to live. By studying delicacy, beauty, power, clarity, in their written speech,

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we learn how much those qualities add to the fullness of life, and we take away a humble desire to do our best to render our own lives, and the lives of our friends, fuller, more complete, more in accord with the possibilities of life.

Robinson. — Yes. As Brown was saying, the special qualities, sobriety, self-control, repose, which tradition assigns to the classics, although not true of Greek or Latin feelings, are in great measure true of the form in which those feelings are expressed in Greek and Latin literature. Tradition is wrong to attribute those utterly non-southern qualities to living Greeks and Romans, but it is right to recognize that they are the chief qualities in classical form. Form is the legacy of antiquity to us. Life is movement, it does not concern itself with form. Life at its best, at its highest, is passion. Passion is the one sacred quality that exists, so far as man can see, in the universe. The chief duty of art is to perpetuate passion by putting it in such form that all who behold shall be quickened and take away more life and fuller. The ancients learned that the only way to represent passion is through restraint; that sobriety and measure offer the least imperfect means to depict life in its intensity.

That is the lesson of art for the theatre, as Hamlet knew before me. That is the lesson that Brown clamors for, the lesson of conduct. To learn it we must go to school to the classics. If the Loeb Classical Library helps us to comprehend the immense significance of restraint in the delineation of life, it has achieved a great thing.

Jones. — I have much in common with both of you, but, probably because I am a clergyman, my point of view is a little different. I advocate the classics because they constitute a retreat, in which the spirit may commune with the high thoughts of the past. Modern literature is modern; it concerns itself with actual life, with our distractions, our trivialities, our romance, our getting on in the world, with all our coarser appetites; but in the remote classics, in that cool, tranquil, distant world, we can surrender ourselves to contemplation, to meditation, to the high influences that always stoop to the soul's call.

This remoteness of the classics affects me as my remembrance of gracious figures in my childhood. The people there seem to have a nobler aspect, a more goodly presence, larger sympathies, a wiser and a kinder attitude. We do not apply the lessons we learned from them directly to life, but we know that somehow the most valuable lessons in our lives came from them; we cannot say just what we learned, but we possess a memory of quietness, of ripeness, of wisdom, of qualities that lie near the centre of life, and we feel that to them is due whatever gain we have made in grace and moral stature. Greek literature has a like effect upon us.

We need, profoundly, times of seclusion, of withdrawal from the outer world, from the domination of the senses; we need to escape from the current notion that life lies in motion, in rush, in physical activity. We need a contradictory force, an opposing experience. We can no longer betake ourselves to a Carthusian monastery or a Benedictine abbey: the East is too strange, too little akin to us; but the classics of Greece and Rome offer us a retreat, a refuge for the tired spirit, a home for the unquiet mind. I, for one, long to put on from time to time cowl, cord, and sandals, and dwell in the sequestered and cloistered classics, far from the senseless noises of the world.

As to art, I agree that the classics teach it, that we need it, that self-expression is or should be an art; and for

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me the function of this art of self-expression is to reveal the more delicate, the more subtle, the more spiritual elements of the soul. Many people, I believe, possess fine qualities, but because of inability to master their medium of expression, whether act, word or silence, those qualities, as Shakespeare says, 'die to themselves.' To preserve these tender blossoms of the soul, and to transmit their sweetness, is one of the problems of religion, a problem that needs the help of art. Without great art, conscious or unconscious, the self-revelation of all great spiritual souls would have been impossible. David, if the psalms are his, St. Augustine, Thomas-à-Kempis, John Bunyan, Jonathan Edwards, are great artists. More than all other people the Greeks possessed the art of portraying the finer qualities of the soul, as well as the 'deep and dazzling darkness' that encompasses humanity.

Robinson. — The business of art — I merely add this in order to define my own position — is not merely to quicken all life, to heighten its pulse, by means of a fuller and freer intercommunication of thought and feeling. Art must always be up and at work, refashioning the things of the earth for the good of man. Architecture can make a city beautiful, sculpture and painting can add their loveliness; but those arts merely concern things material. Literature has a greater duty. Literature must take the stuff that human experience is made of, work upon it, and convert it into nobler, more beautiful, more stimulating shapes. Literature must tear away the curtain of familiarity that hides the beauty in common things. Or, as Parson Jones would put it, literature is the angel, the æon, the demiurge, that redeems this gross life and helps wipe out its shame. Would you rather see the England in which Shakespeare, Chaucer, Wordsworth lived, or that England as they have pictured it? Would you rather have lived in France under Louis Philippe, in Russia under Alexander II, or as Balzac and Tolstoï described the one and the other? I find all life chaotic until it has passed through the mind of an artist.

Jones. — Robinson grows lyrical. That means that it is very late, and time to go to bed. Good night, Brown.

Robinson. — Who cares for what the isles of Greece were to the common men who lived in them? But the realms of gold, which Æschylus, Sappho, Theocritus created, are still the home of beauty.

Jones. — Come on, Robinson. You are a literary Niobe, all words.

Brown. — Good night. Come again.

Robinson. — Good night. My last word is Greece.

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EDUCATION FOR MOTHERHOOD[1]

I

BY ELLEN KEY

I

THE optimism with reference to the mothers of the future which I expressed in the article 'Motherliness'[2] is based on my habit of counting by epochs in judging the probable future of humanity. The optimist is often right. But only if he can wait — some hundred years!

The modern woman's view of motherhood is not calculated to nourish optimism. This view is the natural result of the spirit of the age which is determined fundamentally by the two great vital forces, physical and spiritual, which, since the morning of the race, have had decisive influence on its destinies, — economics and religion. During the last century, economic conditions have been regarded as of greater importance, and religion of less. The souls of nations, as well as the individual soul, have been earth-bound in the fullest sense of the word. Investigations of earth and nature and the utilization of all resources have occupied a race which has made the spirit of Aladdin's lamp a slave of utility; which, with greedy heart, has gained the whole world, but in the mean time has heedlessly forfeited its own soul.

Science and desire for gain have marvelously broadened the sphere of man's power over an external world. Simultaneously with this the emancipation of woman has proceeded. The world invaded by woman, both needing and demanding work, has not been a world in which holy voices have spoken of high things. It has been a world in which strong and hot hands have grasped what to their age seemed the kingdom of heaven: material wealth which gave its possessors the power, the honor and the glory. Gain has been God, and man this God's prophet. Work has been divine worship, especially such work as produced riches. The possibilities of satisfying steadily increasing cravings for pleasure, and of living an ever more care-free and secure life, have multiplied. And women did not stem the tide; they followed it.

In logical conjunction with the raising of utility as the highest of life-values, a gifted American woman has offered her programme for the solution of the conflicts between woman's labor and motherhood, namely, the rearing and educating of children outside the home. Successive institutions are suggested for the bottle-period, kindergarten, and school-age, and so on. Thus, she contends, will the parents, who are usually poor educators, be supplanted by trained and 'born' educators; the children would stand in visiting relations to the individual home with its too warm and emasculating tenderness,

[1] This essay, written for the *Atlantic*, was translated from the Swedish original by A. E. B. Fries.

[2] Published in the *Atlantic*, October, 1912.

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while in the institutions they would get the bracing air and the training for social life demanded in this age, instead of the egotistical attitude of family life. The social activities of the mothers of the well-to-do classes and the outside work of the wage-earning mothers make mother-care only a figure of speech, and the children are neglected. But, on the other hand, by this plan of reform, the bodies as well as the souls of the children would be well cared for by specialists. The mothers could calmly devote themselves to their gainful work and their social duties. The child's need of the mother and the mother's need of the child is a prejudice which must vanish with all other superstitions from lower stages of culture, if the mothers are to be coequal with men, community members, capable of work, and if the children are to be well reared for the social vocations which must soon determine the trend of all lives.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson's view coincides somewhat with that of the great African author, Olive Schreiner. Both these writers emphasize rightly the fact that since woman's home work no longer has the same productive value that it had in an age when she was the one to prepare the raw materials and to produce all the necessities for the household, the women of the leisure class, under the shibboleth 'the care of the home,' have become the largest class of social parasites of contemporary times, who pay with their body for the freedom from work that the men gain for them. Women have become 'over-sexed' because to enhance their sexual attraction has been the surest means of obtaining an idle life through matrimony. Until this and similar economic interests vanish from marriage, love cannot be pure nor can the position of the wife be one of true human dignity. Long ago, in the eighteen-thirties, these truths were expressed by the great Swedish writer, C. J. L. Almqvist.[1]

If the Spartan plan above mentioned were really a solution of the problem, there would be no occasion for further talk about general education for motherhood. In that case, all young girls could go straight on toward professional training with a remunerative vocation as their goal. And this would be not only a personal, but a national economic gain. For the personal energies and the money spent in acquiring a profession would not be wasted, as is now so often the case, if motherhood were but a short interruption in a woman's professional work.

This programme, outlined but briefly since it is well known in America, has the enormous advantage of making clear the dilemma before which many women who work for their livelihood play ostrich, namely, that a woman can not be a competent outside worker, working from eight to ten or more hours a day, and at the same time a housewife and mother who performs well the duties these vocations demand. That which many women with exceedingly small claims upon them still insist on — that they are well able to manage outside work, housekeeping, and the rearing of children simultaneously — is just what the reform-programme

[1] C. J. L. Almqvist fled from Sweden in 1851 and came to New York in the fall of the same year, there calling himself Professor Gustavi. He supported himself by teaching languages and acting as reporter on newspapers; he traveled extensively, visiting Upper Canada, Niagara, St. Louis; lived in Belleville, in Chicago, and Philadelphia, and was in St. Louis at the time of the Civil War. Enthusiastic Unionist and admirer of Lincoln, he hastened to Tejas in Mexico, lost some manuscripts in Tejas, and with difficulty reached Washington, where he met Lincoln. He returned to Europe in 1865. In case anyone in America should happen to remember anything about him, communication thereof would be most gratefully received. — THE AUTHOR.

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refutes, making it plain that the present attempts at compromise have resulted in a lessening of value together with an enormous overstrain.

I, too, am convinced that the present state of affairs is untenable from the economic, hygienic, ethic, and æsthetic point of view. A radical transformation is needed. But I hope that this will go in an opposite direction from the one indicated above.

The programme for the abolition of home-training rests on three unproven and undemonstrable assumptions: first, that women's mental and spiritual work in the home — the creating of the home atmosphere, the management of the housekeeping and the up-bringing of children — is of no 'productive' value; secondly, that parents are incapable of acquiring proficiency as educators unless they are 'born' educators; thirdly, that nature amply provides such 'born' educators, so that the many thousands of institutions — with a professional mother for about every twenty children — could be supplied with them in sufficient quantity and of excellent quality.

These assumptions emanate from a comparison between the present untrained mothers and trained educators, and between all the dark sides of the home and the light sides of collective upbringing. But on so warped a comparison we certainly cannot base a demand for the discontinuance of the up-bringing in the home.

II

The past gives us proof enough that woman's creation, the home, has been her great cultural contribution to civilization. And even the present main trend of the desires and feelings of the race shows that the home has not lost its value. But nothing is more certain than that there has awakened a need within the people for a renaissance of the home. In my opinion, such a renaissance can come only through a new marriage, where the perfect equality and liberty of both husband and wife are established, — through a strict responsibility towards society in regard to parentage outside as well as within marriage; through education for motherhood; and, lastly, through rendering motherhood economically secure, recognizing it as a public work to be rewarded and controlled by society.

Thus the problem seems to me more complex, involving greater expense, and therefore more difficult of solution.

And yet, it must be solved. The socially pernicious, racially wasteful and soul-withering consequences of the working of mothers outside the home must cease. And this can only come to pass, either through the programme of institutional up-bringing, or through the intimated renaissance of the homes. The self-supporting women of the present day do not want again to become dependent solely upon the husbands' maintenance in order to be able to fulfill the duties of a mother in the home. And thus there remains only institutional up-bringing or motherhood regarded as a social work.

During the child's first seven years, years that determine its whole life, its educator cannot well fulfill her mission without having a daily opportunity to observe the child's nature, in order by consistent action to influence it, encouraging certain tendencies and restraining others. This alone precludes the mother's working outside the home. To an even greater degree must her work outside the home be rejected in favor of that most essential education, — the indirect, — which radiates from the mother's own personality, from the spirit she creates in the home. Like the direct education, the indirect cannot be accomplished in

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stray moments snatched from professional work. A home atmosphere is not a condition which stays permanent of itself, one of those works of art which once created remain unchanged. The creating of a home is, on the contrary, a kind of art which has this in common with all art of life — that it demands the artist's continuous presence in body and soul. A home life where the mother's unceasing contribution of self is lacking is like a drama on a film.

Wherever the great and beautiful work of art, a home, has come into being, the wife and mother has had her paramount existence in that home though her interests and activities have not necessarily been limited to its sphere. But husband and children have been able to count on her in the home as they could count on the fire on the hearth, the cool shade under the tree, the water in the well, the bread in the sacrament. Thus upon husband and children is bestowed the experience which a great poet gained from his mother. 'All became to her a wreath!' A wreath where every day's toil and holiday's joy, hours of labor and moments of rest, were leaf and blossom and ribbon.

The wise educator is never one who is 'educating' from morning to night. She is one who, unconsciously to the children, brings to them the chief sustenance and creates the supreme conditions for their growth. Primarily she is the one who, through the serenity and wisdom of her own nature is dew and sunshine to growing souls. She is one who understands how to demand in just measure, and to give at the right moment. She is one whose desire is law, whose smile is reward, whose disapproval is punishment, whose caress is benediction.

Sometimes fathers, too, are endowed with this genius for education. And it would not be the least of the consequences of outside upbringing, if the children were to lose not only the daily influence of the mothers but also that of the fathers. Because the fathers are the breadwinners, and also because of their lack of training for fatherhood, this influence is as a rule insignificant. But it is very important that this state of affairs be changed. According to the testimony of an American author,[1] the increasing predominance of women teachers in America is already cause for anxiety, and with good reason, for the good order of things in school, in the home, in the community, demands that men and women coöperate as equals, having like authority and like responsibility. But since a division of labor on the whole is unavoidable, this division must be determined by the experience that in the labor market, in the majority of cases, men are just as able as women, and often better able, to perform the work women perform.

In the home, on the other hand, men cannot supplant the spirit and activities of women. Neither can the contribution of the wives and mothers to the homes be replaced by that of professional women within or outside the homes. Can the heart in an organism be replaced by a pumping engine, however ingenious? Any reform programme which does not consider these realities falls under the wise judgment of the shrewd Catherine II: 'Reforms are easily accomplished on the patient paper. But in reality they are written on the human flesh, which is sensitive.' Especially is this true of the child who, moreover, must submit to the influence of his educators, unable to choose or evade them. The author of the programme means that the mothers who are gifted as educators should bring up about twenty other children, to-

[1] Earl Barnes, in *Woman in Modern Society*. Mitchell Kennerley. — THE AUTHOR.

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gether with their own. But each young soul needs to be enveloped in its own mother's tenderness, just as surely as the human embryo needed the mother's womb to grow in, and the baby the mother's breast to be nourished by. According to the programme referred to, each child would be allotted a twentieth part of motherliness; the mother's own children would receive no more than the others.

Of the real outcome of this plan a prominent American woman gave me a touching illustration. As sole support of her son, she had been compelled to send him to a boarding-school where many little motherless boys were brought up. When she went to visit her boy, the other boys fought with him for a place on her lap, so hungry were they for a moment's sensation of motherly affection!

That many children are unhappy in their homes does not prove that the same children would be happier in an institution; only of such children as were transferred from bad homes to good institutions could this be hoped. That many a careful home education has failed does not prove that the children brought up in a particular home would have turned out better in an institution. The very best institution cannot show the consideration for a child's individuality, or furnish the peace and freedom for the development of a talent, that an average middle-class home can.[1] The more individual a child is, the more it suffers by the uniformity and the leveling forces which are imposed upon it already by the day school. And how much more must this be the case in a boarding-school!

On the other hand, we have the manifold testimonies given by great personalities of the boundless influence of a mother's, of a father's, understanding affection, in the development of the child's individuality. In the children's resemblance to the parents, the latter have a guide to the understanding of the children's inherent qualities, which the teachers lack. And if, on the one hand, these resemblances contain the seeds of conflict, on the other, they furnish various possibilities of influence.

As against all the cases where the tyranny of the parents — now increasingly rare — has forced the children into an erroneous walk of life, may be put those where the parents have discovered their children's talents and have encouraged them in the right direction. Sometimes a good teacher has done the same. But a teacher, with some tens of children, has not the same opportunity to observe the individual child as have the parents. The mistakes of the teacher are, therefore, far more numerous than those of the parents. If these children would, in many cases, have chosen other parents, they would, in most cases, have chosen other teachers.

'Born educators' with keys to the children's souls in their pockets are, indeed, the unredeemable promissory notes of the institutional programme. The assurance that the children in collective institutions would be cared for only by 'born educators' is as unten-

[1] The excellent French writer, Rosny (ainé), in *Le Fardeau de la Vie* touchingly describes the sufferings a child experiences in always having witnesses to everything: his rest and his play, his tears and his joys; of never having a corner to himself; of ever being surrounded by cries, laughter, noise, and jokes; of never having an hour's perfect peace or liberty; of always feeling every emotion of the soul and every action observed, every occupation subjected to interruption.

The children of the poor experience similar sufferings in their homes, a condition which can be remedied only by better housing conditions. Similarly, it would only be institutions furnishing a separate room for each child which, in some degree, might alleviate the torture described by the French writer. — THE AUTHOR.

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able as would be a promise that their musical training would be directed by nobody short of a Beethoven! 'Born educators' are not only as rare as other geniuses, but are also most difficult to discover. For how can they demonstrate their genius except in the practice of educational work? And often they find no opportunity to educate; an examination can, for instance, just as little reveal their soul power as it can that of a poet. The brilliant and eloquent graduate often is, and will continue to be, victorious in competition with the 'born educator.' And, as everybody knows, the result frequently is that the greatest abominations occur at institutions where perverse principals infernally torment the children — principals chosen by boards of trustees who have felt convinced of having made the best choice! But even in those cases where the choice has been good, how much remains to be desired!

One pedagogue, for instance, may have excellent ideas, but be lacking in nobility of character. Another may possess great psychological insight, but no ability in the psychologically correct treatment of children. Here may be found pedagogical genius, but without warmth of heart. There, heart but no sagacity. Another is a despotic nature, who in spite of all pretty talk of children's rights, violates them to make the little ones conform to his ideas. Still another is vacillating and has no authority.

And if thus already the first-rate teachers are deficient, how much more so will this be the case with those mediocre teachers of whom every school and boarding-school has a majority!

These professional educators, — as they are called in the programme for upbringing outside of the home, — so far from being wholly filled by their calling, spiritually liberated from all side interests, which, according to the same programme, are supposed to impede the parents' capabilities as educators, — these professionals are very much like other people, absorbed by their own sympathies and antipathies, conflicts and rivalries, in which the children frequently become involved.

The parents would stand in the same relation to all these institutions as they now do to the day schools, in that what they objected to they could seldom change. But if the parents were not content to remain simply automata, who deliver the child-material to the institutions, they must, on the one hand, endeavor to assert their own opinion as against the institutions which cause contentions, and, on the other, try to make use of the children's home visits for counteracting such influence of the school as they consider unfavorable. But here they would meet with the same fundamental difficulty which arises in cases where children, as a consequence of divorce, are periodically with either father or mother. So many requisites for understanding are lacking: constraint and strangeness have to be overcome; a nervous tenderness or a cold criticism often destroys attempts at intimacy. In a word, even the best institutions would show the same dark sides as do the homes, or similar ones, but unaccompanied by the bright sides of the homes, which outweigh their shortcomings.

Let us assume, however, that the choice of principal in one of these proposed institutions has been a happy one. Yet such a teacher has not the spontaneous love for the child which may, to be sure, on the one hand, cause parental blindness, but, on the other hand, gives the clearness of vision which belongs to love alone. At best the teacher extends to the children a general love, or a personal love to one child here and there. But it is just this

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personal love which the human soul needs in order to burst into blossom.

The conditions here indicated furnish one of the reasons why children from charitable institutions hardly ever become prominent members of society. The main reason, it is true, is that the children for whom society has had to care in institutions have often sprung from poorly equipped parents. Moreover, to be sure, the prominent individuals in a nation are always few in comparison with the others. Still, if we can expect one great genius in each million of inhabitants, one in a million institutional children may be expected to be really excellent. But has a single one ever appeared? Is not, on the contrary, the insignificance of such children a rule with few exceptions? And must not this partly depend on this very system of upbringing?[1]

Even where the child-material is excellent, as for example in the English country schools for boys, observations have led to the belief that these schools are more favorable for the preservation of the national type — for good as well as evil — than for the development of the individual. Here, as in other boarding-schools, certain social virtues are developed, certain qualities useful in public life. But the springing up of new types, stronger individual aptitudes, more sensitive and fine soul life is not favored by any kind of collective education extending through the larger part of youth. A period of institutional life has often been a splendid thing for children who have been lonely or spoiled at home, has hardened them, forced them to subordinate their own egotism, taught them consideration for others, and common responsibilities. But even if institutions can thus rough-plane the material that is to become a member of society, nevertheless they cannot — if they take in the major part of the child's education — accomplish that which is needed first of all if we are to lift ourselves to a higher spiritual plane in an economically just society: they cannot deepen the emotional life. Continuity of impressions is a first condition for such a deepening. But the upbringing outside of the home, which would leave the nursing infants in Miss A.'s hands, the kindergarten children to Miss B., the primary school children to Miss C., the school to various Misses, would again and again disrupt the fine fibres with which the child-heart has become tied to these various mother-substitutes. At last the heart would lose its power of attachment, just as is the case when children spend their lives traveling and only get into hotel relations, never into home or homeland relations with the world.

The psychological progress of the development of the emotions indicates that the child should learn to love a few in the home and in its native place; that the soul should broaden to feelings for the comrade circle, finally to embrace society and humanity. Every effort to change the order in this progress of growth is as fruitless as to put plants in the ground blossom downward and roots in the air. Want of insight into those spiritual conditions of growth is the principal error in the programme for collective upbringing. What youth would have left of soul after such an education, would barely be sufficient for social and community purposes; for the needs of the personality it would not suffice.

And even if collective education, when the school age is reached, were arranged as it is in some of the German (in many ways excellent) "Landerzie-

[1] In America this question has been answered in the affirmative by some investigator, who at the same time came to the conclusion that the 'Cottage' system gives better results in every way than the large institutions. — THE AUTHOR.

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hungsheime,'[1] where a small number of children and teachers live in a separate cottage and constitute the so-called 'family,' in the long run it would be only a poor substitute for the natural family, where care and anxiety, help and comfort, memories and hopes, work and festivity crystallize around a nucleus, combine and intensify the emotions, while in a larger, often-changing circle even the most beautiful impressions become weakened and shallow.

The very worst suggestion which has appeared from any side is that of the family colony, with common kitchen and dining-room, common play-room and care of the babies, etcetera. Even this would give the mothers freedom to pursue professional work and yet in some measure retain the home for the children. But if Satan announced a prize competition for the best means of increasing hatred on earth, this reform proposition ought to receive the first prize. That seclusion and introspection which are necessary for mutual communication between husband and wife, if they want to grow into complementary personalities, would be as difficult to attain as silence in the market-place for the enjoyment of music. The unfortunate children growing up in such a family colony would be cross-questioned, commissioned, corrected, and teased. Such a colony, far from broadening the children's interests outside their own circle — as the proposers contend — and teaching them amiable social ways, would cause torment to independent spirits, and increase dullness in the constrained. Besides, children seldom have more affection than they abundantly need for their parents, and parents seldom have more patience than they abundantly need for their own children.

Countless causes for friction would arise among the grown-ups as a result of differences between the children, between husbands on account of wives and between wives on account of husbands. Though in the beginning all were harmony, it would end in discord, after the well-known pattern of most similar or even less intimate groupings.

These reasons against the disintegration of the home might be multiplied. I wish now only to emphasize one point of view, which I have often advanced before. Women have always, and not least in America,[2] by the trend their own social work has taken, been able to show to what an extent society needs that the specially womanly, that is, motherly, feelings and outlook be asserted in action. These motherly ways of feeling and thinking have acquired their characteristics and their stability by reason of the hitherto existing division of labor, in which the task of making the home and rearing the children created 'womanliness' with its strength and its weakness, just as the outward struggle for existence, the competitive field of labor, created the strength and weakness of 'manliness.'

That women, during their protected, inwardly concentrated life, would acquire other emotional standards, other habits of thought than men, is obvious. Hitherto, however, they have had very small opportunities to invest their stored wealth in the upbuilding of this 'man-made world.' Consequently, there is a crying need of womanliness,

[1] These schools were founded by Dr. Herrmann Lietz after the pattern of Abbotsholme in England. His schools are: Ilsenburg for small boys, Haubinda for the intermediary grades, and for the high-school period Bieborstein. Paul Scheebe's *Landerziehungsheim Odenwaldschule* has provided for the home feeling and the individual development to the greatest extent possible in a boarding school. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] I have received valuable information in this respect through Rheta Child Dorr's book, *What Eight Million Women Want*. — THE AUTHOR.

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especially motherliness, in public life. But motherliness is no more permanent than any other state of the soul. Soul states are like the water in nature, sometimes abundant, sometimes scant, clear to-day, turbid to-morrow, now flowing, then again frozen — all according to the soil through which it finds its way, and the temperature it meets. If now the division of labor be changed to such an extent that all women during the whole work-period — that is, about forty years — devote themselves to outside occupations, while a minority of women, who are often not mothers themselves, professionally fill the need for child-rearing, then motherliness will diminish generation after generation. For it is not alone the bearing of children, neither is it the upbringing alone, that develops motherliness, but both together are needed. The result will be that women's contribution to society will be similar to that of men. They will fill with stones the 'springs in the valley of sorrow' which the homes, *in spite of everything*, have been hitherto in our hard and arid existence. The new world, which the women soon will have a hand in making, will be no more beautiful, no warmer, than the present. Even a very much more rational and just social order cannot furnish compensation for all the subtle and immeasurable riches which directly and indirectly have flowed from the home.

If the destruction of the homes were the price the race must pay for woman's attainment of full human dignity and citizenship, then the price would be too high. If the female parasites cannot be gotten rid of in any other way than by driving all women out of the homes to outside departments of labor, let us rather, then, allow the parasites to flourish, since of two social evils this would be the lesser.

But humanity will not have to choose between two such evils. The parasitical family woman just as much as the worn-out family drudge, the family egoism piling up wealth and the economically harassed family life, as well as other ignoble constituents which riches as well as poverty bring into the homes, are all part and parcel of the present social order. A society which sharply restricts inheritances, but protects the right of all children to the full development of their powers; which demands labor of all its members, but allows its women to choose between motherhood and outside work; a society in which attempts to live without work will be dealt with in the same manner as forgery — such a society is coming. But without such radical social transformations, a renaissance of the family life is not even conceivable. And it is likely to become actual when the changing orders of economics and religion combine forces.

[In the next issue of the *Atlantic* Miss Key will set forth her positive programme for educational reform in preparation for family life.]

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HER HAIR

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

She braids it in two heavy braids
  That reach the carpet nigh;
And winds them crosswise, nape to crown,
To cross again and then come down
  And cross again on high.
I watch with joy that never fades;
  A fortunate man am I.

She twists it from a silken twist
  Into a coil instead;
Each side it rests against her ear;
Its weight is on her collar clear,
  Heavy it seems as lead;
A rope as thick as her good wrist
  She fastens to her head.

She knots it in a Psyche-knot
  That, like an ensign, stands
Behind her, just as if the wind
Had blown it out, not firmly pinned
  The way she understands.
At times she seeks some refuge-spot,
  Holding it with both hands.

Of its black-brown she builds a crown
  No empress ever wore.
She threats each day to have it off
And save the work; at which I scoff
  And — kiss her to restore
Good-humor; also praise her gown
  As in the days of yore.

To styles not blind, she cannot bind,
  As other women do,

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That scented mass — that smells of wheat
And lavender and apples sweet —
  She plies the great combs through,
More lovely than all maidenkind,
  A woman forty-two.

She counts each day the threads of gray;
  (Where was I — yes, her hair!)
She kept it to the last; and dead
It made a pillow for her head
  That made the women stare.
— But that was thirty years to-day.
  And that's her portrait there.

AN EVENING IN JULY

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Rabindranath Tagore, Indian mystic and poet, is a famous man where the Bengali language is spoken. Among his vocations is that of schoolmaster. At his country school, as in classical times, formalities of class-room and desks are unobserved, and pupils listen to their teacher while walking in his company or sitting in the grateful shade of a tree. The following article is a translation made by Mr. Tagore of a discourse of his own, made to his boys one afternoon while they were housed by a violent storm of rain. The contrast it presents to a schoolmaster's lecture in an American school will strike the western reader. — THE EDITORS.]

THIS evening, the rains of July, pouring in ceaseless torrents, have swept away and drowned all other voices of the Earth. The darkness is thick upon the meadows, and dumb space, ever silent, is brimming over with words.

Nothing but this sound of rainfall could make the darkness vocal with its true language. The pattering of rain draws, as it were, veil upon veil over the stillness of the evening, making it more and more intense and close, and thickening the shroud of slumber that spreads over the world. This monotonous sound of rain seems to me to be the darkness of sound itself.

To-day the evening sky seems like a child, struck with wonder at the mystery of its own first utterance, lisping the same word over and over again and listening to it in unceasing joy.

It rouses a response in our hearts too, which yearn for a similar expression, for saying something, equally large, filling, in like manner, all land and water and sky. The language of the Great Nature in the babbling of streams, in the rustling of woods, in the murmurs of spring, is never expressed in narrow and clear-cut words, but in hints and suggestions, in symbols of pictures and music. When

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Nature, therefore, speaks, she hushes up all our words in our hearts, and claims from us an answering music which should be full of the suggestion of the unutterable.

From the very beginning, the mind of man seems to have worked to harmonize its language of everyday life with the eternal language of Nature. It has been borrowing tints and outlines from Nature, and giving forms to its thoughts in pictures; and it has been catching fleeting notes and rhythms from her and weaving its emotions into poetry with them. In this way, the thought of man has ever been running into what is beyond thought, and his ideas and emotions have been finding their way into the ineffable.

This evening, in the deep rains, the language of Nature's darkness seems to seek its harmony in our human voice. Arguments and analysis are of no avail, for nothing but music can satisfy now.

Let your words be silent therefore. Remove from your vision the limited area of your activities that hem you in on all sides, and welcome into your soul this incessant shower of rain which sweeps the entire sky.

This leads me to think how mysterious the relation of the human heart with Nature must be! In the outer world of activity Nature has one aspect, but in our hearts, in the inner world, it presents an altogether different picture.

Take an instance — the flower of a plant. However fine and dainty it may look, it is pressed to do a great service and its colors and forms are all suited to its work. It must bring forth the fruit, or the continuity of plant life will be broken and the earth will be turned into a desert ere long. The color and the smell of the flower are all for some purpose; therefore no sooner is it fertilized by the bee, no sooner does the time of its fruition arrive, than it sheds its exquisite petals and a cruel economy compels it to give up its sweet perfume. It has no time to flaunt its finery, for it is busy beyond measure. Viewed from without, necessity seems to be the only factor in Nature, for which everything works and moves. There the bud develops into the flower, the flower into the fruit, the fruit into the seed, the seed into a new plant again, and so forth, the chain of activity running on unbroken. Should there crop up any disturbance or impediment, no excuse would be accepted and the unfortunate thing so choked in its movement would at once be labelled as rejected, and be bound to die and disappear post-haste.

In the great office of Nature, there are innumerable departments with endless work going on, and the fine flower that you behold there, gaudily attired and scented like a dandy, is by no means what it appears to be, but rather is like a laborer toiling in sun and shower, who has to submit a clear account of his work, and has no breathing space to enjoy himself in a playful frolic.

But when this same flower enters the heart of men, its aspect of busy practicalness is gone and it becomes the very emblem of leisure and repose. The same object that is the source of endless activity without, is the perfect expression of beauty and peace within.

Science here warns us that we are mistaken, that the purpose of the flower is nothing but what is manifested outwardly, and that the relation of beauty and sweetness which we think it bears to us, is all our own making, gratuitous and imaginary.

But our heart replies that we are not in the least mistaken. In the sphere of Nature, the flower carries with it a letter of introduction which recommends it as having immense capacity

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for doing useful work; but it brings an altogether different introduction when it knocks at the door of our hearts. Beauty, then, is its only recommendation. At one place it comes as a prisoner, and at another, as a free thing. How then should we give credit to its first introduction and disbelieve the second one? That the flower has got its being in the unbroken chain of causation, is true beyond doubt; but that is an outer truth. The inner truth is: 'Anandádhyéva Khalvimáni bhutáni, jáyanté,' — verily from the everlasting joy all objects have their birth.

A flower, therefore, has not its only function in Nature, but has another great function to exercise in the mind of man. And what is that function? In Nature, its work is that of a slave who has to make his appearance at appointed times, but in the heart of man, it comes like a messenger from the King. In the *Ramayana*, when Sita, forcibly separated from her husband, was bewailing her evil fate in *Rávana's* golden palace, she was met by a messenger who brought with him a ring of *Rámchandra* himself. The very sight of it convinced Sita of the truth of the tidings he bore. She was at once reassured that he came indeed from her beloved one, who had not forgotten her and who was at hand to rescue her.

Such a messenger is a flower from our Great Lover. Surrounded with the pomp and pageantry of worldliness which may be likened to this golden city of Ravan, we still live in exile, and there the insolent spirit of worldly prosperity tempts us with allurements and claims us as its own bride. In the mean time comes the flower across, with the message from the other shore, and whispers in our ears, 'I am come. He has sent me — I am a messenger of the Beautiful, the one whose soul is the bliss of love. This island of isolation has been bridged over by Him, and He has not forgotten thee and will rescue thee even now. He will draw thee unto Him and make thee his own. This illusion will not hold thee in thralldom forever.'

If we happen to be awake then, we question him: 'How are we to know that thou art come from Him indeed!' The messenger says, 'Look! I have this ring from Him. How lovely are its hues and charm!'

Ah, of course. It is his indeed — our wedding ring. Now all else passes into oblivion, only this sweet symbol of the touch of the Eternal love fills us with a deep longing. We realize that the palace of gold where we are is not all — our deliverance is outside it; and there, our love has its fruition and our life has its fulfillment.

What to the bee, in Nature, are merely color and scent and the marks or spots to know the right track to honey, are to the human heart, beauty and joy untrammeled by necessity. They bring a love-letter to the heart, written in colored inks.

I was telling you, therefore, that however busy our active Nature outwardly may be, she has a secret passage within the heart, where she comes and goes freely, without any design whatsoever. There, the fire of her workshop is transformed into lamps of a festival, the noise of her factory is heard like music. The iron chain of cause and effect sounds heavily outside in Nature, but in the human heart, its unalloyed delight seems to play, as it were, on the golden strings of a harp.

This, indeed, seems to be wonderful, that Nature has these two aspects at one and the same time, so antithetical — one being of thralldom and the other of freedom. In the same form, sound, color and taste, two contrary notes are heard, one of necessity and the other of joy. Outwardly, Nature is busy and restless, inwardly she is all silence and

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peace. She has toil on one side and leisure on the other. You see her bondage only when you see her from without, but within her heart is a limitless beauty.

At this very moment, when this rainfall resounds in the sky of the evening, it hides from us its aspect of action. In this silent meeting of darkness, it throws no hint of its busy mission of supplying each blade of grass and each leaf of the tree with their nourishment. It descends to our heart, leaving off its office dress, to entertain us with music, to please the poet in us. Hence, in the tune of the rainfall, this plaintive note overspreads the sky: —

The night is dark, and the gloom hangs thick everywhere,
Ceaseless is the lightning's dart.
Says the poet, How shouldst thou pass thy time
When parted from thy Lord thou art!

Indeed, this message must be made known to us, that we live in separation from our Lord. For the pain of separation and the joy of meeting are closely connected. As smoke may be called the beginning of the flame, so the former may be called the preparation of the latter.

But who bears the news to us? Why, they whom your science takes as galley slaves in the great prison-house of Nature's law where they are fettered in chains one with another, and are made to toil night and day, mute figures — they, and none but they, deliver to us the tidings. When the sound of their fetters penetrates into our hearts, we discover in it the song of parting from the Beloved, or rather, the glad music of welcome of the meeting with Him. Such messages as can never be given in words are whispered by them secretly to us, and are woven partly into rhyme and partly into words in the poetry of man, who sings: —

Fast falls the rain, 't is the month of August
And the wedding chamber of my heart is dark and desolate!

To-day this feeling ever recurs to my mind, that these rains are not of one single evening but an unceasing shower pouring from all my life. So far as my vision goes, a deep darkness of an everlasting evening of my lovelorn, sad and solitary soul, shrouds, in thick folds, all my life; there, surrounding the far-off bounding lines of the earth and the sky, hour goes after hour in the untiring and ceaseless fall of rains, and the whole sky is loud with this strain: 'How could'st thou pass thy weary nights and days, when parted from thy Lord thou art!'

Still, through this pain of separation a deep sweetness secretly wells up, a fragrance from an unknown blossoming woodland wafts hither to us an ineffable breath of love. The very anguish of my heart ever repeats to my ear, 'He is. Surely He is.'

Where this life-long isolation of mine begins, there He is, and where it will have its end one day, there He waits. And now in the midway He plays so sweetly upon his lute, keeping Himself ever out of sight. Oh, how to pass my nights and days without Him, that Lord of mine own innermost soul!

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ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

HUMAN nature is full of contradictions, which give it much of its charm. But the character and career of Alexander H. Stephens seem to involve contradictions beyond the share of most of us.

In physique he was abnormally frail, delicate, and sensitive; nervous sometimes to the point of hysteria; yet he had the spirit of a gamecock, was ready for a duel when honor required it, walked right up and struck a far bigger man who had insulted him and who nearly murdered him in consequence. Perhaps with some braggadocio, but with more truth, he said of himself: 'I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong.'

He was studious by nature, longed for quiet, and solitude, and meditation. Yet he lived in a perpetual whirl, either drawn by a thousand activities abroad, or beset by a throng of visitors at home. 'I supposed when I got this room I should be by myself, . . . but I do nothing the livelong day but jabber with each transient interloper who may be disposed to give me a call.'

He was one of the most logical, clear-headed, determined defenders of slavery and of the thorough subordination of black to white. Yet few men have been more sensitively humane, more tenderly sympathetic with suffering in either white or black. The Negroes loved him, and on one occasion after the war three thousand freedmen gathered on his lawn and serenaded him with passionate admiration and devotion.

No man was more bitterly opposed to secession and to the war than he was. No Southerner made a harder or more nearly successful fight to prevent the withdrawal of his state. Yet when Georgia went, he not only went with her, but became the vice-president of the Confederacy. He himself puts this contrast vividly in his diary written while a prisoner at Fort Warren in 1865. 'How strange it seems to me that I should thus suffer. I who did everything in my power to prevent [the war] . . . On the fourth of September, 1848, I was near losing my life for resenting the charge of being a traitor to the South, and now I am here, a prisoner, under charge, I suppose, of being a traitor to the Union. In all, I have done nothing but what I thought was right.'

Nor does this sum up the list of Stephens's contradictions. The second officer of the Confederacy and a devoted champion of its cause, he was yet persistently opposed to the conduct of the government from beginning to end. He opposed Davis's financial policy, he opposed conscription, he opposed martial law, he considered that the president's whole course was dictated either by gross misjudgment or by a belief in the necessity of dictatorial

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power. And here we have, I think, a rather piquant attitude for a man who held the next to the highest place in a new-born nation fighting for life and death.

These considerations make the vice-president, if not the greatest, certainly the most curious and interesting figure in the lightning-lit panorama of Confederate history.

In analyzing Stephens's career, the question of health, negatively important for most leaders of men, becomes enormously positive. From his birth in 1812 to his death in 1883, his life seems to have been a long disease, forever on the verge of terminating fatally. It may be that the rough experiences of pioneer farming in his childhood — the corn-dropping, the sheep-tending, exposure, hardship — injured him permanently, or saved him, who knows? So with the long, desperate battle for an education and a profession, in solitude and poverty. The battle may have weakened, may have toughened, perhaps both.

At any rate, we rarely hear of him except as suffering. All the descriptions of him emphasize some phase of physical weakness and inadequacy. His own account at twenty-one sets the note (the arithmetic is somewhat peculiar): 'My weight is ninety-four pounds, my height sixty-seven inches, my waist twenty-seven inches in circumference, and my whole appearance that of a youth of seventeen or eighteen. When I left college, two years ago, my net weight was seventy pounds. If I continue in a proportionate increase, I shall reach one hundred pounds in about ten years more.'

Later portrayals have sometimes an unkindly touch, as the caustic diatribe of the robust Dick Taylor, no doubt in some points justified: 'Like other ills, feeble health has its compensations, especially for those who unite restless vanity and ambition to a feminine desire for sympathy. It has been much the habit of Mr. Stephens to date controversial epistles from "a sick chamber," as do ladies in a delicate condition. A diplomat of the last century, the Chevalier d'Eon, by usurping the privileges of the opposite sex, inspired grave doubts concerning his own.'

But most observers seem rather to be impressed with the contrast between the man's physical deficiencies and his splendid spiritual strength. In the height of his congressional career in Washington (1855) a keen-sighted journalist noted that, with the stress of great occasions, 'the poor, sickly, emaciated frame, which looks as if it must sink under the slightest physical exertion, at once grows instinct with a galvanic vitality which quickens every nerve with the energy of a new life, imparts to every feature a high, intellectual expression, makes the languid eyes glow like living coals, and diffuses a glow of reviving animation over the pallid countenance.'

Even more striking is another picture taken in the same place in 1872, after war and imprisonment had done their worst. 'An immense cloak, a high hat, and peering somewhere out of the middle a thin, pale, sad face. How anything so small and sick and sorrowful could get here all the way from Georgia is a wonder. If he were laid out in his coffin, he need n't look any different, only then the fire would have gone out in the burning eyes. Set as they are in the wax-white face, they seem to burn and blaze. That he is here at all to offer the counsels of moderation and patriotism proves how invincible is the soul that dwells in that sunken frame. He took the modified oath in his chair, and his friends picked him up and carried him off in it as if he were a feather.'

How far this fiery energy of the soul was responsible for the weary failure of

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the body, who shall say? But never was man, in mind and spirit, more heartily and vividly and incessantly and at every point alive than Alexander H. Stephens. From childhood he fought his way in the world, fought for education, fought for success as a lawyer, fought for political distinction. He liked fighting. 'I was made to figure in a storm, excited by continual collisions. Discussion and argument are my delight; and a place of life and business therefore is my proper element. . . . I long to be where I shall have an argument daily.'

In age and in prison the fire, indeed, might burn a little low. 'Personal ambition had no part in anything I have done.' But in the early days the man panted to get upward, to do something, to be something. 'I believe I shall never be worth anything, and the thought is death to my soul. I am too boyish, childish, unmanful, trifling, simple in my manners and address.' When he had become something — not enough, never enough — the record of work he did is, for an invalid, quite inexplicable; or rather, it fully explains the invalidism. 'I rise and breakfast at eight; then commence with my mail. Frequently I do not get half through that before I am bored almost to death with calls on business of all sorts; then to the Committee at ten; then to the House at twelve; then to dinner at four; then calls before I leave the table till twelve at night. Then I take up and get through my unfinished reading of letters and newspapers of the morning; and then at one o'clock get to bed. I now have about one hundred letters before me unanswered.'

This petulance, this vivacity, this mad energy of living, in a frame half dead, remind one constantly of Voltaire, who, with his little, weak, and shattered body, went on for fifty years, making enemies and smashing them, puncturing social rottenness with his fierce wit, blasting others' lies and telling petty lies of his own, sometimes pitiable, sometimes malignant, often fascinating, but always, always splendidly alive. Stephens made few enemies, told no lies, was neither pitiable nor malignant; but he was splendidly alive until the coffin-lid put out the torch that seemed to have exhausted its fuel long before.

But though Voltaire had plenty of physical ills, I find no indication that he ever suffered from melancholy or mental depression. Stephens did. The jar of over-tense nerves mingles curiously with his eager bursts of ambition and aspiration. 'My feelings and hopes seem ever to be vibrating between assurance and despondency. My soul is bent upon success in my profession, and when indulging in brightest anticipations, the most trivial circumstance is frequently sufficient to damp my whole ardor and drive me to despair.'

This tendency to depression was not merely the reaction from disappointed hopes or dreams unrealized. It was a constitutional melancholy which, not only in youth, but even in middle life, seems to have eaten like a canker into the man's very soul. The words in which he describes it most definitely have a strange, poignant bitterness that wrings the heart: 'Sometimes I have thought that of all men I was most miserable; that I was especially doomed to misfortune, to melancholy, to grief. . . . The misery, the deep agony of spirit I have suffered, no mortal knows, nor ever will. . . . The torture of body is severe; I have had my share of that. . . But all these are slight when compared with the pangs of an offended or wounded spirit. The heart alone knoweth its own sorrow. I have borne it these many years. I have borne it all my life.'

To his beloved brother, Linton, he endeavors to describe his spiritual mal-

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ady. 'It is the secret of my life. I have never told it to any one.' But his speech, usually so lucid, is incoherent, stumbling, and obscure. It appears that his physical deficiencies wounded him, as they did Byron; he shrank and withered under the jeers and mocking looks of those who could not see his soul. Then the stung soul rebounded and strove with every ounce of will to make the mockers love him by doing good to them in strange new ways of overwhelming potency. But the explanation is neither clear nor wholly sufficient; it sounds manufactured to fit facts beyond the vision of even the explainer. All we can say is that we get dim glimpses of a spiritual hell.

What is supremely interesting about Stephens is that he neither accepts this condition of things nor submits to it. Such a wretched frame for such a fierce vitality might easily have made another Leopardi, veiling all the light of heaven in black pessimism, cursing man and nature and God with cold irony for the vile mistake of his creation. Stephens fights his ills, makes head against them, never lets himself be really prostrated by physical torture or mental agony. Worsted for the moment, he forever reëmerges, with some new refuge, some new comfort, some new device of cure.

One day he tries Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, finds it excellent, on homœopathic principles, and recommends it to his brother, though Burton himself is inclined to advise all melancholy persons to shun his majestic folio.

More serious than such bookishness is the clear determination to overcome mental misery by effort of will. 'I have in my life,' he says, 'been one of the most miserable beings that walked the earth. . . . Without enjoyment, without pleasure, without hope, and without sympathy with the world.' But the unfailing remedy for those who will but try it is the absolute control of thought. 'Never let the mind dwell upon anything disagreeable — turn it to something else. . . . Great and heroic effort was necessary at first and for a long time.' But 'with a proper discipline of one's self in this way, ever keeping the passions in perfect subjection, contentment and happiness are obtainable by all.' I do not read that he ever attained them, but others may, by following his precepts. He fought for them, at any rate.

Stoical self-control was not his only refuge. He had one higher — God. In his youth he declined to be educated for the ministry, and I do not think he was ever consistently satisfied as to speculative religion. But he seems to have had a keen and mighty sense of the divine in spiritual things, and in his hours of agony he seeks relief in this and finds it. He devotes a portion of every day to communion with God in prayer, and gets from it comfort in his anguish, light in the valley of dark shadows, and the growth of a kindlier, sweeter temper toward his fellow men. In old age, in sickness, in solitude, in prison, he sums up thus the mighty help that God has been to him: 'That the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble I know. But for his sustaining grace, I should have been crushed in body and soul long ere this.'

Nevertheless, with a temperament so introspective, brooding, and sensitive, it is doubtful whether even religious contemplation would have cured Stephens of melancholy and morbidness. It might have lifted him above the pessimism and misanthropy of Leopardi only to land him in the deeper spiritual wretchedness of Amiel. Contemplation, even divine, is not always sufficient to save such a temperament from ruining itself.

A better, surer remedy, at least a needed balance-wheel, is action, con-

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stant contact with the busy, outward, stupid hurry of the world. Stephens knew this, and had the courage and the energy to force himself out of himself. He may have possessed 'a charm against loneliness,' as his brother writes; but he knew that in loneliness lay his danger, and he kept as much as possible in the bright current of turbulent humanity, even when all his inclinations bade him fly from it. 'It seems to me that but for an effort that no other mortal upon earth would make, I should sink into profound indifference to all things connected with men and their affairs. But with that effort that I daily exert, to the persons about me I appear, I have no doubt, to be one of the most cheerful and happy men on earth.'

As a result of this he had people near him always. His hospitality was notorious even in the hospitable South. Though he was far from wealthy, his mansion, Liberty Hall, was open to all men at all times. Rich and poor, high and low, ignorant and learned, gathered there and feasted at the owner's spiritual table as well as at the material. 'Distinguished visitors from everywhere sought the sage's dwelling; so did hungry tramps, black and white.'

Like many persons of melancholy temperament, he was rich in delightful social qualities, made his guests feel thoroughly at home, studied their needs and ministered to them. And that especially frequent concomitant of melancholy, a dainty and sometimes a boisterous sense of humor, he had in a very high degree. His letters and his diary abound with good stories. What a quaint comic invention is the imaginary Finkle, through whom at irregular intervals he narrates his autobiography. His prison life at Fort Warren appears to him to be full of humorous matter. When he is not weeping over it, he is laughing at it. One of the best specimens of his dry wit, though more bitter than is usual with him, is the comment with which he closes some rather severe observations on Davis. 'It is certainly not my object to detract from Mr. Davis, but the truth is that as a statesman he was not colossal. . . . After the Government was organized at Montgomery, it was reported that he said it was "now a question of brains." I thought the remark a good one.'

These social qualities — cheerfulness, kindliness, sympathy — won friends for Stephens everywhere. In college, though poor, he was generally beloved and gathered all the young men around him. During his political life in Washington it was the same. The venerable John Quincy Adams saluted him with verses more notable for feeling than for genius. Members of all parties treated him with affection and respect. When he gave up his congressional seat in 1859, he received the unusual honor of a dinner tendered by a list of members of both houses of Congress without party distinction, headed by the Speaker of the House and the Vice-President.

Stephens's universal popularity was by no means confined to men of his own position in life, but was perhaps even greater among the working people. 'Thank God for little Alex!' shouted crowds assembled on his first appearance after being wounded by a political adversary. And the Negroes, especially those in his own service, were as enthusiastic and devoted as the whites.

It will be evident that qualities like these seemed to pave the straight way to political success. In a certain sense Stephens had such success in large measure. Why that success was limited will become clearer as we go on. But in the tactful management of men for a political purpose he had few superiors. And his art was largely sincerity. He made

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it clear that he himself acted only from a profound and well-reasoned conviction, that he would throw over his party and even his constituents in a moment, if his conviction was against them; and the remnant of honesty that is latent in all men, politicians as well as others, responded to such straightforward uprightness. History records few finer things than Stephens's manly stand against the rush of secession in his state. Protesting in the face of angry thousands, he almost swept the current back. And what is perhaps most impressive of all, he so far retained the confidence and affection of his opponents that they elected him a chief officer of their government when they had established it.

The same qualities that made Stephens acceptable in general social and political circles, made him deeply beloved in the more intimate relations of life. He never married. Yet children were very dear to him, and he was keenly susceptible to the charm of women's society. Twice at least he was in love. In the first case poverty as well as health obliged him to control his passion. The second time, he was already in Congress and well-to-do in the world. The match was suitable and the lady, it seems, not unwilling. But he would not ask her to marry so frail a bit of humanity. 'A woman's due,' he thought, 'was a husband on whom she could lean, and not an invalid whom she must nurse.' It was, perhaps, a mistake for him and her both. At any rate, it added to his bitterness of spirit. Once again one is reminded of Leopardi.

In every way Stephens was a man to whom affection meant much. He had the deepest love for home, for Georgia, her hills and streams and forests. His outcry for her from his Northern prison is poignant in its pathos: 'Let my days be brought to an end in my own native land! Let my last breath be of my own native air! My native land, my country, the only one that is country to me, is Georgia. The winds that sweep over her hills are my native air. There I wish to live, and there to die.' His home farm may be barren, may be simple. It has neither luxury nor splendor. But to him it is everything. When a young man, just beginning life, with boundless ambition, a good opening and large salary were offered him away from home. But he unhesitatingly preferred to practice in his native town, although earning only a few hundred dollars a year. And in old age and captivity, as he turned generally to Georgia, so he longed most of all for the remembered haunts of youth and happiness. 'That old homestead and that quiet lot, Liberty Hall, in Crawfordsville, sterile and desolate as they may seem to others, are bound to me by associations tender as heart-strings and strong as hooks of steel.'

These local affections sometimes take the place of human ties, and there are men — men especially — who, if they can live where they will, care little with whom they live. It was not so with Stephens. His love for his friends was as deep as his love for home. Among the great number of these friends none was nearer than Robert Toombs, and the marked contrast between the two makes this intimate relation singularly charming. Stephens was little and frail; Toombs huge and solid. Stephens was a thinker, Toombs a liver. Toombs conquered men; Stephens charmed them. Very often the two took opposite sides and contended against each other energetically. Yet at the same time they praised, admired, and loved each other, and were never estranged save slightly in the midst of the secession fury. Even then, after Stephens's great anti-secession speech, Toombs led the cheering for the beloved enemy, though he remarked to a friend who compli-

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mented him on it, 'I always try to behave myself at a funeral.'

But the best of Stephens's affection went to his family. His mother died when he was very young, but his love for his father's memory has a depth and tenderness which is quite irresistible. Surely few sons could write, in old age, a tribute so impressive and so complete as the following: 'Never was human anguish greater than that which I felt upon the death of my father. He was the object of my love, my admiration, my reverence. It seemed to me impossible that I could live without him; and the whole world for me was filled with the blackness of despair. . . . Whenever I was about to do something that I had never done before, the first thought that occurred to me was, what would my father think of this? . . . The principles and precepts he taught me have been my guiding-star through life.'

Even deeper and more absorbing was Stephens's love for his young half-brother, Linton, whom he educated, trained, and advised through boyhood and young manhood, and who afterward became his closest confidant. To Linton he poured out all his hopes and sorrows and desires, both public and private. Linton himself was a man of great ability, deservedly prominent in political life. He was also a man of singular charm, as fully appears from Waddell's excellent life of him. To have been looked up to and worshiped by such a man is not the least of Stephens's claims upon our interest, and the elder brother returned the devotion of the younger with all the passion of a heart keenly sensitive and not distracted from its sole object by either wife or child. The perpetual recurrence of Linton's name in his brother's letters and diary almost recalls Madame de Sévigné's unlimited adoration of her daughter. 'Oh, if I had Linton with me now, how full would be my joy notwithstanding I am a prisoner! How light is my burden compared with what it has been! The full dawn of day is certainly upon me! May the sun of my deliverance soon arise! Oh, may Linton soon come!'

The affection which could not satiate itself with humanity overflowed further in a notable tenderness for animals, especially for dogs. Stephens had always one or more of these to tend, to confide in, or to frolic with. When absent from home, he writes of them with a solicitude which is sometimes amusing, but more often pathetic. Over the blindness of one of them, Rio, he sorrows as over the affliction of a friend. He walks with Rio, to guide the dog's steps, and he buries him with a touch as characteristic in its simple vanity as in its profound emotion. 'The world will never see another Rio. And few dogs ever had, or ever will have, such a master. Over his grave I shed a tear, as I did over him frequently as I saw nature failing.'

Perhaps it is possible to overdo this matter of sympathy with animals. It seems to some of us that the universal pity of the nineteenth century rather tended to increase the aggregate of sentient woe than to diminish it. When Uncle Toby spares the pestilent fly, we love him for it, especially as he was not aware of the huge maleficence with which later investigation was to load that domestic parasite. But when Stephens mourns over the necessary destruction of prison bedbugs, he seems to push altruism to the edge of the ludicrous — and over. 'I have often felt sorry for what I have to do to these bloodsuckers. Most willingly would I turn them loose and let them go away, if they would go and stay, but this they will not do. Between them and me, therefore, there is an irrepressible conflict. Either I or they must be extinguished.'

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In the more important field of pity for human suffering, and of attempts to relieve the wretched and to assist the struggling and down-trodden, we can have nothing but admiration for Stephens's persistent endeavor. He does, indeed, as with regard to Rio above, indulge in very frank statement of his own merit in this kind: 'While I have been here I have with free will and of my own accord labored, I think, more for the benefit of others than I have for myself, which is more than many mortals I ever knew could say for themselves.' But the merits require no such emphasis. They are great and indisputable.

Probably few persons of his means have done more for others than Stephens did. He was constantly educating young men, so that all those of promise in his home town appealed to him, and many from outside. During the war he was devoted in his attendance at prisons and hospitals, visiting them often with fruit and flowers, which, I think, was providing a charming function for that generally useless functionary, a vice-president. 'Whenever I see a head at an iron grate, my heart is interested,' he wrote before he had passed four months behind an iron grate himself. It is worth noting that one of the points in which he differed from the government was his belief that prisoners of war should be set free, since the Confederacy was not able to provide for them properly. If sometimes, with men as with animals, his heart outran his head, who will blame him? It is worth while to be fooled occasionally by vice and idleness, worth while to be 'like a ship otherwise staunch but eaten up by barnacles that he cannot dislodge,' for the sake of winning the slave's simple eulogy: 'He is kind to folks that nobody else will be kind to. Mars Alex is kinder to dogs than mos' folks is to folks.'

It is to be observed, further, that Stephens's charity went much back of the hand. Oftentimes the fingers are spread widely when the heart is tight shut, and some who are ready to give to a beggar are less ready to forgive an enemy. Stephens had no real enemies. In all that bitter time I meet few besides Lincoln and Lee who speak of those opposed to them with such unfailing kindliness. It is indeed interesting that one of Lincoln's many efforts at conciliation before the struggle, should have been his well-known correspondence with Stephens, in which both men appear so much to advantage. In all the vast length of Stephens's book on the war I do not think there is a sentence of bitterness toward the North, or even toward those Northerners who had taken most part in bringing on the conflict.

This tone of tolerance is still more marked in dealing with friends than with enemies. Coming fresh from the reading of so many volumes of reminiscences which were harsh and bitter, filled with striving to justify the author at the expense of all those who had fought side by side with him, I was especially impressed with Stephens's gentleness and courtesy. He disagreed with many. He was estranged from none. Even of Davis, whose policy he thought absolutely wrong, he has no unkind or cruel personal criticism. They met as friends, he says, and they parted as such. 'I doubt not that all — the President, the Cabinet, and Congress — did the best they could from their own conviction of what was best to be done at the time.' It does not seem a great admission, yet how few are ready to make it!

The root of this kindly and universal tolerance is to be found in a cardinal principle of Stephens's nature which it is now time to take up and investigate. He was essentially an intellectualist,

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and guided his life, far more than most men do, by systematic reasoning. I have already made it quite clear that this does not mean that he was cold or insensible. Most certainly he was not. Neither does it mean that he had the calm, dispassionate, scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, which observes all facts curiously without special eagerness to relate them to preconceived theories. Stephens was a deductive thinker of an older type. He reasoned from accepted generalizations to very positive conclusions. And even in this line his thinking was neither profound nor original. In his letters he is perpetually turning over rather glaring commonplaces, and the comparison of his diary with Amiel's, which I have already suggested, will show at once that the Southern statesman had very little power of going to the bottom of things.

Nevertheless, in a tumult of passions and preconceptions and prejudices, he strove mightily to clear his mind of cant, to get at the conclusions of calm reason as to the terrible questions put before him, and then to act on those conclusions singly, honestly, unflinchingly, with absolute disregard of party, or tradition, or convention. In a time when the still voice of thought was well-nigh drowned in the furious outcry of politicians and fanatics, surely this quality must be counted unto Stephens for righteousness.

It was this which made him so patient with those who differed from him, this which made him so genuinely humble and modest. He reasoned to his own conclusions and acted on them. But others had their own conclusions and must act on them. Oddly enough this very intellectual tendency which made him modest made him vain; as we have exactly the same tendencies exhibited in Cicero, one of the most confirmed intellectualists who ever lived, and placed in times and situations quite similar to Stephens's. To a man like Cicero it is equally natural to admit that his opponent may be right and to feel that his opponent, and everybody else, should recognize the simple fact of Cicero's own power and achievement. In Stephens the vanity is of course in no way so colossal as Cicero's, but the allowance for possible error on his own part is as large and fine as ever in any man. 'It may be that if the course which I thought would or could then save it [the Confederate Government], or would or could have saved it at any time, had been adopted, it would have come as far short of success as the one which was pursued; and it may be, that the one which was taken on that occasion, as well as on all the other occasions on which I did not agree, was the very best that could have been taken.' How refreshing that is in all the jar and clash of positive assertions and violent opinions and dogmatic assurance of a world of might-have-beens. One should read also the admirable letter in which Stephens discusses the possibilities, if the whole burden of the government, in the event of Davis's death, should fall upon the vice-president's shoulders. The clear appreciation of the abstract end to be attained is no finer than the full recognition of the immense difficulties and his own unfitness to encounter them.

Yet if Stephens was modest where he admitted the possibility of error, he was rocklike when he had deduced his conclusions, knew his ground, and felt that he was right. An interruption during his celebrated answer to Campbell of Ohio brought out one of those tremendous sentences in which a man strips his whole character bare all at once. 'You are wrong in that,' interjects Campbell. 'No, sir,' replies Stephens. 'I am never wrong upon a matter I have given as close attention to as I have given to this.' So a god might answer.

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And he would stand by these intellectual conclusions to the issue of life or death. Huge Judge Cone had called Stephens a traitor. Stephens retorted with the lie and threatened to slap the Judge's face. They met. The Judge demanded a withdrawal. Stephens refused and struck. There was an instant collision. Cone pulled out a knife and slashed his opponent again and again, got him down, and cried, 'Retract, or I'll cut your damned throat.' 'Never!' said Stephens, 'cut, if you like.' He caught the descending knife-blade in his bare hand, which was cut to pieces, and he went to the hospital, when his adversary was pulled off, with eighteen knife-thrusts in his body and arms.

The man simply could not say that he was wrong when he knew he was right. It is like the legend of Galileo, who succumbed to the gentle persuasions of the church and yet whispered, '*E pur si muove.*'

It is most interesting to follow out this intellectual tendency in the different phases of Stephens's life. To begin with, he was a man of system and exactness. Manifold and varied as his occupations were, he yet, where possible, arranged his time according to a schedule and gave certain hours to certain pursuits. Moreover, he had a fine memory for minute details, and was always strong in dealing with figures and statistics. Art and the artistic side of literature seem to have had little interest for him. His reading, which was both careful and extensive, was mainly in history and in lines of practical thinking and morals. So with the natural world. He had, as already noted, a profound, instinctive love for the surroundings that mean home. Beyond this he was chiefly interested in minute observation of the weather, and takes just pride in having been the means of publishing the reports of the weather bureau which have since become of such immense value to the country.

As regards religion, I have already pointed out its significance to Stephens on the emotional side of his nature. He always retained a faith in the literal interpretation of the Bible which was perhaps rather old-fashioned even in his day. Yet in some quarters he had the reputation of being an atheist, and it is evident from his diary that he had a strong disposition to submit religious views to the strict intellectual tests which he applied to other matters. It seems odd at first, yet it is really characteristic, that with this tendency he should have combined a strong tincture of superstition. His diary contains numerous discussions of good and ill luck, and he takes an undeniable interest in seeing the new moon over the right shoulder. 'If there is anything in signs, I shall certainly have good luck this moon.'

In his own profession of the law Stephens's fine intellectual sincerity stands out fully, and well proves that success requires neither dishonesty nor shuffling. 'What business do you follow, Alex?' said his uncle to him in the early days. 'I am a lawyer.' After an ominous silence the uncle spoke again. 'Alex, don't you have to tell lies?' Alex did not have to tell lies. Hear what he says, reviewing his career in old age. 'No advocate should ever assert as matter of fact in his client's case what he knows is not such; any code of morals justifying him in this does not deserve the name.' And again, more personally, 'My rule from the time I was admitted to the bar was: first, to investigate a case submitted to me, to inquire into the facts and the law applicable to it; then, if I did not believe the party entitled to success before the court, I told him so and declined to appear or prosecute the case.'

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Stephens believed that the object of law was justice, and that the lawyer's high function was to reconcile differences and remedy evils. He detested prejudice of party, or locality, or class, or station. This feeling he carried so far that it led him into a singular tirade against what is surely a most worthy and respectable portion of the community. 'If I am ever to be tried for anything, may Heaven deliver me from a jury of preachers! . . . Their most striking defect is a want of that charity which they, above all men, should not only preach but practice.' And elsewhere he speaks of 'the usual bloodthirsty propensity' of 'that calling.' Stephens's religion was different enough from Voltaire's. Yet here one would think Voltaire was speaking.

It was in politics, however, that Stephens's natural characteristics came to their fullest fruition. As a speaker he was much praised, and was effective and successful. 'All lungs and brains,' one admirer said of him. But to me the most impressive eulogy is Lincoln's. Think of winning these words from such a source. 'I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little slim pale-faced consumptive man, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old withered dry eyes are full of tears yet.'

Nevertheless, Stephens mistrusted oratory, as one who knew its dangerous power. When he had conviction with him he could give it all the graces of persuasive eloquence. But conviction was essential. Without it the rest was but as a tinkling cymbal. Where conviction led him he would go, no matter what friend deserted him or what party disclaimed him. He argued for the abolition of his own seat in Congress. He told the South that their agitators had done more than anything else to bring on the war. He fought secession with all his might. At the same time he was an ardent advocate of slavery, believing — with Lee — that slavery presented the most satisfactory solution of the difficult relation between blacks and whites, and that it was the duty of the superior race to protect and care for the inferior. On behalf of his state he resented the usurping attitude of the Richmond government. Yet when the Governor of the state began to do what the President had done, Stephens was just as hot in opposition.

All these things he did in perfect good temper and kindliness, and he could not understand why his opponents would not take it so. He was only acting from his convictions. He supposed they were acting from theirs. Why should they be angry with him? Yet they were, and too many of his compatriots sympathized with the caustic remark of General Taylor: 'Mr. Stephens, with all the impartiality of an equity judge, marked many of the virtues of the Government north of the Potomac and all the vices of that on his own side of the river.'

First, last, and always the compass of Stephens's political life was his belief in human liberty as expressed in the compact between sovereign states known as the Constitution. Admirably characteristic is the account of his first interview with President Jackson. Stephens expressed some doubt as to the action of the troops against the Indians in view of State jurisdiction. 'Jurisdiction by the Eternal! When the United States Mail is robbed and citizens murdered!' shouted the President. But Stephens was ready to be murdered himself rather than give up a principle. Why should not others be? I really believe he would have preferred being torn to pieces by a mob to having that mob repressed by troops illegally. This is fine, but is perhaps carrying intellectualism rather far.

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So after the war. He was ready to accept the result and to work loyally for the future. But he could not give up the principle — never. And he wrote his immense two-volumed book, — dialogued, thoroughly Platonic, thoroughly intellectual, — in which, as in Plato, men of straw are set up to be bowled over by masterly dialectic; a learned book, an awe-inspiring book, as dead as a folio of eighteenth-century sermons.

In short, he was an idealist — an ideologue, Napoleon would have said — who would have introduced reason into this chaos of unreason, this curious and fascinating Inferno which we call life. Because life would not heed him he resented it, but in the gentlest and most affectionate fashion, returning good for evil in every way he knew.

In the political world, where he figured most, he seems to have been pitifully ineffectual. We saw in our study of Benjamin that the lack of deep and heartfelt convictions, a shallow opportunism, prevented him from making any distinguished mark on the history of his time. Curiously enough, in Stephens's case, the same result followed from an exactly opposite cause, and the excess of conviction most nobly nullified a prominent and notable career. But I feel sure that posterity will adjust the difference, and that Stephens will grow more and more in our history as a figure of commanding purity, sincerity, distinction, and patriotism.

PEPYS AT CHURCH

BY GEORGE HODGES

St. Olave's Church, having escaped the Great Fire, still stands as it stood in Pepys's day, between London Bridge and Tower Hill, where Seething Lane runs into Hart Street and Crutched Friars. The church tower suggests those storied steeples which Sir Christopher Wren liked so much, and which the Puritans of New England, in memory of their old home, set so handsomely upon their meeting houses. A picture of the interior shows a long narrow building, with galleries and high-backed pews and a tall 'three-decker' in the middle. Pepys's pew seems to have been in the gallery. 'To church,' he says, 'to consult about our gallery.' There were several rows of seats in it, and the matter of precedence as between the Pepyses and the Battens caused some solicitude. Once the servants sat below and the family behind, to Pepys's vexation, who liked it not that the serving people should be placed so on equality with their master and mistress. The pew was 'covered all over with rosemary and baize.'

There sat Pepys in his 'new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs,' and his pretty wife beside him in her 'black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black lace, as the fashion is': the male much more gorgeous than the female, according to the style of birds and butterflies, and

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according to the complaints of Pepys over his deficits, which have 'chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife, viz., for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts.'

Pepys's diary begins on Sunday, that being the first day of the year 1660. On that day, he put on his 'suit with great skirts,' and went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House. By an interesting coincidence, Pepys's eminent autobiographical contemporary, John Evelyn, attended the same service. Each of the gentlemen recorded the text in his journal. To which Pepys added: 'Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts.' At that time, as he says, he was 'esteemed rich, but indeed very poor.'

This is the first of several hundred Sunday entries, from the January of 1660 to the May of 1669, when Pepys's eyes gave out. During these ten years, the Stuarts were restored and the Presbyterians ejected, and the Great Plague of 1665 was followed by the Great Fire of 1666, and by the Dutch Invasion of 1667. Pepys was with the fleet, and indeed upon the ship, which brought Charles back. He remained in London, or in a near suburb, during the whole season of the plague. He helped to stop the progress of the fire. And he was clerk of the Acts in the Navy Office while the Dutch were burning the English shipping in the Medway and the Thames.

During this interesting time, he attended church with much regularity, noting with shrewd adjectives the value of the sermon, noting also with satisfaction the clothes which his increasing prosperity permitted him to wear, and in the afternoon, with his wife, casting up his accounts.

It was like Pepys to go on that Sunday to hear Gunning preach. The Restoration was plainly at hand, and the preacher represented the religious side of it. A few weeks later, he went 'in the afternoon to Mr. Herring, where a poor, lazy sermon. This day,' he adds, 'I began to put buckles to my shoes.' Mr. Herring was a Presbyterian minister. Pepys wished to hear what he had to say on his part.

The diary helps us to understand the amazing ease with which the nation passed out of the Middle Ages into the Reformation under Edward, back again into the Roman Church with Mary, and out again with Elizabeth; into Puritanism with Cromwell, and out of Puritanism with Charles the Second. A great number of his countrymen, like Pepys, had no very strong convictions concerning these differences.

He was, indeed, a Protestant, and the meanest thing which his wife could think of to say to him at the height of their most serious quarrel was that she had become a Roman Catholic. He was much worried about it, and much relieved when he found her on a following Sunday making ready to go to the parish church as usual. 'Up, and with my wife to church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after that she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholick. But though I do verily believe she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see that she is not so strict a Catholick as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily.' Yet he himself went occasionally to mass, though mostly out of curiosity; and in his later years he was imprisoned for a time in the Tower on suspicion that he was a papist.

Pepys was an adherent, and, though he partook of the sacrament but rarely, a communicant, of the Church of England. All his political interests, and;

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for the most part, his tastes and such convictions as he had, were on that side. But he listened with appreciation to Presbyterian preaching. 'This,' he says, 'being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon, and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not yet open; and so I walked an hour in the Temple Garden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for.' At eight o'clock, the church was crowded, and so again at one. Pepys set down in his diary the last words of the preacher. 'You know,' he said, 'that it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us, but something which, after much prayer, discourse and study, yet remains unappeased, and commands me herein.' On a later occasion, meeting 'several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle,' he wrote: 'They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise and not be catched.' He does not care much which.

Pepys in his youth had seen King Charles beheaded. Afterwards he saw the first notable tragedy of the Restoration. 'I went out to Charing Cross to see Major General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy.' Pepys himself seems not to have joined in these rejoicings. He looked on at the execution of the King, and then of the leader of the rebels, without any strong emotion.

So it was regarding the social and moral reaction of his age. 'The Restoration brought Charles to Whitehall, and in an instant,' says Green in his history, 'the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away with its pettiness and its tyranny in the current of the nation's hate. Religion had been turned into a system of social and political oppression, and it fell with their fall. Godliness became a by-word of scorn; sobriety in dress, in speech, in manners, was flouted as a mark of the detested Puritanism. . . . Dueling and raking became the mark of a fine gentleman; and grave divines winked at the follies of "honest fellows" who fought, gambled, swore, drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter. Life among men of fashion vibrated between frivolity and excess.'

Of all this there is evidence enough in Pepys's diary, but it is in no way a description of Pepys's own life.

He drank, indeed, more than was good for him, but he attended to business with unfailing faithfulness. He gave Mrs. Pepys occasional cause for jealousy, but in the main they lived together peacefully and happily, in sincere and constant affection. And even Pepys's lapses are curiously associated with religion. One time in a February, 'Mr. Mills,' he says, 'made an excellent sermon against drunkenesse, that ever I heard in my life.' But early in March, 'by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's to dinner, where great cheer. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the ladies went away; then we set to it again till

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it was very late.' Another time he writes: 'What at dinner and supper, I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night: so home, and to bed without prayers, which I never yet did, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night; I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.'

Pepys is drunk, but he is at the same time a man whose decent custom it is to assemble his family for prayers every Sunday night. This is his rule. Once, indeed, he says, 'To bed without prayers, it being very cold, and to-morrow washing day.' But the exceptions are few. Moreover the excesses of drinking are followed by devout vows to God never to do so again. And when his wife is jealous with good reason, and is crying night and day, and Pepys too in his penitence is crying, he declares in his journal that he is praying every morning on his knees to be delivered from temptation.

Here, then, is a servant of the corrupt court of Charles, and not a Puritan, who dances and drinks and goes to plays, and is eagerly intent on getting his full share of the pleasure of life, who nevertheless is a pretty decent person. He is given over neither to frivolity nor to excess. He tastes of both, but puts the golden cups aside and goes along about his honest business. It is characteristic of him that though he liked to hear and tell the scandals of the court, he was offended at them. He was distressed to see 'princes in places where order and discipline should be.' 'I am ashamed,' he says, 'to see my lord so grossly play the fool, to the flinging off of all honour.' When a mimic at a dinner prays through his nose a Puritan prayer and preaches a bit of a Puritan sermon, Pepys is displeased, though the performance pleases an archbishop. He could be merry enough upon occasion, but it is characteristic of him that he says after a wedding, 'There was pulling off Mrs. Bride's and Mr. Bridegroom's ribbons, and a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like.' And after another wedding, 'The modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial.'

That is, Pepys is a representative of the great majority of his contemporaries in England. Romanism, Puritanism, Anglicanism, go and come and do not very seriously affect the people, because, like Pepys, they are not deeply interested. They are contented to let the enthusiastic contend about these matters, and to accept the outcome. Sobriety and sensuality chase each other on and off the stage of public life, like Death and the Devil in the moralities, but meanwhile the decent nation, like Pepys, lives its respectable and even religious life. The conspicuous folk do thus and so, and seem to represent the age for good or bad, but they are no more representative than the Roman Cæsars, or the Roman Popes who followed them.

St. Olave's became Pepys's parish church by reason of his connection with the Naval Office, which was just across the street. His position was that of a permanent under-secretary, which means that he was practically the manager of the English navy, so far as the Duke of York permitted; and he lived in one of the official residences. 'For myself,' he says, 'chance without merit brought me in'; but, he adds, 'diligence only keeps me so.' The chance was his favor with his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu, commander of the fleet which brought the King from Holland, who took Pepys with him as his

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secretary. Thus on a Sunday, in the Channel, he heard the preacher pray for King Charles; and on another Sunday, 'to the quarter-deck, at which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth into the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag, instead of the States arms, which after dinner was finished and set up.'

Gradually, under the new order of things, the Common Prayer comes back. On the first Sunday in July, 1660: 'This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and silk suit, which cost me much money, which I pray God make me able to pay for. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.' On the next Sunday to Whitehall Chapel. 'Here I heard very good musique, the first time that I ever remember to have heard the organs and the singing men in surplices in my life.' In the beginning of November, at St. Olave's, 'Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father, etc." after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it that they could not tell what to answer.' A year later, 'I to church,' he says, 'and this day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coate.' And, sure enough, on the last Sunday of that month, 'Put on my new scallop, which is very fine. To church and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it.'

Thus events moved toward the Black Bartholomew of 1662, when the Presbyterian ministers, to the number of eighteen hundred, were ejected. Neither Pepys nor Evelyn perceived the significance of that act of violence. Most churchmen rejoiced that the triumphs of the Commonwealth were thus turned into ignominious defeat, and most Presbyterians were busy reckoning their losses and planning how to meet the hardships of the immediate future. But on that day the Church of England ceased to be the church of the English people. It had thrust half of the nation out of doors. It had compelled the competition of Dissent. And, at the same time, thus calling into being the strong competition of Dissent, it had changed the appeal of religion, from that day forward, from the voice of Authority to the voice of Reason. It is curiously significant that in the midst of that very week Evelyn says, 'I was admitted and then sworn one of the Council of the Royal Society'; of which society Pepys was afterwards president. For this was an association of men of science, committed to the principle that truth is to be ascertained, not by the word of tradition, but by observation and investigation, by the exercise of reason.

Meanwhile, Pepys was going quietly to church, as if nothing had happened. The diary shows that the pulpit of St. Olave's was open to a long succession of visiting preachers. 'A most tedious, unreasonable and impertinent sermon by an Irish doctor. His text was "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." Sir W. Batten and I very angry with the parson.' Naturally, such doctrine was unpopular at the Navy Office. 'At church in the morning. A stranger preached a good honest and painful sermon.' 'At church, where a stranger preached like a fool.' Mr. Mills's choice of preachers seems to have been calculated to make his parishioners content with their own minister.

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The regularity of Pepys's attendance at church diminishes a little as the responsibilities of his office increase upon him. Many Sundays find him at his public accounts, or in anxious consultations over affairs of state. He was ever a hard worker. 'Up betimes,' he says he is on many days; or 'up very betimes,' meaning four o'clock in the morning. An honest government official, under a king who spends upon 'my Lady Castlemaine' and other disreputable persons the money which ought to have been used to pay the sailors, has a hard life. 'To church,' he says, 'where I have not been a good while.' 'Up and to church, where I have not been these many weeks.' 'Up, and I put on my best cloth black suit and my velvet cloak, and with my wife in her best suit to church, where we have not been these nine or ten weeks.'

There is no indication of any loss of interest in religion; neither is there any sign, on the other hand, of any distress of conscience. It is interesting to see how Pepys comes out under the grave shadow of the Commonwealth, with its strong emphasis on the Fourth Commandment, and of a Sunday walks in the fields, or takes a boat on the river, or teaches his wife addition, subtraction, and multiplication, and hopes to get on to division, or talks with his tailor, or reads indifferently Richard Hooker or Ben Jonson, or arranges his growing collection of books, or works at his desk. As a rule, he goes to church in the morning, and often again in the afternoon; and on Sunday evening he takes pleasure in singing psalms; and the day ends with the reading of family prayers. He buys a Bible concordance, of which, he says, he hopes to make much use. Regularly he reads his vows, and is glad when he finds that he is amending his faults. He thanks God devoutly for the mercies and blessings of his life. But all this is as natural and as unconventional as his delight in music.

Pepys cared much for music. He was interested in anthems. He liked to sing. He composed a little, and was mighty pleased, as he says, to hear his songs sung. He comes home one night from the play of *The Virgin Martyr*, and writes in his diary: 'That which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which was so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife: that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so that I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as did this upon me.' He never speaks in this rapture of religion, though he did stand in the aisle during the whole of a long sermon, listening with delight.

At the same time, religion seems to have been a very genuine part of his life. The freedom with which he stayed away from church indicates that when he went, as he did week after week, it was because he liked it. He went oftener than his wife. He had enough religion to keep him, for the most part, decent and honest in a society wherein his social superiors set him examples of dissolute and dishonest living. He seems, indeed, to be thinking more of his velvet cloak, and his 'flowered taby vest, very rich,' and of the buckles on his shoes, than of his prayers; but these are easier than prayers to write about, even in a confidential journal.

Of course, Pepys's diary is very different from Cotton Mather's, and even from Judge Sewell's; but so, for that matter, are our own, if we keep any. The analogy with music states it best.

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Pepys felt no more obligation to go to church than to go to concerts. It was not an affair of obligation. He cared much for both, and availed himself of the one privilege as of the other, when he could.

Then came the Plague.

It was on a Wednesday of the June of 1665, and 'the hottest day,' says Pepys, 'that ever I felt in my life,' that it first came into plain sight. He and his wife had been on the river that day, very merrily, and had walked an hour or two in the Spring Garden with great pleasure, and 'spending,' as he says characteristically, 'but 6*d* till nine at night.' But 'much against my will,' he adds, 'I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of that kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw.' He bought some 'roll-tobacco' to 'smell and chaw, which took away the apprehension.' But this was only the beginning of the tremendous calamity.

Pepys got his wife away to Woolwich, but he himself remained in London, or near by, attending to the king's business. Business goes on, and life goes on, after a fashion. But the bell is always ringing. 'The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God to enable me to do, both as to soul and body.' The services now are mostly funerals. 'It was a sad noise to hear our bell ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times.' And presently, on a Lord's Day, 'Lord, what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and the grass grows all up and down White Hall Court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets.' Still, on another Lord's Day, 'Up, and put on my colored suit very fine, and my new periwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it, and it is a wonder what will be the fashion, after the plague is done, in periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection.'

Plague or no plague, the fashions are as certain to continue as the changing seasons. The state business continues also. 'All the people were at church,' says Pepys, 'and the office quiet, so I did much business.' And social life continues. 'To church this morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.'

At the end of January, 1666, Pepys says: 'This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where the people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.' But presently, 'My wife and I for the first time at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till we are all come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so I was the less afraid for going through.'

And after the Plague, the Fire.

On Sunday, the 2d of September,

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1666, 'some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City.' The sight, however, did not much alarm the family, 'so went to bed again, and to sleep.' But in the morning it is plain that there is 'an infinite great fire,' and that night it had increased, 'in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame.' 'It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine.' So, on the Sunday following, 'I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women.' And on the last Sunday of that month, 'Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while; and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers, since the fire came into our parish; but not one handsome face among them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish.'

Even the Fire, though he dreamed of it every night, did not destroy the good spirits of the Clerk of the Acts. One Sunday, he says, 'My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and I like myself mightily in it, and so does my wife.' On a Christmas Day, Mrs. Pepys sleeps long, 'having sat up till four this morning, seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well, on some good ribs of beef roasted, and plenty of good wine of our own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day.'

Once he goes to Hackney Church, 'chiefly,' as he says, 'to see the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, and very pretty.' And on another Sunday, 'After dinner I did go by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till the sermon was done.' And again, on a Sunday afternoon, to the same church, 'thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head was turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me.'

Alongside of these merry notes, however, are much more serious comments. Mr. Gifford preached on the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' Pepys says: 'A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villainy.' Mr. Stillingfleet preached at Whitehall Chapel. 'He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned, and yet easy and substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life.' 'To my great joy,' he says again, 'I find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit; and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church.' The text was from Ecclesiastes: 'But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the years of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.'

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It seems a strange text for the applause of Pepys, rejoicing as he was in the midst of his years. It is to be hoped that the preacher mitigated somewhat the pessimism of the Scripture, and emphasized the vanity of the present rather than the vanity of the future. Probably what impressed Pepys was the setting forth of the seriousness of life. Back of all the frank confidences of the diary, there is a sufficient disclosure of a serious mind. The Pepys who dons the camlet cloak, and who wonders what the people think when for the first time he wears a periwig to church, and who inspects the congregation with a perspective glass during the sermon, looking at the pretty women, was at the same time, 'the right hand of the navy,' a man of large and important duties, 'infinitely busy,' as he says, and burdened with responsibility. The difference between him and his most dignified and substantial neighbors was not apparent at the time. 'He was a philosopher,' said Jeremy Collier, 'of the severest morality.' Indeed, the principal difference is that other men are judged by their public manners, but Pepys by all his private thoughts.

When Pepys came to his last illness, in the seventy-first year of his life, and the thirty-fourth after the conclusion of his diary, he was attended by the nonjuring Dean of Worcester. The Dean said: 'The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp tryall before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in everything that was revealed of the world to come.' He added: 'I never attended any sick and dying person that dyed with so much Christian greatnesses of mind, and I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit.' 'He was universally beloved,' says Evelyn, 'hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation.'

Thus did the church and the world praise him. No doubt, he joined honestly enough in the words of the church service: 'We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.' But the prayer in which these words occur is called, very properly, a 'General Confession.'

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THE LEGACY OF RICHARD HUGHES

BY MARGARET LYNN

RACHEL MARQUIS paused a moment with her hand on the library-door. She had had John placed in here because it was the room she herself loved best, and she knew that it was here she would prefer to sit beside him in these last hours of waiting. Yet she had hesitated to come down, and even now, with her hand on the door-knob, she lingered again to re-strengthen herself before entering. The very unusualness of an unfamiliar sight in the familiar room would add, she knew, to the sharp strangeness of the whole event. She almost hoped, as she waited this moment, for another practical duty of some sort, which would postpone again her entrance to the room.

But no sound came from any part of the silenced house, and she opened the door and entered. The long casket stood awkwardly across the blank fireplace, for she had chosen to give no direction to the undertaker and he had followed his own professional judgment. Everything was arranged, however, with a sort of intention which indicated the intrusion of the professional into the private. In spite of the stronger feeling of the moment, Rachel Marquis noticed this, with sharp disapproval. But she went directly to the chair which had been placed beside the casket and seated herself, bowing her head long on her folded arms before she looked on the familiar face beside her.

It was now only twenty-four hours since the strange accident had happened, and she had not yet adjusted herself, even so far as to determine her fundamental emotion. It was grief, of course, but the kind or degree of that grief was still undefined. The hours since they had brought him home had been so full of the unfamiliar practical things which arise at such a time, of the sudden necessities and small perplexities which muddle and chafe sorrow, that there had been scarcely a moment for her to look consciously at the great fact. Even now, as she covered her eyes, to be the more alone with herself, she felt rather a welcoming of momentary inactivity, than the relaxation of grief. She realized, with a sort of pang of disapproval, that she did not need to relax from any tension of anguish. She did not know what she wished to say to herself in this communion. She was sorry, bitterly sorry; but what elements went into the making of that grief? — She could not yet tell.

So she leaned with covered eyes, almost as if she were waiting for something outside of herself to give her a cue. As the minutes passed, however, the great simple fact that John was dead and that his place beside her would now be empty, engrossed all supplementary feelings, and her genuine regret had its way. She wept long, and ever more bitterly, absorbed, as one may be, in a mere physical expression of grief. The activity of sorrow overcame thought for the time, and left her no energy for analysis of feeling. Death alone seemed enough to weep over, and her tears still fell.

At last, as if having reached a natu-

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ral period, she rose and moved away to the window and sat down there, in a quiet reverie of sadness. She was sorry for the life cut off, shocked at the abruptness and completeness of the tragedy, — John himself, she was sure, the assertive, energizing John, would have hated this sudden subduing of himself, and she sympathized with such revolt, — sorry, sorry for it all.

As she thought, she looked gravely out across the garden, the gay stretch to which John had given so much time. She had never understood his devotion to that garden. He had not been ready to spend money on things to give æsthetic pleasure in the house, although in practical matters he had been willing enough to make outlays, ever since his business had been secure. She thought of their new car, of the signs of prosperity in their living. 'Poor John!' she said at last with a deep sigh, when, aware of the nodding line of rare dahlias on which her eyes were resting, she thought of all the pains he had taken in the propagation and selection of them. She had come to recognize this lavishness of care and money as a sort of blind expression of the one æsthetic element in his nature, and had felt a quiet approval of it. 'Poor John!' she sighed again, and turned from the window to go.

But even as she did so, the simplicity of her mood passed, and the old complexity of feeling returned with a keenness which was for the moment bewildering. As she left the window, the long black shape across the fireplace confronted her again, and she paused, startled anew; it was so strange and so tremendous a thing in her room.

For the library was, above everything else in the world, hers. It was such a room as shows it has been taking on character through succeeding decades, cumulative of its type, slowly drawing to itself an atmosphere of fineness and greatness. The credit of it belonged only remotely to Rachel Marquis. She was the possessor, but not the maker of it. She had kept it and loved it, but her own contribution to it had been slight. A few shelves of new books not yet mellowed down to the tone of the others, standing as if waiting to be proved, and a bit of renewing of texture here and there, whose freshness showed need of the softening of time, were the only marks of her hand or taste. But it was such a room as any lover of the long effects of books would cherish.

In the midst of its harmonies, the heavy black box undoubtedly looked harsh and intrusive. Rachel recognized, as a sort of confidence with herself, that bringing it here was an invasion. Because she loved the room herself she had placed John here, without thought of the inappropriateness of the act. But now the incongruity of the choice struck her. Why should he be brought here, she thought pitifully, to the room he never frequented, where she scarcely welcomed him, she acknowledged? Why should she sit beside him here, when she had so seldom done so before? She remembered very well the manner with which he occasionally sought her here, tentative, unfamiliar, and yet assertive. She had resented every element of that manner. Anywhere else in the house he was more nearly himself; here everything she did not desire in him was accentuated.

It had been, she thought, with an instinctive desire to do the best for him in every way, that she had directed that he should be placed here; just as she had ordered everything of the choicest and had given her most careful attention and taste to every detail. But this thought had been a failure.

'Poor John!' she said gently once more, with a pity in her thought all the greater for this very incongruity, as she came over and stood beside him.

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But as her eyes rested on his face, she felt almost compelled to withdraw the phrase. The dead man seemed to allow no such pity. The unfamiliar in the familiar, which is stranger than a new thing, held her startled attention as she looked. She had thought that she knew John Marquis to the last shred of his character, but death seemed to have laid a fineness she had never known over the stubbornness and taciturnity of the face. The dignity of the last great experience of his life seemed to mark him. He seemed to be gathering himself away from her pitying kindness. Very soon she went out again and closed the door.

When Richard Hughes, the last of his family, left his mother's old home to John and Rachel Marquis, no one had wondered. Rachel was a sort of cousin and John, too, a distant connection by somebody's marriage. And they lived in the town and nothing was more natural than that he should give them a home there, and whatever else he had to leave.

What no one knew but Rachel was that Richard Hughes had wished to marry her, and that she had refused him and chosen John Marquis instead. Richard Hughes, fifteen years her senior, quiet and inexpressive, shut in with books and remote from life, was far less to her mind than John Marquis, who was of her own generation, with whom she went to parties and talked the light talk of youth, and had a thousand things in common, as she thought. John was bright and jolly, and played tennis and danced with her and took her out in a canoe, and was sweet-tempered and loved to laugh, and between times talked seriously about the business he was starting and the money he expected to make. John belonged to the whole format of her life at that time, and it was perfectly natural to choose to marry him, with the expectation that life would go on as she and John had both known it and liked it in other homes, comfortable, sensible, ambitious of practical things, real, as their kind would call it. It seemed an impossible thing for her not to marry John.

In the first years of their marriage she was proud of coming quickly to understand John's business. She was proud of her management and her well-timed economies, proud that John could talk affairs over with her with satisfaction, that she was beginning to take the place her mother and other successful women had taken in practical life. But after two or three years had passed, the space taken by practical things in her life began to shrink; her familiarity with them detracted from their interest and allowed her to dispose of them more readily. She began to feel a restlessness which called for new interests.

At the same time John's affairs were not prospering. Difficulties he could not manage hampered him. All Rachel's advice and economies were of little help among the inevitable conditions of the time. She was becoming tired of the continual effort to acquire, and impatient of the atmosphere of practical things. But she made a show of readiness when she suggested that they give up the cheerful modern home they had fitted about themselves, with the conventions of comfort and the furnishings and decorations to which they had been adapted.

It was just at this time that Richard Hughes left them his home and the little money he owned. Nothing could have been more opportune for them. Whatever other feelings John may have had were absorbed in sheer relief at the assistance the bequest brought him. The money, with that from the sale of their own house, tided him over his difficulties and even helped to develop

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his business further. Rachel concealed her reluctance at moving into the out-of-date old house with its antiquated furnishings, and made a show of welcoming their fortune as a good partner should.

She could hardly tell when her consciousness of the house began to have its influence upon her. From the first, John, absorbed in business, left all practical things to her, feeling that the house was more hers than his anyway. She, in a mood of vague compunction and desire to compensate for she hardly knew what, made it a point of honor to dispose of all their own furniture, chosen with such satisfaction and complacency, and settled among the dull tones and quiet spaces of the old house.

'Gay old place, is n't it?' said John, walking through the house after they were established. Rachel assented with a cheerful smile. 'Oh, well,' he went on, settling down with his trade-journals, which looked baldly out of place in the dim library, 'we can stand it for a while. Some time we can have what we want again.'

It was months before he recurred to the subject directly. Then, one Sunday, he looked about him as he sat stretched in an old easy-chair, and said abruptly, 'We are getting pretty well settled down here. I did n't think the old place would be so comfortable.'

'It is more than comfortable,' said Rachel quietly.

'I wonder why Richard ever left it to us. Have you ever figured it out?'

'Oh, he had no nearer relatives that he knew.' Rachel tried to speak in a matter-of-fact way, but instead she hesitated and flushed a little.

John looked at her closely. 'Do you know any other reason?' he asked curiously.

Rachel hesitated again. Mere reticence on past affairs was one thing; positively keeping a secret from her husband was another. 'Richard wanted to marry me once,' she said. 'But I don't think that had anything to do with it,' she added hastily.

'When was that?'

'Oh — before I was engaged to you,' said Rachel, and smiled at him.

John said nothing more, but sat tapping his knee with his folded newspaper, as was his habit when in thought. Presently he rose and strolled away.

Rachel could not help resenting his silence, which left her in discomfort. When so much had been said he should have said more, if only to put her at her ease. For days afterward she expected him to return to the subject, and when he did not do so, she continued to resent the implication he seemed to be making.

At this time the house itself had already begun to have its effect upon her. Rachel could hardly tell when she stopped looking wistfully at the sectional bookcases and mission furniture of her acquaintances. But soon after she moved into it, the house had ceased to be to her merely a house. With her conventionally modern notions of beauty in furnishings, she had first been surprised to find how at rest and how satisfied she was in this house, which had met in a generous way the needs and tastes of another generation, but met few of those to which she had been trained. She had not known that it was in her to find a charm in such a house. But from the time when she first became aware of a positive quality in the place, she became more and more awake to its existence; she wondered at it, but it held her attention constantly more firmly.

At last she found that behind the entity of the house lay that which had made it — the personality of the generations gone and especially of its last owner. The quality of the whole place, with its solidity of walls and generosity

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of room, along with its plain sincerity in every detail, seemed to indicate praiseworthiness, not only in the first builder but in all later possessors. It became a meritorious thing to have and to keep a house like this. She remembered something of the sacrifices that Richard Hughes had made to retain it, and warmed with pride of him at the recollection.

The whole place reflected him and the people who had made him. Gradually Rachel grew in pride of the house and of her heritage. As she lived there month by month she found herself enveloped in its atmosphere and growing toward its proportions. At first she entered the library with timidity and an uncomfortable strangeness. Even one who had only very superficial intellectual tastes must have felt a sort of awe before its accumulation of books and their accompaniments. When Rachel and John had first begun to make a home, they had placed the making of a library among their ambitions for it, and had taken pleasure in adding a few gayly bound novels each year to the small united collection with which they had begun. They had enjoyed seeing their few shelves grow, and knowing that they had so many of the popular books of which their friends talked. When they came to the Hughes home, Rachel had crowded their parti-colored collection into the shelves of the library there, weeding out others to make room for their own.

But on a later day, as she reëntered the room, she felt a shock at the incongruity presented and, to John's puzzlement, gathered their own books into a corner by themselves, where a curtain safely hid them. Their garish triviality had no place among these mellowed, long-tried volumes. John, however, had looked the old volumes over and pronounced them a dry lot — give him something fresher.

But Rachel perceived that there had been something in the choosing of these books which she had never really known. To her, books had been an accessory, an incidental thing, hypothetically an enrichment of life, but not an essential. She had thought of intellectual exercise as an intermittent thing, to be taken up or laid down as suited the mood of the time. But here was a people who chose books not merely as a desirable possession, an ornamental furnishing, but as an unquestioned necessity.

Gradually, as she continued to handle and to know their books, she evoked for herself the earlier presences of the house, most of all Richard Hughes. In the long hours which she now spent alone about the house, she found herself living more constantly in a companionship with those minds. They were not only an atmosphere, but sometimes almost a positive presence. It entertained her to go over the books one by one, sometimes, deciding who had chosen this one and that one, and for what reason, and picturing the occasion of its coming to his hand. As her knowledge of the library grew, she took more and more pleasure in this, tracing the taste of one owner or another in the recurrence of a subject or in successive accretions. She, as she learned, glowed over her collection of first editions of modern works, since they had been chosen, not as first editions, but, in their own time, as works for which an appreciative hand was eagerly waiting.

And since Richard Hughes was the only one of her predecessors in the library whom she had known, she found herself embodying all the others in him. She knew him now better than she had ever known him. She could detect his additions to the treasures of the house, and, as her own knowledge increased, could trace his using of the resources which had been handed down

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to him. She began to take pleasure in following what she thought had been his path in taste and knowledge, gradually matching her mind to his own.

Her pride in the room went through successive stages. In her first days of satisfaction in mere proprietorship of so respectable and worthy a possession, she took pleasure in unostentatious exhibition of it. She liked to take guests there, in a natural sort of way, and to be found sitting there, by unexpected callers. She liked the eminently admirable background of the rows of books, for social episodes. But as her knowledge of the library grew, that stage passed. As she went from familiarity to intimacy, she began to desire that it should be an exclusive intimacy. She no longer took callers to the room, and when familiar acquaintances found their way there, she was uneasy at their handling of the books and impatient of their discussion of them. She now seldom spontaneously took strangers there. In time she had come to group John with all the others. The only companionship she desired in the library was an imagined one.

John's attitude had more and more set her apart in this companionship. His dislike for the house had grown steadily more obvious as the months and years passed. It showed itself in a lack of home-pride, in open contempt for the old-fashioned elements of the place, in reluctance to make even necessary expenditure upon it.

But Rachel herself had hardly guessed the strength of his feeling until one day when she discovered among Richard Hughes's papers what seemed to be a memorandum for a codicil to his will, which would make a gift of a thousand dollars to the little public library of the town.

She took the note directly to John. 'I think we ought to do this,' she said.

John looked at the paper and laid it down. 'I don't see that we are obliged to,' he answered shortly.

'It is what he intended to do — and we got the money,' she said, with too patient a manner, as if explaining the moral point to him. 'We should give it in his name.'

'It is enough to have to live in Richard Hughes's house. I don't care to set up a memorial for him besides.'

'But John,' she urged herself to argue, 'is it honest?'

'There is more than one kind of honesty,' said John shortly, in a tone which checked further answer. 'I can't afford it,' he added after a moment, as the final word.

She left him in an anger which it seemed to her she would feel all her life. But gradually it became less an active feeling than a part of all her unformulated opinion of him. He had not followed her a single step in the development which had resulted from her awakening to the spirit of the house. In time he came to ignore the library altogether as part of the house, and by degrees fitted up an incongruous little lounging-place upstairs. Rachel came to regard his whole attitude toward the place and the man who had owned it as belonging to his mental and æsthetic plane; his jealous ingratitude seemed not a separate feeling, but only an element in his character.

Richard Hughes, she now understood very well, had known her very little, and had loved only her prettiness and light girlishness, charms which were different from anything in his own life. The recollection of that episode did not flatter her now, or even afford her any special gratification. But she loved to live side by side with the embodiment she had recreated for herself, and was proud to feel her spirit matching its spirit. She sometimes felt, with her growing imagination, that she was living in the house, not with John, but

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with these presences of the past — most of all with Richard Hughes.

But in the mean time the matter of the bequest assumed for her constantly greater proportions. After some time had passed she ventured to mention it again. He answered as before, 'I can't afford it!' She knew that he could afford it. About the same time he bought a strip of ground lying beside them and began his garden. Rachel suggested that he take a piece of their own grounds, but he bluntly rejected the proposal. A growing taciturnity marked his manner, and often a willful crudeness of phrase and speech, which annoyed her almost to the point of reproof. So far as was possible, however, she kept the recognition of all this far in the background of her thought and forebore any conscious criticism of him, even to herself. But her warmest feeling for him was tinged with pity.

Yesterday he had been taken. This accident, sudden as a lightning-flash and more unforeseen, had ended the relation between them — though not the puzzle. Rachel had never been one to revise her opinion of a man because he was dead. Her tears had fallen now, but she had no compunctious self-deception, and her long-framed feelings were only complicated, not really altered. She saw as clearly as ever the incongruity of her husband's presence in this room where Richard Hughes had had his life, and where she now had her own.

All waited for the coming of John's brother, David Marquis. David was an elder brother, retired from business on some pretext or other, now loitering his way profitably and pleasantly through the later half of his life. It had been his custom to visit them frequently, spending weeks at a time idling about the house, quiet, keen of look, ready to talk with interest on any general topic, but incommunicative of opinion on any personal matter. Rachel had always felt, as she saw his observant eye first upon John and then upon her, that he saw the difference between them and sympathized with her. For this reason, although she had never criticized John to him, she had sometimes spoken freely of herself and of her own tastes and wishes; and he had listened, quietly as ever, but responsively.

She had a sort of feeling now that she would find her poise through him when he came. A sympathetic eye would help her to adjust the degree of her grief to the limits of her previous feeling.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived. The pretext of dinner in the house was over, and even the neighborly and professional attentions of the day were withdrawn. Rachel descended from her room in the quiet house at the sound of his entrance, and met gratefully the brotherly kindliness of his manner. They sat a few minutes in the hall, in question and answer of his journey and of the accident and all the circumstantial things which cluster about death itself. Rachel answered freely and fully, discovering a relief in breaking the instinctive repression of the day, and finding the sort of rest she had hoped for from his presence. David listened to her quietly, as he had always done, with his ready eye upon her.

At last he rose, turning away from her with a comprehensive look about him.

'Where is he?' he asked abruptly.

'In the library,' said Rachel, with a movement to lead the way for him.

'In there?' exclaimed David, with the emphasis of surprise. Then he closed his lips again and followed her, without meeting her questioning look.

But inside the door he paused again. Rachel had, constrained by long habit,

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looked first at the room, as she entered, and then at the casket, as a separate thing. The room had so long served to give her poise that she felt a sort of appeal to it even now. David's eyes rested first on the casket and then swept the room in a disapproving look.

'Why is he here?' he asked, with a curtness in his easy voice which Rachel had never heard from him before.

'Why —' she began hesitatingly, and then added vaguely, 'It seemed best.'

'Best for him?' responded David with the same shortness. Then he turned and drooped his head slowly over the figure in the coffin, and Rachel slipped away. David's manner seemed to put her entirely outside of the occasion.

Later he joined her where she waited in the dim parlor. The still chilliness of the room was stiffening and depressing, but she had not made a fire because its open cheerfulness would not have seemed appropriate. David walked up and down the long room a few minutes in a silence which Rachel, not knowing his mood, did not break.

Then he said, as abruptly as before, 'Can you have him moved in the morning?'

'Moved? — Where?' Rachel had not supposed that her brother-in-law would have the same feeling of incongruity that she had.

'Anywhere but there. Here — I don't know — there is no place in the house that seems to belong to him. The hall might do — at least he went through there every day,' he finished with an irony none too subtle.

He began to walk up and down the length of the room, alternately facing her with a challenging air, and turning abruptly away again when he had neared her seat. But Rachel, absorbed still in her mood, was unappreciative of his manner.

'John never fitted into the house very well, anywhere,' she said, with reserved regret.

'Fitted into it!' exclaimed David, as he turned toward her at the end of the room. 'My — Did the house ever fit into him? It is the business of a house to suit the people that live in it,' he flung over his shoulder as he wheeled away again.

Rachel was silent, puzzled at this surprising change of manner in David, and not knowing how much of his emotion was merely the impatience of grief.

'Is there a corner of the house where it is appropriate for him to lie now, except that little cubby-hole of his upstairs?' demanded David, continuing, but as one who knows that an answer is impossible.

He suddenly abandoned his walk and came over and sat down opposite her, in front of the empty fire-place. He sat silent a moment, his gray figure drooping in a big chair. Rachel, looking carefully at him for the first time, noted with a kind of surprise the mark of brokenness and relaxation upon him, of submission to tremendous grief. It had not occurred to her that John could be mourned in that way. After a moment he said quietly, 'This house has never been a home for John.'

'I was always hoping,' said Rachel, as if this subject were one which they had discussed before and agreed upon, 'that he would feel more at home here in time.'

'What would have been necessary to bring that about?' asked David quietly.

'Well,' said Rachel, with reluctance in criticism even greater than usual, 'he would have had to change in many ways.'

'In what ways?' persisted David.

Rachel hesitated again. The thing, when baldly said, seemed so much

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harsher than when it was merely held in thought.

'John's taste was different from that of the people who made the house,' she said.

'Yes, I know. These pictures, and the old books in the library, and so on. Is that what you mean?'

'Well, the insides of the books, and other pictures which we don't have — and so on,' she finished indefinitely.

'Yes. You thought John was crude and rather coarse in feeling.'

'Oh, no — not that indeed!'

'You would n't call it just that, of course. But the difference between you was the same, whether it put you up high or him down low. Is n't that so? You were sorry for yourself because John was not on your level?'

'Yes,' admitted Rachel, reluctantly voicing the word.

'Were you ever sorry enough for John because you were not on his level? — There are different kinds of lonesomeness,' he added after a pause. 'I never saw a worse case than John's.'

Rachel sat upright, looking at him in a sort of amazement, as much at himself as at the idea. She had never dreamed that behind his apparently sympathetic observation of her lay any condemnation of her attitude.

He met her look with one as direct, and asked, in a way which made the question a sort of arraignment, 'Did it ever occur to you what a tragedy John's life was?'

Rachel merely shook her head slowly as she tried to connect, in an impersonal sort of way, the notion of tragedy with John — John the successful, the obstinate, the simple in desire, the objective. There had been no real disappointment in all his life. She looked back half-indignantly at David, rejecting the suggestion.

David rose and took a turn up and down the parlor again, pausing in the shadows at the farther end of the room. Then he came back to his seat and faced her determinedly.

'What *I* had always hoped was that you would come to understand John without any outside interference. I came back over and over to see, but I always kept from putting in.' He paused again. 'I would n't say anything now, only your tone, your "Poor John" way — shows you're just the same as ever. I won't have him buried without your knowing something more about him — if I can show you,' he added more gently.

'Please tell me,' said Rachel quietly. Her mind was still half as much on David as on what he was going to say.

'There is nothing to tell that you should not have seen for yourself. You were his wife and you lived with him. From the time you came to this house one side of John's life ended. In a way he had no home and no — wife. A man wants a companion.'

Rachel almost spoke, in startled contradiction. It was she who had been uncompanioned.

'You were proud, I know, of never finding fault with John. Don't you know that he would have been glad if you had openly found fault with him? As it was, it seemed as if you thought him hopeless. When he said things about the house or anything in it, he really wanted you to contradict him and argue with him, and give him a way to come to the same place where you were — don't you see?'

'Did he tell you?'

'No. But of course I used to sit round with him a good deal. And I had always been used to understanding him,' he added, with a drop in his voice. 'John had a lot of imagination,' he went on.

Rachel looked up in real surprise.

'I could see every year how the house was getting more on his nerves. Some-

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times when he was feeling it more than usual he would say little things that I understood. For him it was like living with some one who did n't want him round. But he might have liked it.'

'You don't understand,' said Rachel, as if pricked into coming to her own defense. 'John did n't like the way the house came to us in the first place. You did n't know —'

'Yes, I did,' he responded as she hesitated, 'I found out.'

'And yet,' she went on, 'we used the house and the money —'

'You have n't known much about the business for several years, have you? Of course you do know that the house has been in your name from the beginning, almost. But you don't know that the few thousands Richard Hughes left have been invested for you ever since two years after he died. It crippled John for a while after he took it out of the business. But he always took good care of that money — it amounts to quite a little now.'

'John did n't like it because Richard —' Rachel hesitated again.

'You thought he was jealous. He did that after one day when you weeded out a lot of his books and put them away in some corner. And it was after he had those New York electric men here that evening and you seemed not to want to have them in the library, that he bought that corner of ground over there and made his garden. Don't you understand?'

Rachel dropped her face upon her hands, partly for relief from David's serious face, which forebore to rebuke her and yet of necessity did so, partly to close herself in with her own bewilderment. To reconstruct John's life meant to take a new view of her own also.

David leaned suddenly toward her. 'If John had been jealous, would n't he have had reason, Rachel? I know you were n't — untrue to him. But still —' He left the formulation of the thought with her.

'I have n't judged you harshly, Rachel,' he went on in a moment, 'but it is not right that a man's brother should know him better than his wife does. I had to make you know, even at the last.'

Then, as if he were compelled to say the final hard thing, he added, 'Was n't there something you had already thought you should do when everything was in your hands?'

Rachel, startled and flushing, faced him again, in involuntary confession. 'I had always thought it would be right to carry out a plan of Richard Hughes's.'

'Yes, I know. I am sure that was only a momentary notion of his. He had a great habit of making notes of things. His will was made only a few days before he died, and that idea was probably earlier. I was an executor, you remember. But anyway, several years ago John made a large gift to the library of Richard's college, in Richard's name. He took no chances on being unfair. He should have told you,' he added, 'but John had a hard sort of pride to manage, and I suppose he never did.'

'No,' said Rachel, 'he never did.'

She rose, with a sudden dropping of her hands at her sides, as if relinquishing something they had held, and moved vaguely toward the door.

'Don't you think,' pursued David, 'that he might be brought in here — or somewhere?'

Rachel hesitated, her hand faltering on the door-frame. 'No,' she said at last, 'let him stay there now.' And she herself went out through the dim chill hall. She lingered a moment at the closed library door, and then went slowly on up to her own empty room.

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THE WILD MOTHER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I HEAR the bawling of my neighbor's cow. Her calf was carried off yesterday, and since then, during the long night, and all day long, her insistent woe has made our hillside melancholy. But I shall not hear her to-night, not from this distance. She will lie down to-night with the others of the herd, and munch her cud. Yet, when the rattling stanchions grow quiet and sleep steals along the stalls, she will turn her ears at every small stirring; she will raise her head to listen and utter a low tender *moo*. Her full udder hurts; but her cud is sweet. She is only a cow.

Had she been a wild cow, or had she been out with her calf in a wild pasture, the mother in her had lived for six months. Here in the stable it will be forced to forget in a few hours, and by morning will have died.

There is a mother-principle alive in all nature which never dies. This is different from the mother-instinct, the mother-passion. The oak and the amœba respond to the mother-principle. It is a law of life; it is one of the constants of being. The mother-instinct or passion, on the other hand, occurs only among the higher animals; occurs not sporadically quite, for it is common enough; yet while generally found, and while one of the strongest, most interesting, most beautiful of animal traits, it is at the same time the most individual and the least constant.

This cow of my neighbor's that I hear lowing (the 'Big Blue' cow of the herd) is an entirely gentle creature ordinarily, but with a calf at her side she will pitch at any one who approaches her. And there is no other cow of the herd that mourns so long when her calf is taken away. The mother in her is stronger, more enduring, than in any of the other nineteen in the barn. In my own cow it is hardly more than blind principle, hardly advanced beyond the oak tree's feeling for its acorns, or the amœba's for its divided self.

Out of the mother-principle there develops, far down the animal scale, the sexless, neuter, motherless-mother, — the parent. It is out of this mere parent, as we ascend the scale, that we find the mother growing.

The female crab, attaching her eggs to her swimmerets, carries them about with her for their protection as the most devoted of mothers; yet she has no more concern for them, is no more conscious of them, feels no more for them, than the fruiting frond of a cinnamon fern feels for its spores. Here in the crab is the form, but not the substance, of the mother.

In the spider, however, just one remove up the scale from the crab, you find the mother-passion. Crossing a field the other day, I came upon a large female spider of the hunter family, carrying a round white sack of eggs, half the size of a cherry, attached to her spinnerets. Plucking a long stem of herd's grass, I detached the sack of eggs without bruising it. Instantly the spider turned and sprang at the grass-stem, fighting and biting until she got to the sack, which she seized in her strong jaws and made off with

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as fast as her rapid legs would carry her.

I laid the stem across her back and again took the sack away. She came on for it again, fighting more fiercely than before. Once more she seized it; once more I forced it from her jaws, while she sprang and bit at the grass-stem to annihilate it. The fight must have been on for two minutes when, by a regrettable move on my part, one of her legs was injured. She did not falter in her fight. On she rushed for the sack as fast as I pulled it away. The mother in her was rampant. She would have fought for that sack, I believe, until she had not one of her eight legs to stand on, had I been cruel enough to compel her. It did not come to this, for suddenly the sack burst, and out poured a myriad of tiny brown spiderlings. Before I could think, that mother had rushed among them and caused them to swarm upon her, covering her, many deep, even to the outer joints of her long legs, — so deep that I could not now have touched her with a needle except at the risk of crushing the young. I stood by and watched her slowly move off with her encrusting family to a place of safety.

I had seen these spiders try hard to escape with their egg-sacks before, but had never tested the strength of their purpose. I was interested to know how common this mother-instinct might be in them, and for a time made a point of taking the sacks away from every one I found. There was great difference of nature shown among them, the majority scurrying off with no other purpose than their own safety; one of them dropping the sack of its own accord; some of them showing a decided reluctance to leave it; a few of them a disposition to fight; but none of them the fierce consuming fire of the one that lost her leg.

It seems scarcely possible that in the same family and among the same species so great variation of instinct should exist; and no less remarkable that in so humble a form as the spider should be found, even occasionally, the fully developed mother, as against the mere parent, especially when among the fishes, higher forms and far removed from these invertebrate arachnids, we find the part of the mother (not the function of maternity) being largely assumed by the males.

It is the male stickleback that builds the nest; then goes out and *drives* the female in to lay her eggs; then straightway drives her out to prevent her eating them; then puts himself on guard to protect them from their other enemies, until the young shall hatch and be able to swim away by themselves.

It is the male toadfish (Batrachus Tau) that crawls into the nest hole and takes charge of the numerous family. He may dig the hole, too, as the male stickleback builds the nest. I do not know as to that. But I do know that I once raised a stone in the edge of the tide along the shore of Naushon Island in Buzzards Bay, to find its under surface covered with round, drop-like, amber eggs, and in the shallow cavity beneath, an old male toadfish, slimy and croaking, and with a countenance ugly enough to tie a prowling egg-eating eel into a hard knot. I have done this a score of times. The female deposits the eggs, glues them fast with much nicety to the under surface of the rock, as a female might, and finishes her work. Departing at once, she leaves the coming brood to the care of the male, who, from this time, without relief or even food in all probability, assumes the rôle and all the responsibilities of mother.

Something like this is true of the common hornpout or catfish, I believe, though I have never seen it recorded, and lack the chance at present of prov-

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ing my earlier observations. I think it is father catfish who takes charge of the brood, of the swarm, of kitten catfish, from the time the spawn is laid.

Instead of digging a hole under a stone after the fashion of the toadfish, or scooping out a shallow nest in the marginal sand of the pond, as does the sunfish, the 'catty' or hornpout seeks out an abandoned muskrat burrow that runs into the bank from the edge of the water, and here deposits her eggs. As a boy I never questioned but that it was the mother fish on guard. I believe now, however, that it is the father fish in charge. I am hoping to get down to Lupton's Pond this spring to make sure of the matter; for all around the shores of that pond, in every muskrat hole and runway, I can scare out an old catfish by stamping hard on the tussocks or roots above the holes. Out he will come with a flop, and with a dart will make for the bottom of the pond; and out with him will spread the family of little catfish in a fine black cloud.

The old fish disappears almost at once, but in a moment you can see him coming back to the scattered family, to the little black things that look like small tadpoles, who soon cluster about him, as bees about their queen, and wiggle away with him into the deep dark waters of the pond.

We find the undeveloped mother in groups still higher up the scale — among the toads and reptiles, and even among the birds and mammals; but the higher we ascend the more pronounced and constant becomes the mother-passion in the female, and the more variable, weak, and intermittent its manifestation among the males.

A curious sharing of mother qualities by male and female is shown in the Surinam toads of South America, where the male, taking the newly deposited eggs, places them with his own hands upon the back of the female. Here, glued fast by their adhesive jelly, they are soon surrounded by fresh-formed cells, each cell capped by a lid. In these cells the eggs hatch and the young go through their metamorphoses, apparently absorbing some nourishment through the skin of their mother, until they break through the lids of their cells finally and hop away. They might as well be toadstools on a dead stump, so far as motherly care or concern goes, for aside from allowing the male to spread the eggs upon her back, she is no more a mother to them than the dead stump is to the toadstools. She is host only to the little parasites.

I do not know of a single mother among our reptiles, or a single father-mother. The mother-passion, so far as my observation goes, plays no part whatever in reptilian life. Whereas, passing on to the birds, the next order in the line, the mother-passion becomes, by all odds, the most interesting item, the most determining single factor in bird life. More than the song or the color or the courting of the male is the mother-love of the female in every ornithologist's records.

This is strikingly true also of the mammals. It is as if the watcher in the woods went out to see the mother animal only. It is her going and coming that he follows; her faring, foraging, and watch-care that let him deepest into the secrets of wild animal life.

On one of the large estates here in Hingham, a few weeks ago, a fox was found to be destroying poultry. The time of the raids, and their boldness, were proof enough that the fox must be a female with young. Poisoned meat was prepared for her, and at once the raids ceased. A few days later one of the workmen of the estate came upon the den of a fox, at the mouth of which lay dead a whole litter of young ones. They had been poisoned. The mother had not eaten the doctored food herself,

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but had carried it home to her family. They must have died in the burrow, for it was evident from the signs that she had dragged them out into the fresh air, to revive them, and deposited them gently on the sand by the hole. Then in her perplexity she had brought various tidbits of mouse and bird and rabbit and placed at their noses to tempt them to wake up out of their strange sleep and eat as hungry children ought to eat. Who knows how long she watched beside the still forms, and what her emotions were? She must have left the neighborhood soon after, however, for no one has seen her since about the estate.

I have elsewhere told of the cat, Calico, and her strange family; the thwarted cat-mother making good the loss of her kittens by adopting a nest of young gray squirrels. A similar story comes to me from a reader in NewYork State. I will quote my correspondent's letter verbatim, not because there is an item in her account, remarkable as it is, that the most careful and experienced of observers would find hard to credit, but because it reads so much like a page out of the *Natural History of Selborne*.

She writes: —

'Our Tootsy became a mother of several little kittens; as she was not in the best of health we thought best not to let her raise any of them. For a day or two she mourned for her little ones. As she was the pet of the family, we consoled her as best we could. This day I had her out on the lawn. I looked down to the bridge, saw a little squirrel up on one of the bridge-posts. I picked Tootsy up and let her climb the post and catch the squirrel, thinking it would take her mind off from her grief for a while.

'She brought it up on the lawn, and in place of playing with it and finally eating it, as is the nature of cats, she wanted to *mother* it. We then left her, and soon we discovered she had taken it upstairs in mother's bed and hid it. She staid with it all night, and we see the little squirrel could take nourishment.

'The next day she found two more squirrels and brought them home, so we had a family of three. She brought them up until they were able to eat, meanwhile giving loads of pleasure; when they became so large and frisky we could do nothing with them, they would get into everything. We kept one, which disappeared shortly after. We think it had gotten with other squirrels, for sometimes when it did get out on the trees the cat would sit under the tree for hours at a time coaxing it back.'

I have known a hen, too, deprived of her chickens, to adopt a litter of tiny kittens, brooding them and guarding them as her own.

The birds are structurally lower than the most primitive of the mammals; they are close kin to the cold-hearted reptiles, yet it is the bird, the *mother* bird, rather, that has touched our imaginations as perhaps the most nearly human of all wild things.

'*O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.*'

And an earlier Hebrew prophet, likening God's harsh providences to the rending of a lion, hastened on with the assurance that in his heart God hovers over Jerusalem as little mother birds hover over their nests.

> Hovering He will deliver it,
> And passing back and forth
> He will preserve it.[1]

The bird-mother is the bravest, tenderest, most solicitous, most appealing

[1] Author's translation from the Hebrew, Isa., chap. 31.

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thing one ever comes upon in the fields; the problem of her presence or absence, the degree or intensity of her being, and her behavior under stress, add more than anything else to the interest and charm of bird-study. It is the rare exception, but we sometimes find the mother-instinct wholly lacking among the birds, as in the case of our notorious cowbird, who sneaks around, watching her chance when some smaller bird is gone, to drop her egg into its nest. The egg must be laid, the burden of the race has been put upon the cowbird, but not the precious burden of the child. Hers are only the functions of maternity. She is not a mother. She is body only, not a soul.

The same is true of the European cuckoo, but not quite true of our American cuckoo, in spite of popular belief. For our birds (both species) build rude, elementary nests as a rule, and brood their eggs. Occasionally they may steal a robin's or a catbird's nest, may even destroy the owner's eggs (though never to my knowledge), in order to save labor — the unimaginative labor of laying one stick across another when one does not know how. But here is a plain case of knowledge waiting on desire. So undeveloped is the mother in the cuckoo that if you touch her eggs she will leave them — abandon her rude nest and eggs, as if any excuse were excuse enough for an escape from the cares of motherhood. How should a bird with so little mother-love ever learn to build a firm-walled, safe, and love-lined nest?

The great California condor, according to the records of the only one ever studied, is a most faithful and anxious mother, the dumb affection of both parents indeed, for their single offspring, being at times pathetically human. On the other hand, the mother in our Eastern turkey-buzzard is so evenly balanced against the vulture in her that I have known a brooding bird to be entirely undone by the sudden approach of a man and to rise from off her eggs and devour them instantly, greedily, and then make off on her serenely soaring wings into the clouds.

Such bird-mothers, however, are not the rule. The buzzard, the cuckoo, and the cowbird are striking exceptions. The flicker will keep on laying eggs as fast as you take them from the nest hole, until she has no more eggs to lay. The quail, like the cuckoo, will sometimes desert her nest if even an egg is so much as touched, but only because she knows that her nest has been discovered and must be started anew, in some more hidden place, for safety. She is a wise and devoted mother, keeping her brood with her as a 'covey' all winter long.

One of the most interesting instances of variation of the mother-instinct in the same species of birds, which has ever come under my observation, occurred in the summer of 1912 in the rookeries of the Three-Arch Rocks Reservation off the coast of Oregon.

We had gone out to the Reservation in order to study and photograph its wild life, and were making our slow way toward the top of the outer rock. Up the sheer south face of the cliff we had climbed, through rookery after rookery of nesting birds, until we reached the edge of the blade-like back, or top, that ran up to the peak. Scrambling over this edge we found ourselves in the midst of a great colony of nesting murres — hundreds of them — covering the steep rocky part of the top.

As our heads appeared above the rim, many of the colony took wing and whirred over us out to sea, but most of them sat close, each bird upon her egg or over her chick, loath to leave, and so expose to us her hidden treasure.

The top of the rock was somewhat cone-shaped, and in order to reach the

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peak, and the colonies on the west side, we had to make our way through this rookery of the murres. The first step among them, and the whole colony was gone, with a rush of wings and feet that sent several of the top-shaped eggs rolling, and several of the young birds toppling, over the cliff to the pounding waves and ledges far below.

We stopped instantly. We had not come to frighten and kill. Our climb up had been very disturbing to the birds, and had been attended with some loss of both eggs and young. This we could not help; and we had been too much concerned for our own lives really to notice what was happening. But here on the top, with the climb beneath us, the sight of a young murre going over the rim, clawing and clinging with beak and nails and unfledged wings, down from jutting point to shelf, to ledge, down, down — the sight of it made one dizzy and sick.

We stopped, but the colony had bolted, leaving scores of eggs and scores of downy young squealing and running together for shelter, like so many beetles under a lifted board.

But the birds had not every one bolted, for here sat two of the colony among the broken rocks. These two had not been frightened off. That both of them were greatly alarmed, any one could see from their open beaks, their rolling eyes, their tense bodies on tiptoe for flight. Yet here they sat, their wings out like props, or more like gripping hands, as if they were trying to hold themselves down to the rocks against their wild desire to fly.

And so they were in truth, for under their extended wings I saw little black feet moving. Those two mother murres were not going to forsake their babies — no, not even for fear of these approaching monsters, which had never been seen clambering over their rocks before!

One of the monsters stood stock still a moment for the other one, the photographer, to come up. Then both of them took a step nearer. It was very interesting. I had often come slowly up to quails on their nests, and to other birds. Once I crept upon a killdeer in a bare field until my fingers were almost touching her. She did not move because she thought I did *not* see her, it being her trick thus to hide within her own feathers, colored as they are to blend with the pebbly fields where she lays her eggs. So the brown quail also blends with its brown grass nest. But those murres, though colored in harmony with the rocks, were still, not because they hoped I did not see them. I did see them. They knew it. Every bird in the great colony had known it, and had gone — with the exception of these two.

What was different about these two? They had their young ones to protect. But so had every bird in the great colony its young one, or its egg, to protect; yet all the others had gone. Did these two have more love than the others, and with it, or because of it, more courage, more intelligence?

We took another step towards them, and one of the two birds sprang into the air, knocking her baby over and over with the stroke of her wing, coming within an inch of hurling it across the rim to be battered on the ledges below. The other bird raised her wings to follow, then clapped them back over her baby. Fear is the most contagious thing in the world; and that flap of fear by the other bird thrilled her, too, but as she had withstood the stampede of the colony, so she caught herself again and held on.

She was now alone on the bare top of the rock, with ten thousand circling birds screaming to her in the air above, and with two men creeping up to her with a big black camera which clicked

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ominously. She let the multitude scream, and with threatening beak watched the two men come on. A motherless baby spying her, ran down the rock squealing for his life. She spread her wing, put her bill behind him and shoved him quickly in out of sight with her own baby. The man with the camera saw the act, for I heard his machine click, and I heard him say something under his breath that you would hardly expect a mere man and a game-warden to say. But most men have a good deal of the mother in them; and the old bird had acted with such decision, such courage, such swift, compelling instinct, that any man, short of the wildest savage, would have felt his heart quicken at the sight.

Just how compelling might that mother-instinct be? I wondered. Just how much would that mother-love stand?

I had dropped to my knees, and on all fours had crept up within about three feet of the bird. She still had a chance for flight. Would she allow us to crawl any nearer? Slowly, very slowly, I stretched forward on my hands, like a measuring worm, until my body lay flat on the rocks, and my fingers were within three inches of her. But her wings were twitching; a wild light danced in her eyes; and her head turned itself toward the sea.

For a whole minute I did not stir. Then the wings again began to tighten about the babies; the wild light in the eyes died down; the long sharp beak turned once more toward me. Then slowly, very slowly, I raised my hand, and gently touched her feathers with the tip of one finger — with two fingers — with my whole hand, while the loud camera click-clacked, click-clacked hardly four feet away!

It was a thrilling moment. I was not killing anything. I had no high-powered rifle in my hands, coming up against the wind toward an unsuspecting creature hundreds of yards away. This was no wounded leopard charging me; no mother bear defending with her giant might a captured cub. It was only a mother bird, the size of a wild duck, with swift wings at her command, hiding under those wings her own and another's young, and her own boundless fear!

For the second time in my life I had taken captive with my bare hands a free wild bird. No, I had not taken her captive. She had made herself a captive; she had taken herself in the strong net of her mother-love.

And now her terror seemed quite gone. At the first touch of my hand she felt, I think, the love restraining it, and without fear or fret allowed me to push my hand under her and pull out the two downy babies. But she reached after them with her bill to tuck them back out of sight, and when I did not let them go, she sidled toward me, quacking softly, — a language that I perfectly understood, and was quick to answer.

I gave them back, fuzzy, and black and white. She got them under her, stood up over them, pushed her wings down hard around them, her stout tail down hard behind them, and together with them pushed in an abandoned egg which was close at hand. Her own baby, some one else's baby, and some one else's forsaken egg! She could cover no more; she had not feathers enough. But she had heart enough; and into her mother's heart she had already tucked every motherless egg and nestling of the thousands of frightened birds that were screaming and wheeling in the air high over her head.

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EUGENICS AND MILITARISM

BY VERNON L. KELLOGG

I

EUGENICS may be understood by us to mean, in general, what Francis Galton meant it to be when he defined it as 'the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally.' In particular it means taking advantage of the facts of heredity to make the human race better, or to make a better human tribe or people. It means good breeding of the human species.

Militarism may be understood to mean war and the preparedness for war. The maintenance of standing armies and manned navies, the constant recruiting of young men by voluntary enlistment or by conscription, and the mustering out of time-served older men, are features of militarism no less important, perhaps, in the eugenist's consideration of war, than the sanctioned wholesale, reciprocal murder by which it is more dramatically characterized.

Examples of conditions which the eugenist considers as calling for improvement through better breeding, and whose existence, therefore, is a reason and a stimulus for eugenic study and action, are, to name but two or three, the following: —

Twelve out of one hundred children born in England die before reaching one year of age. These deaths, says one of the surgeons in a Liverpool infirmary for children, 'can scarcely be regarded as due to perils of infant life as they are due to prenatal influences.' It is exactly this peril of parentage that the eugenist recognizes as the greatest peril of them all, to infant life. It is a peril of bad breeding.

The investigations of a dozen competent men, confirming one another, have shown that feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are directly heritable defects, and that they follow, in their order of inheritance, practically the Mendelian formula. That is, the fate of the children of feeble-minded and epileptic parents can be foretold with confidence. Feeble-mindedness is not sporadic, spontaneous, or environmental in origin. It is a heritable characteristic of certain stocks or family strains. The eugenist sees in these facts a plain suggestion for action that will benefit racially the human species.

Karl Pearson and his assistants have proved that one fourth of the British married population is producing one half of the next generation. And that this one fourth — which is really only one sixth of the whole adult population — is a part of the population least able to give its offspring the care and general environment necessary to the best human nurture. Also, that in it there exists a larger proportion of members possessing heritable defects than among the rest of the population. The birth-rate is not merely decreasing, but it is decreasing selectively. The production of English children is becoming a process of increasing one type of the English population at the expense of other types. The eugenist,

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concerning himself with this matter, would attempt to find out whether this selective propagation within the English people is tending to the advantage or disadvantage of the race; and if to its disadvantage, he would attempt to remedy it by publicity, education, and any other means under social control.

Similarly, any other condition of present human living that seems to have direct relation to human breeding is legitimate subject of the eugenist's scrutiny. Any institution of human life that seems to have direct relation, whether of advantage or disadvantage, to the modification of the race by determining in any way the character of race propagation, invites his attention. Such a human institution, of great age, great development, and great prestige, is war.

II

Stress is put in most writings against war on the imposing figures of the actual human mortality due to it. To attempt to estimate the millions of men who were lost in the Napoleonic wars is to bring one, first, to a shuddering realization of the horror of it all, and, next, to a serious thoughtfulness concerning the possible racial injury worked on the decimated peoples. And this thoughtfulness becomes more serious when one learns that one third of all the lost men came from a single nation, whose total population at the beginning of the wars was but twenty-five millions.

But great mortality in itself is not necessarily a great racial catastrophe. Indeed, it is, in the face of the geometrical progression by which reproduction moves, one of the veritable conditions of advance in animal life. Throughout the kingdom of life, plant as well as animal, the overproduction of individuals and their reduction by death to a fractional part of the original number is one of the basic conditions of progress, if Darwinism is a sound explanation of organic evolution. For this death will be in the nature of things selective, and hence will make for the modification of the species toward a condition of better adaptation to conditions of life. Indeed, the upholders of war have used precisely the argument of war's high mortality as a proof of war's real beneficence to the race. Ammon, for example, consistently develops this thesis, cold-bloodedly, to its logical extreme, and Seeck and numerous others are attracted by it in certain degree.

However, the advantage of mortality depends upon the impartiality of the application of its causes. Submit the whole population to a stress of living that results in a certain mortality, and this selection by death may well be advantageous to the race. It may weed out the weak, the biologically incompetent, the stupid, or the depraved. It may be a purification by fire.

But in the case of the mortality from war it is precisely this testing of the whole population, this randomness of exposure to its causes, that does not obtain. To my mind the immediate and the sufficient answer to the claims of those who see in war a biologically race-purifying agent, is the exposure of the character of the selection which war's mortality and injuries entail. Military selection is as far as possible removed from natural selection. It is peculiarly unnatural.

I believe that it may be shown by two methods that the direct selection of war is not advantageous, but in almost all cases thoroughly disadvantageous to the race. The two methods are: first, the determination of the character of that part of the population especially exposed to the selective mortality of war; and, second, the

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determination of certain actual results of this selection.

As to the first, one learns immediately, when his attention is directed to the way in which armies are made up, that an army is not a cross-section of a population, not a general representative part of it, but a selected part of it. They who point to the advantage of military selection as certain to issue from the selective struggle between the opposing armies and from the selective results of the varying endurance and resistance to exposure, disease and wounds, of the individuals in each army, do not sufficiently consider the fact that the whole of each army consists of a group of individuals not chosen at random from the population and representing both sexes, all ages, and weak and strong alike, and is already, by the very conditions of its organization, a part of the population selected first for sex and then for ripe youth, full stature and strength, and freedom from infirmity and disease. So that practically every individual lost from an army means the loss of a man of better physical condition than that possessed by some other one man left behind in the civil population. For the actual figures of present-day recruitment in the great European states show that of the men gathered by conscription, as in France and Germany, or by voluntary enlistment, as in Great Britain, from 40 to 50 per cent are rejected by the examining boards as unfit for service because of undersize, infirmities, or disease.

For example, in the decade 1893–1902, out of a total of 679,703 men offering themselves for enlistment in England, 34.6 per cent were rejected as unfit for service, 9 per cent were rejected after three months' provisional acceptance, and 2.1 per cent were discharged as invalids within two years, making thus a total of 40 per cent of all those applying that were turned back into the civil population as not physically fit men. In 1911, of the 64,538 men who offered themselves for enlistment in England, Scotland, and Wales, 28,900, or 44.78 per cent, were rejected for physical unfitness by the examining board. More than 63 per cent of all the applications for enlistment from the city of Edinburgh were rejected, and more than 57 per cent of those applying in Leeds. In London 36 per cent were rejected.

And these figures by no means reveal the closeness of this selection, for the requirements of height and chest measurements are so well known that men obviously under size or obviously infirm do not offer themselves, or if they do are at once rejected by the recruiting sergeants, so that they never reach the regular examining boards. Evidence presented to the Inter-Departmental committee on Physical Deterioration in the United Kingdom indicates that out of every one hundred men who offer to enlist in the British army only forty are accepted, sixty being returned to the civil population as physically unfit. And although it may be objected that the flower of the British working classes do not offer themselves for enlistment, yet it is admittedly true that the British army is not composed exclusively, or, indeed, by any means largely, of British riff-raff. While many, perhaps a majority, of the applicants for enlistment are men out of work, a condition of temporary unemployment in Great Britain is by no means a certain indication of incompetency. No observer of present-day industrial conditions in England would claim this for a moment.

At any rate, this possible criticism of the shunning of the army by the better classes of young men can have no bearing in the case of the French and German conditions, where compulsory service obtains. In these countries

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all the young men arriving at military age each year are liable to service, a certain proportion of them being chosen by lot to join the colors. The annual contingents, or 'classes,' are examined, man by man, by carefully chosen boards, to determine the physical fitness or unfitness for military service of all this youth of France and Germany.

As a result of these personal examinations, France has, for nearly one hundred years now, regularly rejected as physically unfit from 30 to 40 per cent of those examined each year. Prussia has rejected, for many years, from 35 to 50 per cent. (This is, of course, I should mention in passing, no basis of comparison between the male youth of France and that of Prussia, for any slight difference in the requirements as to height or bodily condition, or in the rigor of applying the recruiting regulations, would account for the differences in proportion of rejected.)

The point of all this that I have just written seems to me plainly to be that military selection occurs chiefly before the fighting ever begins, and results in the temporary or permanent removal from the general population of a special part of it, and the deliberate exposure of this part to death and disease; disease that may have a repercussive tendency on the welfare of the whole population to a possibly much greater degree than is apparent at first glance. And this part of the people, so removed and injured, is in quite a special way of great importance to the preservation of the racial integrity of the population. For in the first place it is composed exclusively of men, its removal thus tending to disturb the sex-equilibrium of the population, and to prevent normal and advantageous sexual selection. Next, these men are all of them both of the age of greatest life-expectancy after reaching maturity, and of greatest sexual vigor and fecundity. Finally, they are all men, none of whom fall below and most of whom exceed a certain desirable standard of physical vigor and freedom from infirmity and disease. And for each of these men so removed from the general population, at least one other man, falling below this standard, has been retained in the civil population.

The removal is effective even when the individuals are not all killed or injured, for during their time of service all these sturdy young men have no part in the racial propagation. And although after the required years of service they may, if returned alive, take up their part in this eugenic function, much of their value in this function has been lost, not only by inevitable preoccupation of their place for a certain number of years by inferior men, but, as I shall point out later, by a dangerous degeneration of many of them, while in service.

If one is inclined hastily to consider the number of men engaged in military service as so small as to be practically negligible in estimating the influences tending toward racial modification of a population, let him recall the fact that the French and German armies of to-day, on peace footings, number each more than half a million men in actual service. Germany's total by her new law, just going into effect, is more than 800,000. These numbers represent more than one per cent of the whole population of the two countries, and, which is more to the point, more than five per cent of each country's men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. France now takes annually into military service two out of three of all her young men arriving each year at military age. There have been, of course, times in her history when she has had to take all of these

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young men who could possibly carry arms. Napoleon's grim remark apropos of the question of his personal riches, 'J'ai cent mille hommes de rente,' was the truth. And he lived up to his income.

Let him who is inclined to see in the removal of a selected five per cent of the men of reproducing age from a given population, no serious influence on the racial modification of that population, recall the fact of the increase by geometrical progression of the characteristics of any given type in the population; so that if one type starts with ever so slight an advantage in numbers, its preponderance over other types increases very swiftly. For example, Ammon has shown that if, of two types in a population, one has an average birth-rate of 3.3 and the other a birth-rate of but one tenth more, namely, 3.4, the second type will, in only twenty-three and one-half generations, be double the number of the other in the mixed population.

III

We may now ask if there is any direct evidence of the racially disadvantageous working of military selection. Seeck describes the difficulties experienced by the Roman Emperors in refilling their emptied armies with efficient Roman soldiers, because of the actual lack, after a long period of continuous war, of able-bodied citizen youth. Rome, in maintaining an army of about 350,000 men, required an annual recruitment of nearly half that number. The time came, however, when actually not more than 10,000 suitable men of Roman citizenship could be raised each year. Seeck finds the reason for this, not in actual reduction of numbers in the Empire, but in the race-deteriorating results of continued war through the removal from the population by military selection of its best male reproducing element.

Napoleon's difficulties in the later years of the wars of the Empire were the parallel of the earlier Roman conditions. In order to make his conscription net gather its necessary load of doomed men he first had to reduce, in 1799, the minimum height of conscripts fit for service, which had been established by Louis XIV in 1701 at 1624mm, and had remained unchanged for a century, to 1598mm (an inch lower). In 1804 he lowered it two inches further, namely, to 1544mm, a total of three inches below the original standard. It remained at this figure till the Restoration, when (1818) it was raised by one inch and a quarter, that is, to 1570mm. Napoleon had also to reduce the figure of minimum military age.

Guerrini has shown that the mortality of German children between three and five years of age, born in 1870 and 1871, was higher than the corresponding mortality of children born in 1869 and 1872. For Prussia, for example, the numbers per one hundred are: 1869, 31.51; 1870, 33.83; 1871, 35.12; 1872, 32.76.

The mortality tables of France show that there has been a steady decrease since 1800 in the death-rate of children under five years with the exception of one period. In the decade 1815–1824, immediately following the terrible man-draining wars of the Revolution and the Empire the annual death-rate of children under five was higher by one and one half per cent than in the highest other period.

But the most conspicuous and definite example, so far determined, of race-deterioration through rigorous military selection and race-reparation by reason of an amelioration of its rigor, is that of the fluctuation in the height of Frenchmen during the past century.

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Not a few unconsidered and exaggerated statements, as well as a good many hasty or overdriven criticisms, have been made concerning this matter. But if my own statements regarding it seem too swiftly or positively formulated, because offered here without any accompanying critical examination of the data on which the statements are founded, they are, let me say, really based on a rather exhaustive and, I hope, impartial consideration of both data and criticisms. In some future fuller paper, perhaps, I can so expose the matter that each may come to his own conclusions.

The French government has kept, since the beginning of the last century, detailed figures of height and freedom from or presence of infirmities, in the case of all the conscripts examined by its army boards. From these figures (not all published but all available) can be determined the number of men accepted for service and the number of men rejected because of undersize or bodily infirmity, and therefore the varying proportion of physically unfit to physically fit men arriving at the age of twenty in the successive years of the century.

From these figures it may be stated with confidence that the average height of the men of France began notably to decrease with the coming of age, in 1813 and after, of the young men born in the years of the Revolutionary wars (1792–1802), and that it continued to decrease in the following years with the coming of age of the youths born during the wars of the Empire. Soon after the cessation of these terrible man-draining wars, for the maintenance of which a great part of the able-bodied male population of France had been withdrawn from their families and the duties of reproduction, and much of this part actually sacrificed, a new type of boys began to be born. These boys indeed had in them an inheritance of stature that carried them, by the time of their coming of age in the 1830's and 1840's, to a height one inch greater than that of the earlier generations born in war time. The average height of the annual conscription contingents born during the Napoleonic wars was about 1625mm; of those born after the wars it was about 1655mm.

This fluctuation in height of the young men of France produced, as an obvious result, a steady increase, and later decrease, in the numbers of conscripts exempted in successive years from military service because of undersize. Immediately after the Restoration, when the standard of minimum height was raised from 1544mm to 1570mm, certain French departments were quite unable to complete the number of men which they ought to furnish as young soldiers of sufficient height and vigor, according to the proportion of their population.

Running nearly parallel with the fluctuation in number of exemptions for undersize is the fluctuation in number of exemptions for infirmities. These exemptions increased by one third in twenty years. Exemptions for undersize and infirmities together nearly doubled in number. But the lessening again of the figure of exemptions for infirmities was not so easily accomplished as was that of the figure for undersize. The influence of the Napoleonic wars was felt by the nation, and revealed by its recruiting statistics, for a far longer time in its aspect of producing a racial deterioration as to vigor than in its aspect of producing a lessening of stature. And the importance in war, or in anything else, of vigor and capacity over size has been well shown us in late years by the Japanese.

There is probably no other such clear case of a race-deterioration caused by war which can be given such tangible

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quantitative measure, as this French one. And yet the data from Saxony and Prussia, so far as studied, point strongly to a certain degree of positive result, even if one less conspicuous as to quantity and less susceptible of accurate determination. In Italy, Livi has gathered in his monumental *Anthropologia Militare* a host of statistics of Italian conditions, from which can be seen with fair clearness a quantitative race-deterioration in certain critical periods. I say this in the face of Livi's own conclusions which are on the whole opposed to the statement. His attention however is chiefly given to attempts to determine if a race-deteriorating influence of the Italian wars can be demonstrated in comparing certain departments of the country with each other. In this attempt he comes to negative results only.

The evidence regarding the results of the short but severe Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 is going to be, when worked out in detail, of much interest. In France the results seem to be plain as to an increase in the classes of 1891–92 (twenty years later) of exemptions for undersize but not for infirmities. However, the whole subject is very complex. The possible race-modifying results of variations in crop conditions and general prosperity, in industrial changes and in emigration, and so forth, have to be kept ever in the investigator's mind. As also the apparent possibility always of an actual racial advantage from the selective influence of a short swift war which may go no further in its destructiveness than to weed out the weaker from the armies and to return fairly intact the stronger after only a short absence from home.

But with all the difficulties of clearing the statistics from extraneous modifications, there is available in the data of the recruiting records of the European countries actual basis for statistical proof and quantitative measure of the dysgenic or race-deteriorating influence of serious wars. There are tangible illustrations of the logical thesis of the biologist and student of human heredity: which is, simply, that the racial character of the next generation is inevitably influenced by any factor that increases or decreases the part played in race-propagation by any selected type of the population. If the removal of the taller men of the population by military conscription and military death decreases or inhibits their share in race-population, the stature of the next generation will be lessened. If these men are also the physically stronger, the less infirm, the nondefective, the proportion of weaker, infirm and defective in the next generation will be increased. The actual percentage of that increase can be declared wherever there are available sufficient statistics.

IV

But I have another aspect of the dysgenic influence of war to touch upon. It is an aspect that has especially attracted my interest recently, and one which does not seem to have been much emphasized before. It is the relation of war to human disease, and particularly to a special type of disease, whose results are, above all else, directly race-deteriorating in effect. I do not mean to say that the special danger from disease to men in military service has been overlooked by students of public hygiene or by the advocates of peace. I mean that no particular stress seems to have been put so far on the immediately race-degenerating influence of some of this disease. But first a few words as to the correlation of military service and disease in general.

In times of war, disease has always reaped a far greater harvest of deaths and permanent bodily breakdown in

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the army than have the bullets and bayonets of battle. The twenty per cent of mortality by gun-fire in such bloody affairs as Austerlitz and Wagram, Moscow, Lützen, Magenta, Solferino, and Waterloo, was increased by disease in the same campaigns to the appalling proportion of 60 and even 70 per cent. In the terrible twenty-year stretch of the Napoleonic campaigns the British army had an average annual ratio of mortality from all causes of 56.21 per cent per 1000 men; the mortality from disease was 49.61 per 1000, leaving the direct losses from gun-fire to be only 7.60 per 1000. The British losses in the Crimea in two and one-half years were 3 per cent by gun-fire and 20 per cent by disease.

And this is the story of war from the earliest days even up to the very present. Fortunately, there has been a fairly steady decline in the relative figures of loss by disease as we read the story from past to present days. But there has occurred so far but a single radical exception to the general rule: this is, of course, the record of the Japanese armies in the Russo-Japanese war. Our own enlightened country lost, proportionately, many more soldiers in its last war, a few years ago, from groups that never got within sight of the enemy than from among those who had the opportunity of charging up San Juan Hill. And all these losses by disease in war times are, in proportion, it is needless to say, far in excess of the losses that occur at the same time in the civil population.

Even in times of peace, despite the fact that soldiers are cared for under conditions that should make disease among them more easily prevented and more easily controlled than in the case of the bulk of the civil population, and despite the fact that the men in military service have already passed a selective test, which weeded out from among them all individuals already tainted by obvious organic and constitutional disease, it has not been until the years of the present decade that the long-enduring rule of a higher mortality in time of peace in the military than in the civil population has been broken.

In the first decade after the Restoration, the mortality from disease in the French army at home was barely less than twice that among men of the same age in the civil population. In the middle of the last century the mortality among the armies on peace footing in France, Prussia, and England was almost exactly 50 per cent greater than among the civil population. When parts of the armies were serving abroad, especially if in the tropics, the mortality was greatly increased. For example, among the British troops serving abroad, outside of the tropics, the mortality was one third more than in the army at home; when serving in the tropics it was four times as great. Finally, in addition to all this actual high mortality among the military part of the population, a part specially selected for full stature, vigor, and freedom from infirmity, we must remember the constant invaliding home of the broken-down men to join the civil population. From the eugenic point of view this may be the most serious feature of disease in armies.

But the humane war against disease has made life safer for the soldier. In 1909 the mortality in the British army, both at home and abroad, was actually slightly less than that among men of the same age in England and Wales. Let us hope that it will continue so. Statistics collated in 1887 by Robert Lawson, inspector-general of British military hospitals, show that while from 1873 to 1894 there was always a greater proportion of deaths from phthisis in the army than among men of the same age in the civil population, — and how

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suggestive this is, when we recall that the examining boards reject all obviously phthisis-tainted men from the recruits! — yet this proportion changed from nearly two to one in 1877 to three to two in 1884.

An interesting record, also, is that for typhoid fever in the French army, a record which has been carefully worked out by Dr. Brouardel for a special French commission on military hygiene. The mean annual strength of the French army in France, Algeria, and Tunis in the thirteen-year period, 1872–1884, was 413,493 men, with mean annual deaths from typhoid of 1,357, and mean annual cases 11,640, or one typhoid case to every 36 soldiers! Since the '70's and '80's, however, there has been a rapid lowering of both typhoid cases and deaths; the annual number of deaths per 10,000 men having been reduced from 32.1 in the five-year period, 1876–1880, to 8.7 in the five-year period, 1896–1900. And in 1901 there were but 5.7 deaths per 10,000. This result comes from the lessening of the number of cases and not from a lower proportion of deaths to cases, this ratio having remained at about 12 per cent from 1870 to 1900. The loss from typhoid is now no greater in the army than among the men of similar age in the civil population of France.

But the actual dysgenic importance of the diseases fostered and diffused by military service, though certainly real, is mostly hard to get at in any quantitative way. The problem of the inheritance of disease, or of the inheritance of the diathesis of disease, has only in the last few years begun to receive the scientific elucidation necessary to its proper consideration from the eugenic point of view. Concerning the congenital transmission and eugenic importance of one terrible disease, however, and one that more than any single other is characteristic of military service, there is no shadow of doubt. It is a disease communicable by husband to wife, by mother to children, and by children to their children. It is a disease that causes more suffering and disaster than phthisis or cancer. It is a disease accompanied by a dread cloud of other ills that it causes, such as paralysis, malformations, congenital blindness, idiocy and insanity, all of them particularly dysgenic in character. It is a disease that renders marriage an abomination and child-bearing a social danger. And as a crowning misfortune it does not kill but only ruins its victims. While phthisis and cancer carry off their subjects at the rate, in England to-day, of 1000 per year to each 1,000,000 of the population, syphilis kills but a small fraction of 1000 a year, —a number unfortunately indeterminate under the present confused methods of registration, but certainly not exceeding ten. It is then not a purifying, but altogether a contaminating disease.

I have called this disease (and with it I may include the two more common forms of venereal disease) a scourge fostered especially by militarism. It is the cause of more hospital admissions among soldiers than any other disease. It caused 31.8 per cent of the total military inefficiency in the British army in 1910. It was the cause of one fifth of all the military hospital admissions for that year, yet it caused but one one-hundredth of the total military deaths.

And it is only in very recent years that the scourge has been no worse than it is now. In 1895 the admissions to hospital for venereal disease in the British army in India reached the enormous proportion of 537 per 1000 men. I hasten to add that this frightful condition has been greatly ameliorated.

Nor is the British army by any means the greatest sufferer from the

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scourge. The United States army has twice as many hospital admissions for this same cause. Russia has about as many as Great Britain, Austria and France less, and Germany least of all. Germany, indeed, has done much more to control the disease than any other great nation, unless it be Japan, for which I have been unable to get data.

As venereal disease is not included in the list of notifiable diseases in Great Britain, — it certainly ought to be, — it is impossible to state exactly its proportion of abundance in the civil population. But this fact is most suggestive: of the young men who offered themselves for enlistment in the British army in 1910, $31\frac{1}{2}$ per 10,000 were rejected because of their contamination by venereal disease, while in the same year there were 1000 admissions into hospital for such infection per 10,000 men in the army. In other words, while the army recruiting boards discover in the civil population and reject back into it but $31\frac{1}{2}$ men suffering from venereal disease per 10,000 examined, the army finds within itself a constant proportion of attainted men of many times that number. It is, indeed, a very breeding ground of the most dysgenic of human diseases.

The Germans, I have said, keep their army freer from disease than does any other nation, unless it be Japan. In fact it is from German sources particularly that come the claims that military service is, if not actually a eugenic agent, at least a euthenic one. That is, that it provides a special advantage to developing manhood in its compulsory exercise, enforced habits of discipline, unescapable stimulus to patriotism and general moral control. As a German general put it at the recent International Eugenics Congress, military service is not injurious to the body but healthful, and not depressing to mind and spirit but inspiring.

If this should be granted for Germany, or for any other country as advanced in medical science and as effectively ruled, what of the effects of actual war on this specially selected and zealously cared-for part of the population? Would not the sacrifice be only the more costly and injurious to the nation?

Despite all delusive phrases to the contrary, the maintenance of an army is a preparation for war and a step toward war and not toward peace. Do governments, or will they, maintain this blessing of military service for the health and eugenic advantage of the people? Is it not done solely from the stimulus of expected war? Is it not done solely with the full expectancy and deliberate intention of some time offering this particularly selected and cared-for part of the population to the exposure of wholesale mutilation and death; this death to come, if at all, before this extra-vigorous part of the population has taken its share in race-propagation, which is the precise function the performance of which the race most needs from it?

I simply cannot see the eugenic advantage of war. On the contrary, not only do I think I can see from the standpoint of the biologist and student of heredity a plausible, logical case for the dysgenic effect of war and military service, but I also believe that we have accessible, actual statistical proof of this deplorable effect. We have in figures a quantitative measure of the hereditary effect of military selection. It is a race-deteriorating effect; the kind of effect that above almost any other kind makes an obstacle in human evolutionary advance. The most economical and most positive factor in human progress is good breeding. Race-deterioration comes chiefly from its opposite, bad breeding. Militarism encourages bad breeding.

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VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XVII (*continued*)

IN WHICH WE WITNESS A SURRENDER

WHEN he came aboard, the cook reported that his friend had been a mite restive, although he was asleep again now. 'Would n't wonder if he was jest about on the edge of seein' 'em — pink rats and such,' he remarked, not without some pleasant excitement. And he kindly volunteered to sit up in case Van wanted help through the night. 'I've had experience,' he said; which indeed was highly likely. But fortunately those extreme measures were not necessary. Van Cleve went sound asleep, rolled up in his blanket on the deck. And when he waked up in the morning, with a start and the sensation of something unfinished and impending, which had got to be habitual with him these last three weeks, Bob himself was the first person he saw.

The poor fellow was completely sobered by now, and had got up and bathed and straightened his hair and clothing as best he might; and sat by Van Cleve, evidently watching and waiting for him to wake, with a grave and patient air. He smiled eagerly as their eyes met; Van Cleve put out his hand, and the other slid his own cold and shaking one into it with a confiding gesture, like a child. 'Top o' the morning, sir!' he said, and coughed. He had to take away his hand and clasp it against his chest in a fit of coughing.

Van Cleve did not speak for a moment. He was thinking, inconsequently enough, that in all their intimacy he could not remember ever to have heard Bob tell a foul story; even at his worst and lowest, even drunk and lying in the gutter, there had always been a kind of decency about Bob. It must be mental, seeing that it could be neither moral nor physical; but could a man's mind be clean, when soul and body were so debased? While he was considering this paradox, Bob began to speak again.

'Just as soon as you're up and have had your breakfast, Van, there's something I'd like to talk to you about,' he said, with an earnestness that sat strangely on him who was by nature so irresponsible. 'I've read those letters from Lorrie and father —I can't make 'em out — they 're so solemn and mysterious, begging me to do my duty, and come home with you, and all that, just as if they expected I'd make a row about it. What would I be doing *that* for? I'd just as soon go home as not. I've seen all I want to. Lorrie's letter is all wild and hysterical anyhow — poor girl! She's about heartbroken.' The ready tears came into Bob's eyes. 'Why, of *course* I'm coming home with you. I'd go back on Lorrie's account anyhow. She wants to know about Cort.' Bob's face grew grave again. He fingered the letters which were spread open on his knees. 'There 's something else I've got to tell you — to ask you about, I mean. It's important. But you go ahead and get freshened up first. There's coffee; shan't I get you some coffee?'

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Van Cleve thought reluctantly, 'It's come! He's going to own up the whole thing to me!' Aloud he said, 'No, never mind the coffee, Bob, let's have it out now. Might as well tell me and get it done and over with.'

The other hung his head, fumbling with the letters. 'It — it's not so easy, Van,' he said huskily; 'if it were just about myself, I would n't mind, but it's somebody else — another person, you know —'

Van Cleve thought it the part of wisdom, perhaps the best kindness, not to help him out with any hint of understanding; an honest confession is good for the soul. He waited; and, at last, seeing that Bob seemed unable to get a step further, said casually, 'Is that Lorrie's letter you've got there? I've written already to tell her we are starting home.'

'No, no, these are Cort's. The ones I was going to take to Lorrie, you know. This was my first chance to look them over,' Bob said; and noting surprise on his friend's face, he added quickly and defensively, 'Why, I *had* to read them, you know, Van; I had to find out what were n't worth taking to her, so I could destroy them. We have n't got any room to be carrying letters around, and I thought there was no use taking her a lot of laundry bills and things like that.'

'All right — I understand,' said Van, almost amused.

'I would n't read other people's letters unless I had to,' said Bob, hotly.

'To be sure, it's a point of honor,' Van Cleve agreed in his driest tone; and as the other looked at him, puzzled, he said harshly, 'Go on, Bob, what is it you want to tell me? Go *on*, man! No use shilly-shallying. Everything always gets known first or last anyhow.'

'Why, Van Cleve, you — you act as if — you talk as if you knew — or as if you suspected something already!' Bob stammered aghast.

'I know about you and Paula Jameson, if that's what you're trying to tell me,' said Van Cleve, out of patience.

At the sound of that name, an unhealthy flush invaded the unhealthy pallor of Bob's face; but he was silent, staring at his friend unseeingly. Van judged him to be stupefied with astonishment at the sudden uncovering of the disgrace. Shame, regret, alarm, a dozen feelings Van thought he could read in the other's changing and confused expression.

'That's what your father and Lorrie meant by the way they wrote, Bob,' he said, poignantly ashamed himself, and hurrying through his explanations; 'that's the real reason I'm here after you. Lorrie would have come by herself, only I stopped her — I made her stay at Tampa. Everything's come out. It was bound to come out, from the start. I — I don't exactly blame you, Bob — I mean I don't think you're utterly lost and abandoned because you and she — the girl, you know — sort of let go of yourselves — it was foolish, but it — it' — Van Cleve floundered a moment, confused at the inadequacy of his own words — 'it's all got to be straightened out, anyhow. They want you to go home and marry her and make it up to her the best you can —'

He halted, struck by a sudden doubt that Bob had understood all that he said, or even heard it all. The abruptness of the attack (to call it that) seemed to have a little dazed him.

'You know all about me and Paula Jameson?' Bob repeated, as if nothing after that had conveyed any meaning to him.

'Yes, *you* and Paula Jameson.' Van Cleve went all over what he had already said, with more deliberation and insistence; as he talked he noticed, with

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anxiety, that Bob's features faded gradually to a leaden hue, lips and all. 'I ought to be careful. He looks like a corpse!' thought Van, frightened, and broke off. 'Are you — are you all right, Bob? You — you don't — you are n't going to be sick?' he stammered.

Bob put up his hand to his forehead. 'I'm all right,' he said vaguely.

'You *had* to know, and I *had* to tell you. Nobody can ever dodge anything like that. It'll come out some day in spite of you. You might have known that, Bob,' Van Cleve reiterated.

'I — I suppose so.' However much Bob had been startled, he did not faint or go into some kind of fit, as his friend had momentarily feared; neither, to Van's infinite relief, did he begin a clamorous denial of guilt. Rather he seemed to be painfully adjusting his mind to a comprehensive view of the situation. And at last he said, 'Who told you?'

Van Cleve told him. He described all the circumstances, as he had seen them, leading up to the unhappy disclosure; and how he himself came to bear some part in it. Bob listened to him with an extraordinary immobility; he did not give the impression of being callous or indifferent; on the contrary, he appeared to Van Cleve to be bending his whole energies merely to understanding the story. He interrupted only once when he asked, 'Did you see Paula? Did she tell *you?*'

'*Me!* No!' ejaculated Van Cleve, horrified; 'she would n't be talking to me about it. I hope to the Lord the poor girl does n't know I've got a thing to do with it! No, as I understood it, she did n't want to blame anybody, but her mother got it out of her somehow.'

He went on talking; and at the end, although Van had pictured as forcibly as he could the attitude of the family, which was surely also the attitude of every right-minded person, Robert said, with the same questioning air as before, —

'They want me to marry her?'

'Why, good God, Bob, what else? That's the only way you can square things. You know what the world is. You know how it would treat that girl, even if any decent person would ever speak to *you* afterwards. You can't let her pay the score all by herself. That's not fair. And, Bob, I know you're fair; I know you'll always take what's coming to you. I told you before, I don't blame the whole of it on *you*. There's a lot of rot talked about men deceiving girls, and taking advantage of their innocence, and all that. It's a partnership business, in my opinion — six of one, half a dozen of the other. But that does n't let you off. You — you see there's going to be a child, Bob — I suppose you did n't take that in while I was talking just now, but that's what's the main trouble. Of course, you could n't know that.'

'Yes, I knew it. I guessed at it, that is,' said Bob, looking down, sorting his letters out, and bundling them together again, first in one packet, then in another, with mechanical movements.

'What? Before you went away?'

'No. Not before I went away.'

'She must have written to him,' Van Cleve thought, with a mixture of pity and disgust; and for the first time he looked at the other in pure contempt. Faugh, the sorry creature that Bob was! 'Well, then, you see you've got to come home, Bob,' he said.

'I — I wish I could see Lorrie — I wish Lorrie was here!' said Bob, weakly.

Van Cleve got up with an oath. 'By —! Bob Gilbert, you make me sick!' he said savagely. '*Lorrie!* You brought this shameful trouble on yourself, and now you want to go whining to Lorrie

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and load her up with it. *Lorrie!* Has n't she got enough to stand already? The man she loved is dead, shot down and buried like a dog in this God-forsaken hole, and the best you can do for her is to wish she were here to help *you* out! Has n't she done enough for you, you that she's dragged out of the gutters, and defended, and cared for, and prayed over all her life? If she *were* here, you know very well she'd want you to do the right thing, the decent thing. Oh, Bob, be a man for once! Don't have us all bolstering you up, and helping you along. Stand on your own feet; think of somebody besides yourself. You *know* what's right; then do it because it's right, not because Lorrie or some of the rest of us tell you to!'

'I know — I know! I'm going to! I know I don't amount to much, but I'll try to do the right thing this time — I'm trying to, Van Cleve,' said Bob, pitifully. 'I was just thinking about Lorrie. I want to help her, I don't want to put any more on her — honestly I do, Van — I want to be good to Lorrie. She's the best sister that ever was, and it's just as you say, she's stood a lot for me. I ought to spare Lorrie. You don't need to talk any more, Van, I'm going to do it.'

He spoke pleadingly, but Van Cleve's flare of anger was over, and he was already ashamed of it; when he looked at the other's stricken face, his heart smote him. 'Well, then, you come along home with me, and make it all straight, if you're so anxious to be good to Lorrie,' he said gruffly. 'Here, Bob, you look kind of fagged, you'd better stretch out over here in the shade of the deck-house, on my blanket. I'll make a pillow out of the coat.'

Bob submitted; he gave Van Cleve a glance of affectionate understanding, not without a spark of his old sweet-tempered mischief. 'Oh, you old grouch, you!' he said, thumping the other a weak blow on the back, and collapsed in one of his spasms of coughing. The letters which he was still holding, flew out of his hand, scattering about the decks, and Van Cleve gathered them up and brought them to him.

He was surprised at the haste and eagerness with which Robert, even in the middle of his coughing, snatched at them and crammed them away in his pockets. 'Did you see any of those?' he asked, with unwonted sharpness, when he had recovered breath.

'What? To read, you mean? Why, no. I did n't look. I don't want to know what's in other peoples' letters any more than you do, you know,' Van Cleve said, with an effort at lightness.

This was all or nearly all that passed between the two on the subject of Bob's marriage; that painful chapter was closed and, by tacit agreement, neither one of them referred to it again, except once, when they were nearing Tampa on their return, and this last chapter, too, of trials and adventures was all but ended. Van Cleve's conscience, which had never been at ease on one point, prompted him to say, with some diffidence, 'See here, Bob, there's one thing I ought to say. I don't want to be unjust to you, but I don't want to be unjust to — to this girl either. That poor woman, her mother — that poor Mrs. Jameson is — is all *right*, I know *that*. But I — well, I don't know anything about the daughter. I've seen her running around the streets late at night with another man, in a carriage, you know, — his arm around her, — and all that. I say I don't want to be unjust to her, and the fix she's in now, you can't blame her for wanting to get out of by any kind of hook or crook. But if you've got any reason to think you're being made a convenience of —?'

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'I said I was going to marry her. So you'd better not talk any more, Van Cleve,' said Bob.

And Van Cleve, glancing into his face, was silenced.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH WE RETURN TO OUR MUTTON

The next time I saw Van Cleve Kendrick was in the fall of that year, some months after his Cuban vacation trip, of which we had all heard during the summer with a mild wonder and curiosity. It seemed a bizarre sort of recreation for him to take. Van was notoriously absorbed in work; his bank, his Building Association, his string of plain, respectable clients with their small affairs and savings, had hitherto furnished him with all the entertainment he appeared to want, and he had not been known to display the slightest interest in the Cubans, or, for that matter, in our own picturesque and brave endeavors on their behalf. But the lure of adventure is strange, and lays hold of the most unpromising subjects in the most unexpected ways. After all, Van Cleve was a young man, though nobody ever thought of him as young; he was in reality no older than that poor young Cortwright that Lorrie Gilbert had been engaged to, or than her brother Bob, and it had not seemed anything out-of-the-way for them to go. Poor fellows, neither one had got much of a vacation out of it!

As for Van Cleve, it had undeniably done him good. At the end of three or four weeks, he was back on our streets again, burned dark as an Indian, — whom, indeed, with his high cheek bones and flat chin, he not a little resembled, — lean, wiry, and hard-muscled, evidently in the best of health. The National Loan and Savings welcomed him with an enthusiasm that astonished the young fellow, and no doubt secretly pleased him a good deal, although he was far too proud to show it. They all said they had missed him; Schlactmann — who had fairly made up his mind to resign at last, and would leave for Flagstaff, Arizona, the first of the year — shook his hand and said with some significance that he would take his rest easier now that he felt confident the work would be done right in the office. Old Mr. Burgstaller came and complimented Van's appearance, and asked naïve questions about Cuba. The old German women beamed on him from outside the brass cage-work, and one of them actually brought in a bag of rich little cookies — '*Blitzkuchen*, Hilda, she make 'em for Mr. Kendrick,' she said, nodding and smiling; and Van Cleve grinned answeringly and took the offering with a sudden warming of his own heart. Perhaps he was not quite so hard as he looked, or as he fancied himself.

Yet, on the other hand, he was not at all impressed by the attentions of Mr. Gebhardt, although that kind and sentimental patron made almost as much of him on the occasion of this return as if Van Cleve had been his own son. The younger man inwardly, and against his own will, distrusted that very kindness and that very sentiment; he really liked his superior, but he would have liked him better without so much petting from him. The president of the bank invited his assistant bookkeeper out to dinner at his great, cool, rich, beautifully ordered house on Adams Road, overlooking the golf links, with the gables and chimneys of other similarly rich and great homes showing charmingly in the spacious landscape of lawns and trees round about. Mr. Gebhardt's family of ladies were gone east for the summer to their cottage at Watch Hill (to Van's relief), but the gentlemen dined handsomely

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and formally, and had their coffee on the terrace as usual; and the banker talked with a flattering confidence to his young friend about affairs at the National, and about Van's own affairs, and was so genial, companionable, and unreserved, so unaffectedly pleased with and friendly to Van Cleve, that the latter's conscience rebuked him.

'It's all right, he means it — at least, he means it *now* — every word of it. I need n't think that I'm so important anyhow, that he feels he's got to get on the good side of me!' thought Van, shrewdly; 'it's just Mr. Gebhardt's way. Probably he's as sincere as most of us. People fool themselves sometimes. Only I wish he had n't started in to be so thick and confidential with me; people always dislike you when they realize they've been too confidential with you.'

From which it will be seen that Mr. Kendrick had no idea of presuming on his employer's indiscretions. That may have been one of the reasons that Mr. Gebhardt never appeared to regret — as the other had feared — his frankness with his subordinate; he was constantly and profusely kind after the same manner.

As I was saying, it was some time late in the fall when I myself first met Mr. Kendrick; and then one Sunday afternoon, I encountered him, of all places in the world, at the Art Museum in Paradise Park, a place to which, as is usual with all public monuments, wherever they may be, no native ever goes unless with some visiting stranger. It would have been impossible to imagine Van Cleve diverting himself there, at any rate; and, in point of fact, he was not. He looked mortally bored, standing about with folded arms, and a catalogue of the Society of Western Artists — whose pictures were on exhibition at the time — crumpled in one hand. There was a crowd; but Van, being a tall man and occupied in gazing around anywhere but at the pictures, caught sight of me very soon, and nodded with his habitual short civility which so often antagonized people. Nevertheless, I went up and spoke to him, taking care not to refer to Cuba, by the way; he must have wearied of that topic by now. I asked him if Miss Lucas had a painting there, not being able to account for his presence otherwise.

He said she had; he had just found it; she had wanted him to go and see it. It was the landscape or sea-view over there, No. 270 — let's see, what did she call it? He unrumpled his catalogue, and, consulting it, announced that the title was 'The Beach: Pass Christian, Mississippi.' 'They're down there, you know,' he told me casually.

Number 270 was hung on the line, if you please; and we went and looked at it with great respect. 'I suppose it must be pretty good, or she could n't have got it in. I don't know much about pictures myself,' said Van Cleve, impartially.

'Did you say Mrs. Van Cleve and the family are living there? I thought —'

'Yes. They were in New York for a while, but they wanted to try the South this winter. Do you happen to have seen Miss Gilbert? She was coming to-day —' Again his eyes roved.

It took some self-command not to smile at that. Of course Van Cleve had come to see his cousin's painting hanging (on the line!) in this honorable company — oh, of course! And, without a doubt, it was pure coincidence that Miss Gilbert should chance to be visiting the Museum that very day — oh, without a doubt! The fact is, everybody knew about Van Cleve Kendrick and Lorrie Gilbert. Everybody had been saying for months past — ever since that tragic event in the beginning of the Cuban campaign,

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indeed — that it seemed rather dreadful to look at it that way, but Lorrie had in all probability made a very lucky escape from that marriage. There had always been more or less talk about Cortwright, not all of it true, of course, but still — At all events, as long as the poor fellow was gone, why, it might be a heartless thing to say, but we hoped Lorrie would get over it and give Van Kendrick a chance.

She came into the picture-gallery — it was the room where the big canvas of John Huss and his Followers hangs — at that moment, with her father and another gentleman about his age; a striking, conspicuous person, very high and wide, and by his gait or looks somehow reminding one a little of Daniel Webster and a little of Buffalo Bill; and he had a slouch hat, and buckskin gauntlet-gloves, and a large, red, purple, handsome, coarse old face. He was so incongruous a figure to be associated with the stooping old Professor with his neat gray side-whiskers and his antique silk hat, peering near-sightedly at the pictures — I say the swaggering elderly d'Artagnan was so much of a fish out of water that at the first glance I supposed he had simply happened to enter at the same time, with the rest of the crowd. But now he was speaking to Lorrie; and when we reached them, Professor Gilbert had got him camped before 'John Huss,' and was delivering a little lecture on the life and teachings of that eminent theologian. 'Archbishop Sbinko in 1410 denounced Huss to the Pope — Alexander V, if I remember correctly — as a Wickliffite' — we heard.

'Ah — hum — a *which*, did you say, Professor?' asked the other.

'A Wickliffite — a follower of John de Wickliffe, sir. There can be no doubt, I think, that Huss was greatly influenced by his writings. The similarity of his conclusions to the argument set forth by Wickliffe in the *Trialogues* proves it to my mind,' said the Professor, earnestly. I dare say he thought in all simplicity that the subject was deeply interesting to his guest and that an intimate acquaintance with Wickliffe was part of every ordinarily liberal education. 'However, it was not until some four or five years later that Sigismund of Bohemia —' He went on talking, while the other listened vaguely with one eye upon a mammoth painting at the end of the room exhibiting a baker's dozen of nude nymphs circling about a nude young faun with a flute, in the midst of an Arcadian landscape — some Western artist's idea of Spring, according to the catalogue.

I had time to whisper to Van Cleve and ask him who was the man with the Gilberts, did he know?

'Oh, yes; he's a Judge Cortwright from Maysville. Phil Cortwright's father, you know. He's been up here staying with them for two or three days. Lorrie said they were going to bring him here to-day. They've been taking him around, of course.'

That explained him. And it was a little disquieting to reflect that Philip himself might have grown to be just such another as this terrible old lewd-eyed satyr of a parent. When we were introduced, I was aware of a kind of halo of bourbon about him; he carried his own especial atmosphere, like the Olympians. To be sure, the poor Gilberts were no strangers to that, after their years of sad experience with that good-for-nothing son; but what did they think of the Judge? What did Lorrie think of her Philip's father? The girl spoke to us with her usual brightness; Lorrie always had a spirited way, and she was looking as pretty as ever, if a little thin. The Judge eyed her almost too appreciatively, I thought; but indeed he eyed all the women too appreciatively. The whole thing

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was rather funny and rather pitiable: that nice, scholarly old gentleman expounding about John Huss, and the other leering around at all the young girls, and at the canvases and classic marbles in which he saw only the nakedness and nothing of the beauty.

'That's a very fine painting, the large one, with the — er — shepherdesses and so on in the pasture, eh?' he interrupted Professor Gilbert, as the latter was innocently perorating; and he directed Van Cleve's attention to the Spring, with a sidelong grin and a swift flicker of one eyelid, which I suppose he thought none of the rest of us saw. Van gave the picture a matter-of-fact survey and grunted.

'I don't know much about pictures,' he repeated; 'Evelyn's got one here, Lorrie. I told you, did n't I?' And once more we all walked over and solemnly viewed Miss Lucas's exhibit, Judge Cortwright struggling with a yawn, and the Professor looking dimly ill at ease.

'Is Judge Cortwright here for any length of time?' I asked him.

'Well, for as long as we can keep him, of course,' said Professor Gilbert, whose Virginia standards of hospitality would never have allowed him to utter the most remote hint of any guest's departure. 'He came up from Maysville only last Wednesday. To be frank, madame, I feared he would find it rather dull at our house, he is used to what Mr. Roosevelt has called in his book, the "strenuous life" — much more strenuous than ours at any rate. My own activities are confined to daily hammering a little of the humanities into a number of young people, half of whom forget what I have told them the next day, and the other half get it all wrong!' said Mr. Gilbert, not without a touch of mild humor. 'As I say, I was afraid Judge Cortwright would n't find it very interesting, but Van Cleve, who is quite a man of the world, has been kindly helping us out. He has taken the Judge to his club and to places in the evening, you understand.'

I did understand. And it struck me that both the Professor and his daughter were very thankful to resign their visitor to Van Cleve's care and leadership. Lorrie dropped behind with me, too, as we strolled through the rooms. I asked, with as casual an air as I could command, how Bob was.

'Why, he's doing very well now, thanks — very much improved. It must be wonderful, that climate. The doctors said he could n't get well here, you know. But Bob says they tell him now that he'll probably be able to come home in the spring.'

'Is it Colorado Springs where he's staying?'

'No, Boulder.'

I made some banal remark about it's being very hard on a man to have to give up work on account of his health, and so forth. A piece of hypocrisy, but what would you have? I must say something, for silence itself would have been an awkward comment. The Gilberts knew that we knew why Bob's health had failed; that he had been drinking it away for years, and that as for work, he had scarcely done a hand's turn in his whole life. They knew; yet still we kept up our poor, well-meant pretenses, as is our habit in this world; and upon my word, we do many righteous things that are less admirable!

'Yes, it must be hard,' Lorrie said, playing her part of the game pluckily; 'but even if Bob can't ever come back to this climate, he can always get something to do out there, you know. He says he's going to look around as soon as he's well enough.' She paused, and then said, rather diffidently, and not looking at me, 'You knew about his being married?'

'About the wedding? Oh, yes. It

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made quite an excitement, you know. We were all very much interested.'

'Were *you* surprised?'

'Well, not so very much. It had been going on for a good while, had n't it? I never heard of your brother being attentive to anybody else.' I should not have liked to tell her all the comments that had come to my own ears. The least unkind one had been from somebody who said that the affair was like what you sometimes read in obituary notices, — '*Lingering, but very sudden at the last!*' Some one else remarked that it was astonishing that any one could have 'nailed Bob Gilbert down "for keeps" to anything.' And there had been considerable wonder expressed that Miss Jameson should have taken so much trouble and displayed so much perseverance to capture *him*, when half the effort would probably have landed her ten times as good a match.

I said to Lorrie, meaning to show an amiable interest, 'It's getting to be very swagger to be married at your summer home, or at Bar Harbor or The Hot, is n't it? I noticed that the Jamesons were in the country. Was it a pretty wedding?'

'It was very quiet,' said Lorrie, looking down and stroking and patting her muff nervously; 'they — they wanted it to be quiet. There were n't any cards or invitations or anything. They just had the notice put in the paper. They wanted it to be quiet.'

'Well, that was very sensible, considering that Bob was n't really well,' said I, hastily and awkwardly. I felt as if the subject were not a safe one, even though Lorrie herself had opened it. Her manner was strained and unnatural; and Professor Gilbert stood by, silently fumbling and pulling at his old worn gloves, in visible discomfort. The family must have disliked Robert's choice of a wife even more than Society-at-large had suspected; it was plainly as much as they could do to put a good face on the matter. And it must be allowed that Society-at-large sympathized with them. 'Did they — I suppose they went at once to Colorado?' I blundered along. 'It's very nice for you to know that he has a wife with him. And it keeps him from being lonesome, too.'

'Yes. No. That is — Robert's wife is not with him —,' the father began hesitatingly.

'Not with him *just now*, of course, Papa means,' Lorrie broke in; and she went on to talk in a hurried, sprightly way, still quite unlike her own, until Van Cleve and the judge, having made the round of the rooms, came up to us. I never found out where Bob's wife was; upon comparing notes with other mutual acquaintances, it developed that nobody knew where she was, except that she was not with Bob, and not here in town, neither she nor her mother. That must have been a relief to the Gilberts, at any rate.

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH MR. KENDRICK PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN

Certain kind-hearted persons professed to think it highly reprehensible for the Van Cleves to have packed off to New York or wherever else they chose, leaving behind the worthiest member of the family, homeless, and exposed to the temptations which, as everybody knows, beset the paths of lonesome young men in boarding-houses. However, Van never showed any signs of deterioration under this neglect; he was an exemplary boarder, quiet and punctual.

In his bachelor apartment there was the oak 'bedroom-set' that had always been his when he lived at home, —

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beginning to look shabby now, though still substantial; there was J. Van Cleve's strong-box stored away on the top shelf of the cupboard; there was a sectional bookcase that Van had bought himself with some of the first spare money he had ever made; it took thirty dollars, and sometimes, when his eyes fell on it, Van Cleve recalled with amusement the struggle he had had between it and a bicycle, which was the secret desire of his cramped boyish heart. He had made up his mind to the bookcase, he remembered, because it would never need repairs; he was afraid that he could not afford the upkeep of a bicycle!

On the mantelpiece there stood a yellowing old photograph of his grandmother, taken years ago when her hair was still black, very alert and handsome in an elegant sacque and open ruffled sleeves and chignon, and holding on her lap a fat lump of a baby in a blur of white embroideries, with no visible expression on its dough-featured face, though Mrs. Van Cleve always declared that it was the brightest and most beautiful child ever seen: to wit, Van Cleve himself at the age of nine months. Young Kendrick, who was fond of his grandmother, had a sort of laughing affection for this thing; he was at heart rather proud of his good-looking, spirited, well-bred women, even when he felt that they needed a harder hand held over them. Latterly, he had begun to perceive the moral of a story his grandmother had once told him about Joshua's refusal to buy her a carpet — a body-brussels carpet for the best bedroom, on which she had set her heart. 'Your grandfather said up and down he would *not* let me get it; he said he was n't going to spend money for a new carpet when the old one was plenty good enough. And you know it really was, only I was tired of it, and this other was so pretty. But what do you think I did, Van? I just made up my mind I'd have that carpet in spite of him; and I went to work and saved up the money bit by bit out of my allowance that he gave me to dress myself with. It cost fifty-eight dollars, too; but it was splendid quality and lasted for years. I always liked that carpet better than any other in the house,' Mrs. Joshua concluded pensively, all unconscious, for her part, of the moral.

Of course we were all used to the Van Cleves, but when people who knew them as well as this writer heard about that Pass Christian move, it was quite impossible to keep from laughing. Where to next? The family had tried the South before without conspicuous success, but the New Orleans and Palatka orange-grove episodes appeared now to be entirely forgotten! All at once New York City and its vicinity became utterly unbearable. It was imperatively necessary for them to go to some small, quiet place in a mild climate where life would be simple, and where at the same time they could have congenial society. Asheville, Pensacola, San Antonio, were discussed and dismissed in turn, in favor of Pass Christian on the Gulf. Living, of course, was cheap there; they had, as usual, obtained voluminous statistics from hosts of perfectly reliable persons. As to society, the large hotels were likewise full all winter of charming people who went down there for rest and recreation, and to whom Evelyn could give painting lessons. Mrs. Lucas and her daughter covered reams of paper writing out these incontrovertible arguments; Van Cleve did not take the trouble to read the fourth of it. He was very busy and had no time to thresh the subject out with them, even if they would have listened to him. What it all boiled down to — as he told himself with a passing irritation — was

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that they had got one of their periodic attacks of restlessness again.

So the change was made. Mr. Gebhardt, who took his family down to the Mardi-Gras and to some of the Gulf resorts that winter, and some others of our people who were there and saw the Van Cleves, came back with enthusiastic accounts of their charming little bungalow, furnished so artistically with things they had picked up and with Evelyn's pictures. They themselves wrote glowingly to Van Cleve about the balmy weather in January, the unfailing sea-breeze, the drives, the boating and bathing, the delightful society. Of course, there was a great deal of money and display at the big hotels, and the little ones were generally crowded with excursionists, land-boomers' conventions, hunting and fishing men, and the United Order of Owls on an outing. But the cottagers were lovely, and even the hotels served a purpose.

Evelyn held an exhibition at the Sea View House, which was jammed, and everybody went perfectly wild over the pictures. It cost a good deal, as they charged a mountainous rent for the room (the hotel-keepers were all robbers), and then there was the cost of printing the catalogues, which had a cover that the artist designed and lettered herself; the quaintest, brightest thing, everybody simply grabbed one for a souvenir. She was positively overwhelmed with compliments and it was rather funny, so many people, after seeing the catalogues, wanted her to design place-cards and favors for them. She had to tell them — of course she did it tactfully so as not to offend anybody — that she never did anything like that, but there were plenty of shops where those little things could be got, or even done to order by hack-workers. The idea! Evelyn with her talents and artistic education and the name she had made for herself! They would n't have dreamed of asking Parrish or Gibson to do it. But the general public is n't very appreciative of real art; they only notice whatever is tremendously advertised.

Miss Lucas sold one picture, Moonlight on the Bayou. Julius Gebhardt, Esq., bought it, and I remember to have seen it hanging in the Gebhardt drawing-room — a pretty scene of live-oaks, Spanish moss, night-shadows, a mystic trail of light in the flat pools, and so forth. 'He was so dear about it, so much interested, and I believe would have given me any price I asked,' Evelyn wrote to Van Cleve afterwards. 'We all love Mr. Gebhardt. He is a splendid character, so strong and trustworthy, and with it all has so much fun in him. You ought to have seen the merry little twinkle in his eye when he said to me, "Why, you can hear the frogs croak in that swamp!" And he said beautiful things about you, Van. Grandma was so touched she cried. He said that you had the most wonderful brain for finance he had ever come across. He as good as told us he meant to advance you to the very highest position in the bank. "If he ever needs money for any purpose, I hope he will not hesitate to come to me. I would do anything I could to help him." Those were his exact words, so you see I have n't exaggerated.'

Van Cleve read the whole of this letter, as it happened, in an off hour; and laid it down with a curious look on his face, as he thoughtfully rubbed one hand up the back of his head. 'I give 'em six months,' he mentally remarked, and he read again all that rhapsody about Mr. Gebhardt with a renewal of his queer expression. The fact was, his promotion had already come; already he was occupying Schlactmann's ancient post, and within a year, after the election when, Mr. Gebhardt had priv-

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ately informed him, they meant if possible to persuade old Mr. O'Rourke to retire from the board of directors, Van Cleve was to have that seat too. Nobody could have been kinder, or declared in warmer terms his belief in his young friend's uprightness and business ability than the president of the National Loan; and one might have looked for Van to show some gratification at this recognition, even to have been decorously elated over his prospects. On the contrary, Mr. Kendrick went about his work with the same dour energy as before, no more gay or agreeable than he had ever been. The duties of his new position must have weighed heavily on him, or else his private cares, for he was very thoughtful and absorbed those days.

(To be continued.)

JEAN LOUIS

BY A. HUGH FISHER

In the café of the hotel the mayor was playing cards with the notary, the chemist, and the landlord. Outside, the geese waddled between the double row of elms and the old wooden *halles*. It was twilight and growing rapidly darker. You could only just make out the figure on the Calvary, though the decorator, who had come to the town to paint a new tobacco shop, had given it a coat of fresh color, with fine crimson for the wounds, and the limbs gleamed a little in the dusk.

Jean Louis sat down on the low stone wall that goes around the elms. His clothes were old but very strong, as they were made of cloth woven on a hand-loom at a neighboring village. His hair was long and hung over his shoulders in white locks. Jean Louis took out his pipe. It was a little black clay pipe, such as Charles Keene would have loved, with a bowl less than half an inch across. It burned for a very little time, but the filling and lighting were long operations. The tobacco had to be cut from a small hard nob, and the light to be got from flint and steel. The tinder-box, filled with tiny fragments of charred wood, was made out of part of a cow's horn and had a copper lid fastened with a little steel chain to prevent its being lost.

A stranger who had come out of the café of the Croix d'Or had strolled across the mud, and after looking searchingly at Jean Louis had taken a seat near him on the wall.

'What a great many things an old man like you must remember,' he remarked presently.

Jean Louis looked at him and answered slowly, 'The chief thing I remember is that I always smoke a pipe when I have any tobacco.' Then, after a pause, he added as an afterthought, 'I have worked hard and I do not think often.'

'What is your work, old man?' asked the stranger.

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'I chop wood for many people and I drag the roots of dead trees from the earth to put in a sack for myself. They burn well and cook my soup and potatoes. In the summer I cut the *blé noir* for the farmers, and the grass to feed their horses in winter. I make soup from the grass, too, for myself; for fifty years I have done these things — ever since my service was over.'

'But things must have happened sometimes — in your life?'

'That is true — I have had joys — often I have had miseries also. If I seek in my memory I do not know whether I remember truly or not, and what does it matter? As a child I played at the *gailloche*. I was a great wrestler when I was a lad. No one could throw me. I threw once the greatest wrestler of this country. With a twist of my foot I threw him as he gripped my shoulder; but a fight — no — I never had a fight with any one in my life. One gains nothing by that fighting.'

'But in your years in the army did you not fight?'

'In my seven years of service I traveled much and saw great places — Paris — Africa — Italy — Nantes; but I never saw any war. I was in the 41st of the line. General Chappuis had the division, a fine man altogether.'

It was the season of weddings, and out of the darkness came the sound of a *biniou* playing.

'There will be dancing,' said Jean Louis; 'I found dancing good when I was young, and the girls liked me. Singing is good, too, such as I have heard in the towns where I traveled as a soldier. It is there you hear the good singing: mounted on a table they sing, and when they have finished everyone claps the hands and shouts bravo!'

'But in all the world what do you like best?'

'Good health,' answered Jean Louis, 'and next to that the blessing of the *bon Dieu*.'

'Tell me about your family,' said the stranger, 'did you not marry and have children?'

'Yes — I married — but who cares to know about that? I had only one son.'

'Tell me about your wife and your son then.'

'But my wife died ten years ago now. She was a good wife and there is no more to tell about her. She worked hard and knitted always. All her life she had gone with nothing but a little straw in the sabots. When she was dying she begged me that she should be carried to the *bon Dieu* with a pair of the stockings on her own feet. It was a great extravagance but it was done. It was in the month of June she died.'

'And your son?'

Jean Louis was again silent for a while; then he said, 'My son went away when he was a young lad — he would not fight for France and he went away — we did not hear more of him — there is no need to speak of my son.'

'My father, I have come back — I am your son.'

'I do not believe it,' said Jean Louis.

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THY TABLE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I SEEK thy table, Lord,
To break my bread with thee;
Yet still afar, past hill and star
It vanishes from me.

Though folk along the way
Call it an idle dream,
By sea and sedge, at earth's faint edge,
Ever I see it gleam.

There thy beloved are,
Close gathered, soul to soul;
And there thy face, in hallowed space,
Shines as my distant goal.

Late, weary and forspent,
I near the holy spot,
Where they are met, thy table set,
But still I find thee not.

They pledge their fellowship
In words that are not thine;
Though here they sup, with sacred cup,
Not this thy bread and wine.

Ah, Lord, the nations yearn
To gather at thy feet;
Thou bidst to feast both great and least
With simple words and sweet.

Our faith — that love enfold
The living and the dead;
Our creed — a prayer that thou be there
To share the wine and bread.

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RELIGION: A FUNCTION OR A PHASE OF HUMAN LIFE?

BY WILLIAM MILLER GAMBLE

I

CECIL RHODES, the great Anglo-Saxon imperialist, who founded university scholarships in order to bring into closer touch with one another the possible future leaders of thought and culture in America and Great Britain, is said to have once remarked that the Church of England did not interest him. During the last general convention of a religious body in this country, while a discussion of Unction for the Sick was in progress, one of the deputies, an important man of affairs, arose and left the hall. The incident was at once seized upon by the public press, and commented on as a significant evidence of lay opinion on the subject discussed. The deputy was quoted as having said that such discussion was pure nonsense.

An English bishop lately watched a number of working-men file out of their shops, and stopping one of the more intelligent of them, inquired as to the sentiments of his class toward the Church. 'It don't touch us, sir, no more than the moon,' was the reply. This incident, also, has figured frequently in recent sermons and addresses to religious gatherings.

The accuracy or inaccuracy of these reported incidents does not affect the purpose of my allusion to them. What I wish to illustrate concerns rather the inferences such anecdotes commonly suggest to most modern-minded people, and the significant intention with which they are frequently quoted, and seldom without a sensitive response, especially in circles where religious problems are discussed. It is characteristic of the mental atmosphere that surrounds present-day religion, to sound notes of warning to organized religion, by quoting the opinions and sentiments of the active men of the world in regard to religious systems, doctrines, and methods. The phrase 'man-in-the-street' has a peculiar religious connotation. It suggests an ominous judicial being whose leisure moments, snatched in the midst of a life of clearly demonstrable productiveness, are sometimes spent in weighing all ecclesiasticism in the balance and finding it wanting as an asset to human society.

It is not that the man-in-the-street is arrogant. On the contrary, he is usually modest — a 'plain business man,' a 'common working-man,' a 'mere layman,' who merely betrays his distaste for various aspects of organized religion. But just for this reason his attitude is given vital importance. His indifference, or his distaste, or his humbly confessed inadequacy to see what it is all for, is urged upon the consideration of religious leaders as the pressing reason for a thorough reconstruction of religious teaching, methods, formularies.

II

Now Christianity would never have spread beyond Jerusalem, or Mohammedanism beyond Arabia, except by acting upon the assumption that the religious needs of the man-in-the-street were more important than his existing

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religious views, and that it was possible to bring his views into harmony with his needs. The religions that have been an actual force in human life have operated as communications assumed to have been delivered by God to man, to be preserved and propagated from man to man. This involves tradition, written or institutional, or both; and tradition is certain to become more and more complex, as the original communication interacts with the experience and thought of succeeding generations of believers. The more varied the thought and experience with which the believers come into contact, the more clearly defined will be the position of the belief they hold in common, sometimes involving very subtle distinctions, provided the communication survives the stress of thought and experience of many ages. Worship will become complex as well as doctrine; forms of devotional expression, and of reverence, will become varied. And all this will require the sanction and discipline of legislation, forbidding or permitting, so as to keep all the developments self-consistent with the organic whole. Thus, after many centuries, a communicative or traditional religion will present a complex phenomenon which can be understood only by those who, in some sympathy with it, give it a thorough study. Its adherents, to avoid the danger of estrangement from it (and the whole assumption of a consistently traditional religion is that estrangement would be the gravest catastrophe to a believer), must preserve a receptive attitude of mind toward the whole tradition, for the sake of the importance of the original message. They must be willing to grant that the institution which has brought them the vital message they believe, and has for centuries treasured that message, knows more about their religious needs than they do. Fearing to be cut off from communication with the assumed source of the message, they believe and worship according to the law of the historical medium through which that message came to them.

But on the other hand, suppose that in some way the believer is detached from the influence of the organic tradition, its teachings and institutions, and yet habitually believes the original communication. Suppose he has come to regard his own judgment as the only guide in determining how the original message applies to him. He will naturally view the whole matter differently. The way in which the message has been preserved and transmitted to him, seems to him an irrelevant consideration; the fact that the message has reached him is more important; and so, being a busy man, and confident of his own ability to decide his own religious problems, he makes a rough and ready application of the message to his own case, and devotes his main energies to solving the practical problems of his life in the world.

From this point of view, elaborate and complex religious institutions and doctrines will seem to be more or less cumbersome and useless, and the persistence of their effort to win influence will be irritating. Feeling more or less detached from them, yet still allied to them by his reverence for the original message they represent, he finds them constantly interfering with and contradicting his private interpretations, and demanding of him more attention to religion as a specific department of activity, than he deems necessary. Religious energy should be devoted rather to solving practical social problems, than to preserving and guarding its own heritages.

And something like this is the attitude of the modern man, whose sentiments are so frequently quoted, who is so often placed in the chair of judgment

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in religious matters. There is a curious analogy between his situation and that of the Roman Pontiff. The Pope for many centuries has regarded himself as responsible for the control and regulation of Christian society. Recognizing no true legitimacy in secular life unless arbitrated by religious authority, he finds his problem very complicated in modern times. Secular life is everywhere asserting independence of ecclesiastical control. At the same time the Papacy is dependent upon its own religious leadership for whatever political or social influence it is able to exert. The Papacy is therefore bound to foster and encourage the development of popular devotional life, whether or not it take forms consistent with traditional doctrine.

Modern conditions have brought about in the Roman communion an arrest of doctrinal development and consequent abnormal developments of devotional life. On an issue between popular cults and theologians, the Pope cannot afford to sacrifice his popularity to theology. Backed by the loyal support of the multitude of devotees, he is able to close, by his own word in favor of popular devotional cults, any questions that are likely to occasion discussion in scholastic circles, and to concentrate all the forces under his leadership for meeting the practical problem of 'secularism.' There is a real relation between His Holiness the leader of the cause of Italian emancipation, and His Holiness subsequently proclaiming the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. Pope Pius IX abandoned the national cause because its aspect of 'secularism' proved inevitable, and the forces of religion must be solidified to resist 'secularism' there and throughout Western Europe. The supreme issue which the Pope sees steadily throughout is political and social. Religious devotion and doctrine are to him the indispensable though adjustable means to a supreme end — the subjection of earthly kingdoms to the spiritual kingdom.

III

Fundamentally, the Papal and the Liberal theories as to the object of religion do not greatly differ: religion should be a direct agent in social progress and happiness, and it must act directly and effectively, or not at all. Both Rome and the modern semi-secularized Anglo-Saxon of to-day assume that religion is sterile if it does not directly and demonstrably make itself a force to be reckoned with in the world of all human activities. Both Rome and the modern man insist that it is a waste of time for traditional religion to preserve its self-consistency by constitutional methods. It must make the best it can of the past by some diplomatic and business-like measure that will combine forces in the best way, and deal wholly with the present. And it may be observed that many men of affairs express an admiration, however detached, for the effective methods of the Papal policy.

One advantage, however, which Rome has over the modern man, arises from Rome's long experience in dealing with Christian traditionalism. The modern man does not sufficiently reckon with religion as a permanent force; he is open to the suggestion that religion may die out. Rome stakes all her prospects upon the permanence of Christianity. She builds her power, however extraneously, upon the Christian faith, and it is only her social and political aims that have tempted her to tamper with the Christian traditions, and to attempt to deflect their development and suppress their normal constitutional methods of self-correction.

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There are modern thinkers who have speculated on the possibility of combining various religious traditions. Rome has been too wise for this, in spite of all her statecraft. The Jesuits who attempted irenic methods with the Buddhists were promptly suppressed. Human experience is rather against all attempts to make peace between rival traditions. The status quo of the Temple of Baal B'rith, where the worship of Baal and Jehovah was alike tolerated, did not last long.

There is a tendency to-day to erect the idea of universal religious toleration into the place of a supreme religious principle. Clearly the motive of this tendency has a certain generosity. It arises from the humane desire to unite all men closer together in social sympathy; it observes that religious differences are actual barriers to this common feeling of humanity. It therefore hopes for some way in which these strong convictions may be melted down, and the world united on certain beliefs common to all those who are socially productive. What modern-minded man has not had such a vision as this? But just here is a curious difficulty. The enthusiastic Tolerant soon finds himself in a position where he is logically bound to be intolerant. Making peace with one's neighbor in the present (religiously) involves either peace or war with past generations. It is just as difficult to tolerate all the religion of the present as it is to tolerate all the religion of the past. Sooner or later one is forced to take sides.

IV

There are those who point to the principle of religious toleration by the State as the harbinger of final social toleration of all 'productive' religion. But the very existence of religious antagonisms makes it necessary, albeit difficult, for the State to maintain this principle. At times the principle often gives way to a policy, under pressure of religious influence. This is especially evident in the sphere of education, where solid religious combinations sometimes gain quasi-recognition by the State. So long as religion is in any sense a force in society, and allowing for all social sympathies and amenities and policies and common interests, social toleration of religious differences is simply a contradiction in terms. England, Germany, and America are slow to admit this fact, but France and other Latin countries have long discovered that a permanent balance of opposing religious forces in society is unthinkable. The matter even enters into government programmes, certainly into social movements in Latin states.

With us, the State is undoubtedly on solid ground in refusing to decide what type of religion is best for society. Society is left free to work out the problem. And here is a curious and pertinent matter for remark: that the State is the only department of civilization which, by common consent, is denied this privilege. Litterateurs, scientists and scholars, sociologists, business men, labor leaders, philanthropists, all are lending their good offices to help determine what the world needs in religion, and, incidentally, what the world does not need, and are eagerly being listened to by many religious leaders. Unquestionably much of the testimony is such as laymen have always given freely in religious matters, but somehow to-day it is the opinions or judgments that are more eagerly looked for than before. The judge on his bench, the senator, the president, are much more reserved — possibly because they feel more responsible. Beyond the pragmatic judgment that religion ought to make good citizens, these officials do not venture. For the sake of its own un-

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trammeled authority, the civil power overtly leaves religion to its own laws and its own wars.

Thus we see how closely related are authority and freedom of function. The citizen votes and sits on juries. But the voter is not given a chance to decide whether law and government are a failure. The juryman is not asked to append to his verdict a keen critique of judges, lawyers, and legal processes. He enjoys his franchise and exercises his jury-power on condition that he hears and abides by the law in the case. The legislators he elects are bound to make laws consistent with the whole body of legal tradition. Unjust legal traditions, flagrant misgovernment, do not in the least invalidate the authority of law, although they do cause skeptical contempt of authority. Revolutions and reforms justify themselves, at length, by actually restoring consistency and continuity with legal tradition. The appeal to past statutes is something more than a 'fiction,' as some clever writer has called it. It is the only condition of social sanity. For, if the seeds of justice are not to be found in immemorial institutions, there is no guaranty that stable justice is possible.

And so with art, with science, with education. The redress of the common man, duped by the meretricious and unjust guides or rulers, is in compelling them to rule or teach consistently with the law of the tradition. Rebellion, or revolution, where it arises from social needs, really restores broken junctures with fundamental social tradition. Evolution itself insists that the true originator is he in whom the past bears its fruit, not he who requires the wreckage and the failure of the past as the background of his glory. That Shakespeare may shine, the laurels of Dante do not fade. Those periods when the ecclesiastic was made the arbiter of scientific problems produced bizarre science. It was the utilitarian moralist, posing as literary critic, who pronounced the famous judgment on Keats's poetry: 'This will never do.' The moment the mob disperses, and there is no longer need to explain or to assert that law and order are necessary, the judge goes back eagerly to his precedents and statutes; for the mob was simply the result of a previous neglect or abuse of precedents or statutes.

And so we come to our question: Can we apply the same principle to religion? The mob is muttering; a very respectable mob, it is true, and it mutters after a peaceable sort. For the sake of the ladies, whose sensibilities are to be considered, it 'aggravates' its voice, and roars you as gently as any sucking dove. Something is wrong with religious officialdom: it is 'too complex,' it 'has outlived its usefulness,' it 'needs re-adaptation to the times.' The threats of this estimable mob are not violent; the only red-cap it brandishes is a night-cap which it threatens to draw over its own ears, to the everlasting contempt of religion. But it is a formidable weapon. For this threatened sleep of the just, this calm, judicial indifference of the modern man, leaves organized religion shivering outside the splendid gates of civilization, starved out of all the good things that are to come with 'the parliament of Man, the federation of the World!'

V

Let us therefore, in such moments of grace as we are allowed, examine the grave charge against organized religion, — that it does not demonstrate its usefulness. Its usefulness to what, and to whom?

The popular scientist reminds us how ecclesiasticism has vainly attempted to restrain the progress of knowledge.

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The business man points to the unedifyingly unbusinesslike methods of many churches in administering their affairs. The working-man says religion has done precious little toward industrial justice. The philanthropist stays away from Church and triumphantly proves that 'human uplift' does not depend upon religion. The educator shows how religious prepossessions limit the free development of the mind. The moral philosopher clearly proves that it is possible to develop an esoteric morality that is independent of the reward-and-punishment motives supplied by religion, and adds that the religious attitude of dependence limits abstract moral development.

All these charges are strangely based upon the assumption that organized religion, to justify its existence at all, ought to maintain a leadership of all activities of life, without levying any appreciable tax upon them. And since religious circles are observed trying very hard to accomplish this modern mission, and meeting with a very small degree of success in proportion to the output of energy, the popular inference is, that religion must be urged to make still more heroic efforts, if it is to maintain its footing. 'Hep, hep, keep step, Christian!' The tables are turned, and the liberal Rabbi occupies the pulpit to give godly counsel on Holy Cross Day.

VI

But this only reminds us how, at one time, religious organization did actually control all the details of social activity with singular effectiveness — and levied its tax, too, most emphatically. At a critical moment, Western Europe's future hung upon the veneration of the Teutonic tribes toward two traditions, the one religious, the other political and legal. The local Patriarchs of Rome, already in a position of leadership in the Western Church, which Christian tradition permitted them, seized the supreme opportunity of combining their spiritual prestige with the practical substance of the Imperial political tradition.

But this resulted only in poisoning the vitals of the Church with the passions and ambitions of a growing and suppressed secular life, only gradually becoming conscious of its own distinct functions or powers; while at the same time the seeds were sown of a profound skepticism of the organic character and the divine origin of the Christian tradition, whose authority had never before been questioned in Christendom.

Resisted at every point by Roman power, secular civilization at length came more and more into possession of its consciousness and powers, through the rediscovery of the free development of antique civilization. Gradually the mediæval scheme of society seemed paler and more unreal. The inadequacy of a religious imperialism became more and more obvious, its incapacity to foster to their normal height all the powers of which human nature is capable. The disillusion is still going on. The priest becomes less and less of a 'parson.' Clerical art, natural philosophy, political economy, prove too jejune for the full pulse of life. Strokes of ultramontane statecraft, social reforms led by preachers, the diplomacies of pulpit liberalism, the truly noble and self-effacing ventures of institutionalism and social service — they arrest attention, they touch the heart, they prevent the 'man-in-the-street' from utterly underrating the vitality of religion; but they simply do not prove to the modern world that which above all things they are yearning to prove — that religion is a matter of permanent human interest. The attempted 'leadership' of the clergy really puts the

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seal upon their subjugation to secular domination.

There *are* people whose æsthetic sense is satisfied with copies of Fra Angelico's frescoes. There *are* people who look forward eagerly to the next Church Social, and who enjoy art and science only as it passes through the mind of some kindly and thoughtful minister. The mediæval countrysides flocked to see the miracle-plays; but Shakespeare was not yet born. Let us not too rashly pity and patronize, as Tennyson did, the 'sister' whose 'melodious days' we are to be so careful not to disturb with our deadly 'shadowed hints.' But, the rest of humanity needed and needs the Renaissance, — the direct contact with mundane nature and life. Sooner or later the clerical shoemaker will be forced to stick to his last. And then the crucial question will be, has he any last to stick to? What is left of religion after nature and earthly life have found their own freedom and their own discipline?

VII

To say, as is so often said, that it is pernicious to draw a line between the sacred and the secular, since all life is sacred, simply confuses and postpones the issue. Nature, in herself, is conscious of no sacredness, and of no desecration. Desire, and venture, and curiosity, and even decency, do not naturally open their activities with prayer. 'Laborare est orare' is a very pretty sentiment, but commonly taken so seriously that people forget that it is a paradox once uttered by a Catholic mystic, St. Catherine of Siena. Normally, when people work and play, they give their whole attention to the matter in hand. It is only in moments of uncertainty and helplessness in the midst of endeavor, that the prayer slips in.

Secular humanism essentially is neither sacred nor accursed; it is not anticlerical; it is simply non-clerical and inevitable. Inevitably the poet sings, the lover loves, the warrior fights, the student thinks; yes, inevitably the Good Samaritan pours his oil and wine. Now at last we have religion to the wall. Even the Good Samaritan, as such, does not need a correct belief. And even yet, it is the more pertinent to ask: As the poet sings, as the Good Samaritan heals and helps, can we say too, that (with a similar pagan spontaneity) the Christian prays? Has the sacring of life its own faculty, its own organic function with its own freedom and limits, its own proper sphere of social development, and therefore its own background of organic tradition as the necessary condition of its progress? Is humanism legitimate as applied specifically to religion?

That great humanist, Matthew Arnold, gravely implied a negative when he said, in effect, that Poetry is likely to take the place of motive power that religion has hitherto occupied. Gathering up from the past the æsthetic and moral elements of greatest beauty and permanency, the religion of the future will be simply the social expression, in creative forms, of the noblest aspirations and ideals of the race. Objective faith being doomed to die a gradual death, an enlightened interpretation of the Christian 'mythology' and traditions will touch the soul of humanity with an enduring appeal. Curiously enough, the Tübingen theology does not seem to have any but a rather depressing effect on Arnold's own muse. Hers is rather the note of the dirge than of the palinode.

Yet Matthew Arnold's theory presents one of the most inspiring substitutes for religion that has yet been prophesied. Still, in order perpetually to sustain the inspiration for this poetic-

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didactic Neo-Catholicism, it would be necessary to preserve and colonize a remnant of actual traditionalists, as a picturesque and romantic group, like a Tuscan village or a Filipino section in an international exposition. Their pathetic rites and prayers would be a living ruin about which the cultured mythopœic imagination could play. Thus a substitute for religion might prove to derive its main value from the background of the actual religion.

It is really important to inquire whether religion, with its naïvely objective beliefs, is an essential part of our nature. The ignoring or the suppressing of any function impoverishes or injures other functions. The contempt of the æsthetic tends to moral cruelty. The neglect of the moral nature eventually produces decadent art. Ours is a wonderful civilization, but what if there were one sphere of human interest which we were unwittingly crushing and mutilating? Our prevalent attitude toward religion certainly does not involve the recognition of it as a distinct and permanent department of life. When we enter into the contemplation of art, we suspend the logical faculty, in order to get the complete impression. When we botanize, we do not let the poetic impulse interfere. But when we go into an atmosphere laden with piety and adoration, we go there militantly as æsthetics or philosophers or psychologists. The more religious the atmosphere, the less religious we feel called upon to be, and the more detached and secularly upright.

VIII

Suppose, with a view to determining how far organized religion may become a merely poetical-ethical, social force, which is presumably its only resource since it has proved its inefficiency as the official arbiter of all human activity — suppose we cursorily survey the existing state of organized religion. Its varieties and contradictions might seem to promise disintegration. The desire for closer unity among certain Christian bodies might prove a solvent. Many of them contain, in their traditions, a decidedly negative element; that is to say, their position is determined by an attitude of reaction against some other aspect of religion. Might not this critical aspect develop further? Many of their clergy show a singular sensitiveness to current thought and sentiment, and a willingness to let the traditions to which they are formally committed remain in obscurity. These bodies often show much capacity of adaptation to conditions.

And yet among them there is a persistent strain of positive common tradition. They have ceased to try to explain why they are separate bodies, and merely accept it as a rather unfortunate fact; meanwhile in their plans for common action there is an undoubted tendency to emphasize those parts of positive tradition which they all share, and to make it the centre and motive of missionary propaganda.

But the most stubborn obstacle in the way of forming an irenic world-religion, is the persistence of the original form of Christian traditionalism, the most accurate name for which is Catholicism. At present it exposes several vulnerable points. First, it is not corporately united. Second, the largest body of its three divisions, the body which claims most insistently to represent the whole, seems to be at present committed to the more than dubious cause of religious imperialism. Third, the Catholic body which is most in harmony with Anglo-Saxon development is at present greatly hampered in presenting the whole claim of Christian

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traditionalism, on account of that large part of its constituency which is under the influence of negative traditions, Protestant or Liberal.

In the popular mind, Catholicism is associated with ultramontane objects and policies. Now the modern world is no more inherently anti-clerical than the poet or the Good Samaritan is; but it is determined not to be Catholicized if Catholicism brings Vaticanism with it. Romanism has marshalled the forces under its control so as to represent Catholicism as constantly attempting control over secular activities; eastern traditionalism, for the present, seems to be safely confined within racial lines. Anglicanism, which is unquestionably traditional in its faith and constitution, is nevertheless, for the sake of internal peace, practically forced, for some time to come, to suppress the full acknowledgment of its birthright. So that, for the present, the domination of public opinion in religious matters is divided between Liberalism and Romanism.

Certainly the present state of organized Christianity, taken as a whole, or in parts, hardly compels the public mind to regard it as a promising competitor for world-domination. So long as Christianity continues so to be presented to public opinion, either as a series of bewildered experiments, or as a hopelessly aggressive organization at war with human nature, a considerable number of people will feel that existing religion hardly justifies the barriers it erects between common human sympathy and interests; and that the society of the future must find an interpretation of religion that will help human progress rather than impede it; enrich society, rather than cling, beggar-wise, to its skirts for a grudging recognition.

But one cannot have a modern world-religion unless all the world goes in for it. Even if Christian traditionalism made no gains, and were satisfied, like Orthodox Judaism, merely to perpetuate itself, the mere persistence of traditional religion would be the one fatal barrier. And with or without Roman championship, independent of ecclesiastical policies, papal, anti-papal, or liberal-imperialistic; and irrespective of the limits of its evident spheres of influence, traditionalism is very much alive. The French know this, and have never been deceived by the fiction of social toleration. The French mind, having established its premises, leaps quickly to logical issues. Curiously enough, Anglo-Saxon attacks on religion charge it with interfering too little with secular matters. But both the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon critics are confronted with the vitality of organic religion; 'Its pernicious activity,' says the Latin; 'Its stubborn self-perpetuation in spite of social inefficiency,' says the American critic. Sometimes, it is interesting to remark, the support of religious organizations is presented as an economic problem; and if religion's *only* justification is direct and efficient and varied social service, it will logically become more and more evident that it is a waste of money and effort to support institutions which are mere perpetuations of religious tradition.

Yet just this fact of the persistence and vitality of tradition, is what prevents the fair-minded American secularist from passing judgment, as the fierce Latin secularist does. In so far as he is in earnest about all things human, he refuses to condemn utterly organized traditionalism. He says merely that it is alien to his habits of thought. But his mind is still open to the possibility that the soul may not be a disease, nor its cultivation a morbid practice, like drug-taking. And it remains for Christian Traditionalists to clear

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themselves once for all of the charge that they aim to use secular power for winning supremacy over all other human interests; and at the same time to differentiate religious culture sharply and to show that it has a liberty and authority, laws of protection and sanction peculiar to its own sphere of relationships; to bear witness, by their own fidelity, to the possibility that religious tradition may be, like legal tradition, organic and complex without being unreal; and repeatedly misused and misinterpreted without losing authority. So long as the hope of this survives, there will be dissenters from any experimental world-religion that may be attempted. And dissent, by hypothesis, would be fatal.

IX

Are there facts to correspond with this conception of Religion? The fact is that Christian tradition was not developed by an oligarchy to the end of controlling political and social life. The originator, in the few words he spoke before his secular judge, clearly differentiated His Kingdom as 'not of this world,' and as clearly recognized secular power as having an authority of its own 'given to thee from above.' The 'greater sin' was not that of the secular power; it was the sin of the 'traditor' who delivered spiritual authority over to be abused by the secular power.

The spiritual King and His Kingdom existed in the world to 'bear witness to the truth.' This witness was committed by the One to the Twelve, and by the Twelve to many more, in an organic, institutional form. It grew more and more complex, as it answered question after question of thought and experience, through representative councils and common consent of all who with varying responsibility had received the witness. It cast out of itself doctrines inconsistent with the complete tradition, clearly differentiating itself more and more. It made laws and gave sanctions, it liberated and protected and disciplined devotion, and controlled all developments of intellectual inference in religious matters, by considerations of consistency with the whole tradition, and consistency with reason and experience.

And the man-in-the-street had his voice in the Catholic Church. He discussed the Two Natures while he shaved his customers in Alexandria. He repudiated the illegal action of his bishops when they returned to the east after the Council of Florence. But his power was based upon his hearing the law of the Church, and maintaining it. His revolts were revolts against illegal action. It was his devotion that developed richness and variety in worship, his common sense that demanded doctrinal consistency, his speculations and ecstasies, often, that called for correction, restraint, and definition. And he exercised this liberty and privilege only on condition of his spiritual dependence upon the Tradition and the medium through which it reached him. He received from the Church all he was capable of receiving, and therefore what he gave to the Church was a constructive contribution.

This attitude, this spirit, still exists throughout organized Christianity, either latent or developed. Wherever there is Christian faith, there is the desire to learn, not so much what is the mind of the world, but what is the mind of the Church. The present difficulty is to determine what the Church is, whether the Church has a mind of her own, and how she possesses it. And just here the Babel of voices from the world breaks in, and brings confusion. Leaders arise to interpret and 'reinterpret.' Perhaps the

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Church is merely 'the soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come'? All other spheres of human interest have their laws. Christianity, religion, is supposed to govern itself by 'principles' alone. Just this situation is what makes Roman claims so plausible to those spiritually minded men who, mark you, are not weaklings, but who, failing to see the weak spot in pragmatic views of life, defend their faith against modern pragmatism by entrenching themselves in a more venerable form of the same thing.

When the Renaissance set free the secular life of Western Europe, it was because a submerged world, a cosmos of law and proportion and relationship, had been rediscovered in the classic past. The artist, the philosopher, the merchant, the statesman, found the seed of their future glory and expansion in what had been the mere memory of shattered temples and gods thrown down. It was not that they enshrined the pagan gods once more, but that they found that Man in the past is the same as Man in the present. The very ambitions and desires and curiosities they felt within themselves, they found in ancient Greece fully developed and practically expressed; in Greece they saw the primary difficulties of art and thought and government met and overcome, and their fundamental laws established. To build upon the traditions of ancient civilization was simply an inevitable necessity. It was the only condition of progress, the only hope of liberation, and of productive discipline. Greece herself had built upon the traditions of Phœnicia and Egypt. And so, if religious faith should be a legitimate activity of human nature, is the atmosphere of present-day empiricism its congenial element, any more than the magic, the alchemy, the cabalism of mediævalism was a satisfying element for the inquiring intellect that at length found its normal atmosphere in the ample clearness of Greek thought and life?

If, now oppressed with the secular dogma that faith is a creative activity finding its true end in supplying motive and color and idealism to this present age, that it must produce by a mysterious alchemy a form of optimism to suit every changing condition; if, in the midst of an atmosphere that is haunted by dreams of an objectless faith, a motiveless morality, unblessed and unguided desire and curiosity, surrounded by a world of iron and senseless restrictions, and a great invisible Unknown whose possibilities are unknowable and therefore uninteresting, — men should break their bonds and know themselves to be spiritual beings, with the power of believing, of fearing, of repenting and adoring; then they would naïvely expect that somewhere in the world there must be a human Way between God and man, trodden by many feet; and they would seek it, not in dreams, but in memories. And finding that lost Path through those memories, they would find nothing there to wither any of the glories Man or Nature have ever known. Rather the whole emancipated Man, like Jacob, would kneel where once he slept, saying, 'Surely, the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.'

We trust art to justify her usefulness; and art weaves her charms, and leads us to regions unmoral and unscientific; still we trust her, and at last she brings us back to the solid world of reality and experience, and we learn that art does not contradict truth, and that she actually in herself is productive. We trust science, and science leads us into cold regions of pitiless force; yet we trust her, and she too proves human and productive; but not until we have given her her liberty and submitted to her authority. We trust society, so full

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of frauds and follies and injustices; yet we trust her, and find that her customs and usages were built up for very necessary purposes. But we do not trust religion to justify herself; we give her little or no opportunity to prove her productiveness. We yield to religious influence as to some foible of which we are rather ashamed. We accept just so much religion as we judge to be helpful or inspiring, and then we are careful to isolate it from complication with other beliefs by defining and limiting it as our own private 'creed' which must be kept to the strictest simplicity, since the world's complexities demand all our attention. And so we know no more about what religion is than a mediæval monk, penning grotesques around an initial, knew of the mind of Praxiteles. We do sometimes, as Arnold did in the ruins of the Grande Chartreuse, look wistfully through the bars that separate us from the Christian past. With poets and historians and psychologists, we patronize kindly the 'age of faith.' But we are not yet free. We are really afraid of faith, for we fear that if we come too much under her siren spell, she will so inhumanly devour and absorb our mental life as to make all other departments of life seem distorted or unreal. A scarlet night-hag haunts us, with a thumbscrew in her hand, and we turn away.

Our humanism is not yet complete; the full and final flower of the Renaissance is yet to bloom.

MY GARDEN BEASTS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

I

Masses of bloom are the ambition of the beginner in the garden. The mellowed and experienced worker values rather privacy, design, individuality, pictorial quality, the motherly shade of old trees, the aroma of low-hanging fruit, and the association of spiritual and bodily comrades who frequent the place. Nor would my particular old garden, sitting at the feet of the old house, be to me all that it is, without the presence and memory of myriad little visitors in fur and feathers, bewinged, betailed, gleaming, gliding, flashing, loafing, usurping the plot of land I so absurdly call my own. By what tenure do birds and ants and fireflies claim squatter rights, — bed, board, and protection in my garden? By broken egg-shells of divers colors and markings, cumuli of clay crumbs and glints of phosphorus. Moreover I not only acquiesce but, like Parkinson of old, 'honestest Root-gatherer,' I collect them and their comrades into a Book of Paradise, 'so that in winter I can read about them and count up how many I have.'

The most memorable bird that ever visited the garden, a *rara avis* indeed, came toward the close of a desperately long and severe winter, came in direct answer to my ardent longing for him. This robin was as large as a grown hen,

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and he came and walked beside me and let me, with the extreme caution of approach I once expended in putting salt on robins' tails, smooth the feathers on his head. My chamber clock struck one just after, but to any caviler I can show in proof the exact path where we walked together, Robin and I, from the gnarled Bosc pear tree to the monkey bed.

The monkey bed had once another name. Only workers in many-bedded and bordered gardens know the convenience of having the parts adequately christened. I was reading by the window when a queer little figure in a red coat leaped out of the border, snatched a pear from under a tree and returned to cover. I rubbed my eyes. Was it a case of Robin Redbreast again? Was this a first symptom of a wandering mind? No, again out dashed a live monkey, seized a pear, and again retreated to the jungle of rudbeckia. An advertisement in a local paper that afternoon led me to telephone the creature's whereabouts to its owner, who after recovering the little redcoat, related the latter's adventures as they had reached him from several quarters. The monkey, wandering far in enjoyment of his liberty, saw an open door, entered, found a bed, and accustomed to the freedom of a house jumped up and burrowed between the covers. When a woman turned down the sheets at bedtime, out before her horrified eyes jumped the monkey, making rapid exit through an open window. Checko's brief sojourn in my garden having added to its nomenclature, I planted there a goodly group of mimulus to keep his memory green.

I always couple with this incident one told me by a justice of our Supreme Court, of how a deer jumped into the dining-room window at his home in Crab Orchard Springs, leaped over the table set for breakfast and out at the opposite window.

I was reading one day in the shade of a great oak, when little particles which I at first took to be oak-galls fell about me. One in my lap suggested investigation, and as it proved to be a bit of fresh fruit, I looked up. Directly above me sat a red squirrel holding in its paws a seckel pear. The annual theft had begun; but it seemed sheer deviltry of the little marauder to use the gardener's own lap for his scrap basket, and put her in the position of wearing a chip on her shoulder while remaining powerless to strike out. If the squirrels ate the pears it would be less exasperating, but to chew up and drop a good third of one merely to get the few seeds, and, that accomplished, to drop the rest of the fruit, seems criminal waste. Doubtless, however, the chips become the breakfast food of ants and beetles.

Spirally around the trunk of a tree one day ran the most uncanny little creature. Its tail was like a rat's, its paws were clothed in fur mittens, the rest of its body was naked as one's knee. I could not believe, till forced to do so, that this ugly beast was a new-born son of the graceful though graceless squirrel. The parents' penchant for birds' eggs leads to many a chase by outraged robins and blue-jays. The bird flies furiously at the squirrel which, deftly as a boy at 'tag,' slips around to the other side of the tree trunk. The bird's impetus carries it far past, but it returns at its enemy, which repeats the trick *ad infinitum*, till 'tired out with fun' master squirrel barks in ironic laughter and scrambles off for other sports. One of these used to be to lick a willow garden chair, which he did piecemeal, morning after morning, for many weeks. Possibly the size tickled his palate. Could he have been secreting mucilage to use

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in nest-making, for which purpose he chews off great mouthfuls of the rope which fastens the climbing roses to their trellis?

Cats dearly love a garden, and, though because of the birds I deprecate their presence, I can yet take æsthetic delight in the way pussy picks her path delicately among the growing plants. I caught a mother one day in the act of teaching four kittens the approved method of making a day couch, feline version doubtless of man's hemlock bed. Tabby, closely followed by the kittens, walked into the border of young, feathery cosmos, and with tail stiffly extended turned about until she had gathered in a considerable number of stalks. She was about to lie down thereupon when fate in the shape of a small apple thrown by a practiced hand drove the quintette forth. So far as cats are concerned, daytime cats, the gardener has it mostly her own way, — 'she makes the rain and the fine weather,' as the French phrase neatly puts it; but what my near-sighted eyes once took for a great maltese cat proved to be a wild rabbit; and as far as that visitor was concerned I might as well have succumbed at once. He would sit and nibble pansy buds, keeping his weather eye on my approach, and just as I leaned over to seize him by the ears, the most wonderful set of legs in the world would rise to action and Brer Rabbit would be twenty feet away, nonchalantly nibbling my head lettuce. His four days' visit — visitation — harrows even my memory; but at last he followed the dictate of the sundial to 'Go about your business.'

I must confess that the cabalistic design which stands for a motto on my sundial is unique in meaning whatever I wish it to mean, varying with the age, temper, and circumstance of its owner. Once I translated it platitudinously as 'I count the bright hours only.' Later, when the confidences of youth had a jolt, it read, as in the Vulgate, 'Cogitavi dies antiquos — I have considered the days of old.' I have even had the temerity to translate it in the full hours of morning as, 'I mark Time: dost thou?' and in the leisure of four o'clock as, 'Yes, rest awhile.' Whatever its motto, the flowers that surround it are all and always golden, since Time is golden; and this leads me by quite traceable links of association back to my little visitors.

Glancing into the garden recently, my eyes were greeted by a goldfinch standing on the stone pedestal, beside the brass sundial, with the tall coreopsis and hunnemannia reaching up to join the symphony of color, and the dwarf golden nasturtiums glinting below. No apostle of color effects in the garden can afford to ignore how birds and flowers reciprocally lend each other new forces. Could one imagine a more exquisite setting for a blue-jay than the gray blue of the bushy clematis davidiana, the supporting stakes of which are permitted to protrude just enough to lure his squawky majesty thither? — unless it be the humming bird poised before a stalk of cardinal flowers, the ruby spot on his breast taking an extra *nuance* from the proximity of that 'thyrsis bright for the fingers of seraphim'; or the cardinal grosbeak when he flies into a silver maple, and with his advent makes the red stems of its myriad leaves flash forth into prominence.

This interplay of flowers and little beasts shows in the very nomenclature: spiderwort, cranesbill, larkspur, snapdragon, monkey flower; also *aquilegia* and *pteris aquilina*, — columbine and brakes, — which mark the spot where a pair of eagles dwelt one summer in the little home school house. In my childhood a few of their feathers still remained, but they disappeared

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somewhere in the framed collection of tail-feathers which was the pride of our youth. I can still name more birds by the tail-feathers I find in the grass than by their song or plumage *in toto*. The collection was not only an endless source of search, research and boasting, but exhibited at the county fair, — an entry was specially prepared for it, — it furnished seventy-five cents annually to our coffer, a fortune even when divided among the members of our stock company.

Barring the sparrows, birds fit into my environment without a crease or ruffle. Hordes of robins which evidently look upon my presence much as the Indians did upon that of my forebears, fairly elbow me out of the flower-beds after sprinkling hours. They bathe by twos and threes in the bird-dish, whither they providently bring their lunch of mulberries and cherries, leaning out as they soak their feathers to take festive nips at a rose-bud or verbena head. They are as well provided with the comforts of home as was Marat in his shoe-shaped bath-tub, a shelf for his papers edging the top of the shoe where his head decorously stuck out.

Turtles used frequently to visit the garden *via* the boys' pockets after mornings in swimming, and I remember one which, tethered to a door-knob, escaped in the night and wandered about the house laying eggs in many corners of rooms. Possibly this fact made the turtle *persona non grata;* but I have always regretted that one was not kept as a garden accessory, as deer are kept in English parks. One family I know of in the tropics always name a young tortoise at the same time as a new baby, keeping it till the child grows up and marries, when it is killed and eaten at the wedding feast. One ancient and honorable specimen known to many visitors to a Bermuda garden is celebrated for his hatred of rain, shuffling off at the first sprinkling, and running his foolish head into a corner. Gilbert White in *Selborne* notes the same trait of one in Surrey which, 'though it had a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet discovers as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her fine attire.'

Toads are treasure-trove in my garden, and when I accidentally dig one up I carefully re-inter him, and for his delectation keep thin flat stones over moist hollows, the stone roofs serving as well for stepping stones and weed discouragers in the borders. Some of the toads grow tame enough to hop up the stone path to the *tempo* of my whistle, and stand while I tickle their heads with a grass blade, and dart out preposterously long red tongues, seemingly hinged at the fore instead of the rear of their mouths, for the flies I furnish forth.

Ladybirds, too, are *ben trovato* in my garden. Aristocrats among beetles are they, having, like queen bees, special post-office permits. More than once have I brought home in my handkerchief a colony of jeweled ladybirds to be reëstablished at the foot of some aphis or scale-infested plant, sure that they will accomplish their modest mission on this earth.

When the small domain over which I rule, 'lord of one lizard,' as Juvenal puts it, rises to the dignity of a seal of its own, it shall take the form of a sacred beetle; but *coccinella* not *scarabeus* shall be its name; symbol, not like Egypt's of sun and immortality, but of unostentatious benefaction. Like one of Carpaccio's lovely signatures on a white scroll held in its mouth by a tiny lizard, Ladybird shall stamp my documents, mute reminder that —

> In small proportions we just beauties see,
> And in short measure life may perfect be.

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II

I have often thought that I should like to carve a frieze on the garden side of the Cot, as the Greeks did on their Parthenon; a frieze depicting scenes from the lives of the animals which through the years have rested foot or wing in my garden. Some presentments would be counterfeit enough, some touched up like a photographer's negative, others frankly fanciful like those strange beasts of the Apocalypse beloved of the old sculptors. The little red squirrel should be there, true to life, with a seckel pear in one paw and Fouquet's motto, 'J'ascends,' in the other; but next him might stretch the salamander, with the little Benvenuto Cellini looking on and getting incontinently whipped lest he forget so wonderful a phenomenon. This group belongs to my garden, having entered there as I lay, a child, in the grass, through a Lowell essay dropped there by some older reader; dipping into which brought me first intimation that stories are not limited to story-books.

Monkey in his red coat should figure on the frieze, and next him the unicorn who bounded into the little preserve I call my mind the day I was trying to solve the riddle of Moses's horns as carved by Michael Angelo. Aristotle believed in the unicorn of such gracious quality that his horn wounded only to heal, and of such wisdom and strength that no hunter could take him save as he voluntarily came from the deep woods and nestled in the lap of a maiden. How often at a sound in the shrubbery did I raise expectant young eyes; and in later years no subject have I pondered oftener than the wild ass which also wore his one horn upon his forehead, and suggested Balzac's awful allegory upon the saving and the spending of life.

My frieze should set forth the actual birds of the garden — the wee wren with its kingly names, *regulus* and *roitelet*, singing a thousand details of its family life; but near by the phœnix should spread its wings, —

> . . . the Phœnix which all eddicated seamen
> Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee;
> When his hundred years expire,
> Then he'll set hisself afire,
> And another from his ashes rise, most beautiful to see.

Do you doubt the miracle of the phœnix? Keep your eye on a bit of bare earth where a label says 'resurgam,' and a splendid flame-colored tulip will in time purge you of heresy.

One panel, too, must show the halcyon bird, for whenever she nests 'a law of nature brings around what is called halcyon weather, — days distinguishable from all others for their serenity though they sometimes come amid the storms of winter.' And such my garden and its mistress need.

It was Prester John who had the phœnix thus versified; and a letter about him from Bishop Otto remains full of delightful extravagances. His domain contained also the fountain of youth, both the salamander and the unicorn, and the monstrous ants that dug gold. 'Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he shoulde incontinent be sleyn.'

One panel of the frieze should be sacred to still smaller visitors: *Bombus Americanus*, onomatopœic name of the bumble bee whose frolicking I love to watch, stopping his mad flight by bumping head-first into a petunia cup, then scrambling over the edge to pierce in gluttonous haste the nectary of sweets; the Nile-green katydid of obstinate reiteration, who suddenly adopts the other side and vociferously denies her own statement; the cricket with traditions of good luck; the but-

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terfly whose flaunting luxuriousness has as little in common with the caterpillar as my own mental butterflying has with the solid observations of naturalists; the tree toad, the honey bee, the dragonflies; the rosebugs and wasps which Emerson apostrophized as appearing best when flying — 'They sail like little pinnaces of the air: I admire them most when flying away from my garden!' and the locust, pure prestidigitator, who rips his own skin up the back and crawls out of it, emerging literally twice the size of his late self left sticking on the tree twig. It might have been this sight which suggested to McConnell his theory of the evolution of immortality: 'This life is a time of gestation. The living human form may be regarded as a matrix in which another may be quickening and maturing.'

My frieze-to-be recalls Peale, who, after fighting in our Revolutionary War and becoming the leading portrait painter of Pennsylvania, began collecting animals and organized our first Museum of Natural History. Wishing to move his collection to Philadelphia Hall, he had the stuffed buffaloes, panthers, and tigers carried on men's shoulders, followed by a long string of boys, who dearly love a parade and would have paid for the privilege. The living frieze brought everybody to their doors and was a great advertisement, while Peale was saved large expense and time in moving.

One of my foibles being the collection of garden beasts, my readers may wonder why I have omitted the dog. In truth he is as much out of place in a garden as a camel in a china shop. His sole use for a flower-bed is to bury bones in and to chase cats through, the terminal preposition emphasizing the gardener's distress whilst. In my rôle of gardener all dogs are 'Spot,' and Macbeth's three-worded anathema my own. Yet with equanimity can I hum Purcell's lovely song, 'I'll sail upon the Dog star,' nor do dog-days frighten me; and in winter when I garden in the imagination I lift up ravished eyes to Sirius and Procyon, the great and little hounds which follow Orion the mighty hunter. Nor in this connection can I forget the delectable smile with which Dr. Edward Everett Hale begged me, as I set sail for southern seas, to wander on to Cat Island and gather the spray of dog roses which Columbus found floating there.

Dog stars are not the only starry beasts that gambol over my garden: the lion and bears, the eagle and swan, the goat and the crab, the bull and the ram, scorpion, fishes, and dolphin all shed a benign influence. While by day, —

'Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?'

'By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.'

'Methinks it is like a weasel.'

'It is backed like a weasel.'

'Or like a whale.'

'Very like a whale.'

Oh, diversity of the heavens! Yet few persons can distinguish one star or constellation from another; or picture camel, weasel, or whale in the clouds. I cannot draw the outline of a beast from mind or memory; but I can find one in any cloud and from that draw a very recognizable creature.

In the folk-lore of Ireland there is a widespread belief in a fairy land of eternal hope and brightness and youth situated a little way below the roots of the grass. I seem to find it each time I stoop over an ant's nest and watch these master-builders. They may not, like Prester John's, dig gold; but La Fontaine, the only writer of the seventeenth century, by the way, sensible of the graces of the landscape, transcribed their talk. Once he arrived late

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at a dinner: he had been watching a procession of ants in a field and had found it was a funeral and had accompanied the cortège to the grave in the garden and then escorted the bereaved family back to its home.

Once, when I was leading a visitor through my little strawberry patch, she picked a berry of unusual symmetry and turning it slowly in her hand exclaimed, 'Does n't it look like an emery!' I have often noticed, since, how people compare nature to art as though reducing them thereby to a common denominator. Who, visiting Lake Como, fails to compare its atmospheric effects with a stage curtain? We say a child looks like a picture, a moon like a great red ball. Yesterday, pulling weeds at dawn, I looked up for the bird I heard calling, and was suddenly impressed with the unreality of the scene, — there was no short-skirted woman with homely tool in hand, no bird a-singing, but only Jules Breton's Song of the Lark, — a few square feet of canvas.

> Art was given us for that,
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out.

The song of the lark precipitates a Wordsworth, a Shelley, to write incomparably beautiful poems: the poems lure Americans to England to hear a skylark. The caged thrush seen by Poor Susan paints before her starved city eyes the home of her childhood: the poem sends us to find the plane tree in Wood Street. 'It's all truth and daylight,' as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons's acting, and each gardener in life is bound to interpret her bit of nature or art for somebody else, the value of the interpretation depending ultimately of course, upon the force and quality of the character behind it.

Some of the interpretations are humorous enough — our similes for instance: 'Mad as a hornet,' and 'Mad as a march hare,' expressing quite different states of madness. To *parvenu* gardeners talking learnedly of tree roses and tree hydrangeas I retort that I am not eager for abnormalities, but hope rather to make a tree bear. Give a chuckle to the little English streams called the Mole and the Ant. Recall Lowell's 'Beetles which drive home the beams' — commonplace name enough for a wooden mallet when one remembers the old root 'to beat.' And what is our expression 'to mount on a high horse,' but the social climbing in old Lorraine? Four families had the right to bear the names of the high horses; the second set of families bore the titles of the little horses, but many of the little horses pretended to equal the first, — and there you are.

III

I never feel important in the presence of the little furred and feathered visitors in my garden, but then they never humiliate me or nag me, and though they interpret much, they are not omniscient, forever trying to interpret it all. One of the wisest sayings uttered on this ancient earth was Josh Billings's remark, 'It ain't so much men's ignorance that does the harm as their knowing so many things that ain't so.' As Chesterton says, in comment, 'One sees vividly hundreds of well-informed, well-intentioned people trotting around about the streets knowing things.'

The birds know, perhaps, but they wear their knowledge lightly. One of Newbolt's beautiful passages describes a bird rising and falling over a flower. 'How long,' asks the visitor to the Old Country, 'has it been doing that on exactly the same spot?' 'Oh, from father to son for a thousand years!' and he continues, 'We are all contemporaries, but we live like figures in a

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tapestry, invisible to each other and fondly imagining that we are made of different thread from our neighbors whom we have never seen.'

If our neighbors wear fur and feathers, what difference? St. Francis talked to his little brothers the birds: the sleek otter crept up to warm the feet of St. Cuthbert: heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb understood each other. Bergson believes that instinct, not reason, brings us into closest touch with what is most real, 'for matter and reason have a common origin, and the second was evolved to cope with the first.' Was it reason that led little Aurore Dupin, 'George Sand,' who had been taught no religion, to invent a deity of her own, make him a little shrine in the garden and sacrifice to him by catching birds and butterflies and setting them free in his honor? Was it reason that caused Hohenlohe, when out chamois-driving, to pause and give his whole attention to a field mouse which, terrified by the shooting, had sought refuge with the great statesman? The *vraie vérité*, to use a serviceable French phrase, seems to be that it is not intricate reasoning that makes us wise, but a habit of brooding upon common experiences, the things of earth and skies and human relations, until knowledge becomes 'instinctively' ours.

I have heard in the little city where I live, that my garden sends forth an influence of itself. It would be worthless else, and ungrateful; for influences untold have fashioned it, — the stars and clouds bow down to do it reverence; waters from the depths of the earth rise up to refresh and sustain it; birds bring it tidings of Alaska and Mexico; its never ceasing orchestra is compounded of many-scented breezes. The spirit of great writers broods there: from Aristophanes, the first to discover that men listen more surely to the facts and follies of human life in the rôle of animals than in the guise of teacher or divine, through Æsop and Rabelais and La Fontaine to Rostand, and every poet who has sung divinely of little beast and bird. Truly, what Meredith calls our modern malady, the malady of sameness, has no hold in my garden. The oriole that sings to-day may be the same oriole that sang yesterday, but he sings from a different bough. Each book that I read in the garden introduces new visitors: Jonah, perhaps, and I lift my eyes from the fish to the God above the fish; and my thoughts drift back unconsciously across the æons to the time when my inland garden was one of the beaches of Lake Erie, in the waters of which sported fish to which Jonah's was but commonplace.

Or sometimes, under the power of an enchanted grasshopper, 'whose voice will run from hedge to hedge,' Keats sits in my garden; or the glowing eyes of Bobby Burns peer down at a wee field mouse; or over the snail on the thorn leans the shade of Browning; and the age-old shells in the gravel at my feet set my own soul building more stately mansions. For I am not like the French peasant who would not take off his hat to a new wooden cross because he had known it as a pear tree. My humblest little visitors are latent influences to larger vision and quickened life; and like the griffin of old, which the old Etruscan settlers of Perugia captured thousands of years ago upon the hilltops and chose for their city arms, I could carve on my house frieze either a dinosaur or a ladybird, and from its mysterious origin and organism catch new inspiration to attack the monsters of the day.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'THE CASE OF THE MINISTERS'

To me, also, 'there has always been something pathetic about clowns.' Consequently, when I read this sentiment in the opening sentence of Contributor's article, I leaned back in my chair, lighted my pipe, and said to myself, 'Here is an article by one to whose spirit my spirit is kin.' But the very next sentence set me to doubting the kinship. While I agree with Contributor that clowns are pathetic creatures, I cannot agree that the circumstance in their lives which he selects as most pathetic, is pathetic at all — namely, 'that they are compelled to make their living by means of laughter.' The clown is a free agent. He may leave off his clowning any day he chooses, and make his living by vending pop-corn or painting steeples. It is not by compulsion, but of choice, that he makes his living 'by means of laughter.' Nor is it by his own laughter that he makes his living. Who ever heard a clown laugh? It is enough for him to squeak and his audience shouts with laughter — that 'unenforced laughter' which Contributor values so highly. Having heard such laughter myself, I wonder that any one can call it 'a capricious thing' or 'one of the delicious "extras" of life.' To my mind, this unenforced laughter is far more pathetic than the enforced squeak of the clown. The really pathetic element in a clown's life is, that he, being a man, freely chooses to make his living by squeaking.

But, to take the step from the ridiculous to the sublime, let us consider 'the case of the ministers.' Their case is pathetic, so Contributor holds, in two respects. First, they are 'forced continually . . . to exploit their own spiritual nature in the earning of their daily bread,' and secondly, they are 'compelled by their job to make a prayer at the stroke of an hour, even if they do not feel prayerful.' It is incomprehensible to me (not knowing Contributor) how any intelligent being could misunderstand so utterly 'the case of the ministers.' Far from being compelled to exploit their spiritual nature, they may not even do so of their free choice. A minister who did exploit his spiritual nature — that is, utilized it for selfish ends — would soon find himself without a spiritual nature to exploit. Every minister, however, is under compulsion to utilize his spiritual nature. Every man of us is under this compulsion. Spiritual capacities, quite as much as intellectual or other capacities, must be developed through use, and may be extirpated by disuse. His case is pathetic, and his only, who feels himself under no compulsion to use, and to use freely, his spiritual powers. The command of the Great Teacher is the command of Nature: Let your light shine. He who fails to obey that command, and hides his light under a bushel, not only withholds his light from others, but lives himself in darkness.

'There is one thing,' says Contributor, 'to which . . . every one has a right, and that is, the possession of his own depths of selfhood.' I deny that right to any man. The depths of one's selfhood no one of us has developed by his own unassisted endeavors. The deepest depth of it is the gift of God to

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any one of us, and the lesser depths have been opened up and plumbed for us by the achieving and the failing, by the glory and the shame, by the rejoicing and the sorrowing, by the strife and the peace of others. The depths of our selfhood are not our own. They have been bought with a price — with a price which should bring every one of us to his knees in his hours of remembrance. But this depth of selfhood 'is sacred,' says Contributor. Precisely so. And just because it is sacred we have no right to possess it — to shut it up in a private chamber to which we may go to commune with it in some capricious hour when the moonlight falls in just the right slant upon the garden wall, and the apple-blossoms drop quietly upon the lawn.

The second pathetic element in the lives of ministers is that they are 'compelled by their job to make a prayer at the stroke of an hour, even if they do not feel prayerful.' In this statement is the same utter misunderstanding of the real case of the ministers, and of the laws of the spiritual life. Contributor apparently knows nothing of the drawing power, the appeal, of the situation which presents itself at the stroke of the hour. I can conceive a minister entering his pulpit on occasions in unprayerful mood. Once there, however, looking into the faces of the waiting congregation, knowing the grief which is shutting out the light of God's love from the heart of the good woman in the front pew, knowing the conflict of higher and lower elements in the nature of the fine-spirited young man in the gallery, knowing the spiritual emptiness of the life of the prominent citizen in the middle pew, knowing the spiritual fullness of the life of the 'mother in Israel' in the pew under the gallery, knowing that every person before him is a child of God, a spiritual offspring of the Infinite Spirit, I cannot conceive of a minister whose heart could be unresponsive to these appeals, from whose heart the prayer would not instantly leap: 'Unworthy though I am to minister to these people, use me as Thou canst to meet their needs in this hour, and give me grace to live more worthily henceforth, that henceforth I may more worthily serve.' I can no more conceive how one could be insensible to the drawing power of that situation which presents itself to every minister 'at the stroke of an hour,' than I can conceive how one, apparently so unaware of the real nature of that situation, would venture to publish his opinions concerning it.

I think I would have knocked the ashes out of my pipe and made a few parish calls after finishing Contributor's article, if his concluding remarks had not caused the blood to leap into my face, and my hand to reach quickly for a pen. (I am willing to confess, now, that in that moment of shame and indignation I would rather have reached for that instrument which is less mighty than the pen.) 'Love' and 'friendship,' Contributor makes analogous to 'the spiritual nature' which a minister is compelled to draw upon at the request of any one upon whom he calls. The analogy will hold good, but in holding good it refutes the very argument which it is made to illustrate. What kind of love, what kind of friendship, is that which cannot be counted upon and drawn upon at any moment, under any circumstances, by the loved one or the friend? What kind of love, what kind of friendship is that which habitually withholds itself from the loved one or the friend, and chooses to give of itself only 'as a capricious thing,' as 'one of the delicious "extras" of life'? From such love, from such friendship, 'let every one I love be de-

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livered! Let him work hard — break stone, dig ditches, what you will' — but let him not be without friends whose friendship can be relied upon at whatever moment, in whatever circumstance, it is needed; and let no one of them be without one loved and loving one whose love is ever ready to give of itself unsparingly.

But this final analogy — what under the circle of the heavens could have prompted it? — this likening of a minister, giving freely of his powers, to 'the court favorite, paid for his devotion, the lover or the mistress paid for their favors, compelled to render them without regard to the spontaneous impulse behind them.' To such an analogy I cannot reply. That sort of utterance must be met with silence. At the other end of the world is to be found the true analogy to the minister supported by a parish in order that he may minister to the religious life of the parish. That analogy is found in the wife, supported by her husband, in order that she may fulfill the functions of her life, and that together he and she may live more fully and more richly and more unselfishly than either could live alone. The minister is no more paid for his spiritual ministry than the wife is paid for her ministry of love. Both are given material support in order that they may fulfill the high callings unto which they both are called. We, who have made the ministry our calling, have not done so with the desire of being ministered unto — certainly not with pity — but in the hope that with God's gracious favor it might be our privilege to minister unto others.

WHY DECLINED?

We who have had our ambitious attempts to contribute to current literature returned to us with courteous notes intended to soothe the pain they inflict, remember distinctly the precise formulas used, especially the 'not without merit,' — 'damned faint praise,' some of us have thought, — or the 'not adapted to our needs *at present*,' and the 'thanks for the privilege of examining,' and so forth. Rarely, if ever, is the true reason for rejection given.

In old Egypt, some three thousand years ago, editors were more generously frank if less polite: — 'Thou tearest the words to tatters, just as they come into thy mind. Thou dost not take pains to find out their force for thyself. I have struck out for thee the end of thy composition, and return to thee thy descriptions. It is a confused medley when one hears it; an *uneducated person could not understand it.* It is like a man from the lowlands speaking to a man from Elephantiné.'

That young author knew what was the matter with his article, at least he had been plainly told; but it might have been a superior production in spite of that, — some forerunner of *Sordello*, or *Leaves of Grass*, that the critic had not been 'educated' enough to understand.

Which, then, is really the better, the false courtesy of the present, or the bald brutality of the 'XIXth Dynasty'?

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